Drawn by W.L. Leitch. Engraved by T. Fairnholt.

The Giants Stairs, Ducal Palace, Venice.

L'Escalier du Géant, Venise. *Der Riesen Stieger, Venedig.*

FISHER, SON & Co. LONDON & PARIS.

THE PEOPLE'S GALLERY of ENGRAVINGS.

VOL. 2.

HOWTH LIGHTHOUSE, FROM THE NEEDLES.

FISHER, SON & Co. LONDON. 1845

THE GALLERY

OF

ENGRAVINGS.

EDITED BY

THE REV. G. N. WRIGHT, M. A.

VOL. II.

FISHER, SON, & CO.,
THE CAXTON PRESS, ANGEL STREET-NEWGATE STREET, LONDON;
RUE ST. HONORÉ, PARIS.

PREFACE.

Another occasion has arisen—another eminence has been attained, whence we may take a retrospect of past labours; and, pointing to the successive improvement which our volumes indicate, we may fearlessly assert our claim to patronage for those which are to come. This sentiment is not confined to ourselves, but obviously shared by the public, and its evidence is contained in the liberality of their support.

When this Gallery was first thrown open, we relied for popularity on the merit of the productions which it contained; in this we have not been mistaken. And, although the boundlessness of our resources has, to some extent, increased the difficulty of selection, it affords us pleasure to observe, that we have realized an amount of popular approbation seldom, if ever, acquired by a work of similar character.

Grateful for such generous patronage, we shall use every energy to perpetuate esteem; and, while we continue to disclose true delineations of the most fondly cherished scenes in various parts of the globe, and to exhibit portraits of the most eminent public characters, of times past and present, we shall never throw a shade over the one, by historic notices painful to the people who have inhabited those localities, nor tarnish our pages by the admission of biography partial or political.

Confiding, then, in the future from experience of the past, we shall here content ourselves with adding, that the subjects intended for approaching publication have been selected on account of their intrinsic merit as works of art—for their especial interest and striking beauty—finally, for their character as artistic embellishments.

LIST OF PLATES, AND CONTENTS.—VOL. II.

PAGE

1 Katherine Airlie..... FRONTISPIECE 64

2 Howth Lighthouse..... VIGNETTE TITLE 129

3 The Fall of Venice 5
4 H. R. H. the Duke of Kent 7
5 Loch Leven Castle 9
6 Louis Philippe, King of the French 11
7 Runjeet Singh and his Cavalcade 13
8 Queen Victoria at the age of Eighteen 16
9 Tombs of the Kings of Golconda 16
10 Marie-Amelie, Queen of the French 18
11 Love's Inquest..... 19
12 The Bank of Ireland 21
13 Sefton Church, Lancashire..... 22
14 The Mother of Doddridge 24
15 Dudley Ryder, Earl of Harrowby 26
16 Adam Clarke and the two Priests of Buddha..... 29
17 Pilgrims at the Sacred Fair, Hurdwar 32
18 The Jew's Daughter, of Pergamus 36
19 Teignmouth, from the Ness..... 37
20 The Spanish Page..... 40
21 Galilee, Durham Cathedral..... 41
22 Tiger Island, Canton River..... 43
23 Love's Early Dream (to music) .. 46
24 Collegiate Church, Manchester .. 49
25 St. Michael's Mount, Cornwall .. 53
26 The Young Destructive 54
27 Rocks at Colgong on the Ganges 55
28 The Love Letter 58
29 Dr. Robert Morrison 59
30 Church of Vasili-Blagennoi, Moscow 65
31 Sorrento, the Birthplace of Tasso.. 68
32 The Lake of Como 70
33 Daniel O'Connell, Esq., M.P..... 71
34 Little Kate of Kensington 73
35 British Residency at Hyderabad.. 74
36 The Bachelor Uncle..... 76
37 Eaton Hall, Cheshire 78
38 The Missionary's Wife—Death of Mrs. Mary Van Lennep 79
39 Mussooree, from Landour 82
40 The Hall of Glennaquoich 85
41 Chapter House, Furness Abbey .. 86
42 Prince of Wales and Princess Royal 87
43 Temple of Juggernaut..... 88
44 Love and Pride..... 90
45 Custom House, Liverpool..... 91
46 The Lady's Sorrow 93
47 Crossing the Choor Mountains .. 97
48 Forgotten Days..... 99
49 The Rev. Samuel Drew, M. A. ..100
50 The Village Bells.....104
51 Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, Bart. 106
52 The Flower Garden 112
53 Exeter Cathedral 114
54 The Queen's Room, Sizergh Hall 115
55 Raphael.....116
56 Lancaster Castle 118
57 Cemetery of the Smolensko church 119
58 The Favoured One 120
59 Amphitheatre at Nismes 121
60 Death at Sea.....123
61 The Favourite Odalique 124
62 Mountain Temples, Lake of Aboo 125
63 The Baron's Daughter.....127
64 The Morn of Life.....131

THE PEOPLE'S GALLERY OF ENGRAVINGS.

THE FALL OF VENICE.

(A LAY OF THE GIANT'S STAIRS.)

BY JOHN HOWDEN, B.A.

"Crossing the ample space between the graceful Campanile and the Ducal Palace, I passed through a labyrinth of pillars, and entered the principal court, of which nothing but the great outline was visible at so late an hour. Two reservoirs of bronze, richly sculptured, diversify the area. In front a magnificent flight of steps presents itself, by which the Senators ascend through vast and solemn corridors, which lead to the interior of the edifice. The colossal statues of Mars and Neptune—emblems of the naval and military prowess of the state—guard the entrance, and have given the appellation of Scala di Giganti to the steps below, which I mounted, not without respect: and leaning against the balustrades, formed, like the rest of the building, of the rarest marbles, contemplated the tutelary divinities."—*Beckford's Italy.*

WEEP, Venice, for thy glory lost!
  Weep, all ye Ocean's daughters!
And howl, ye ships that treasures bear
  Across the sunny waters!—
And mourn, ye dwellers of the Isles,
  From Tyrus famed of yore
To those which gem the purple wave
  On the far western shore!
And thou, by whom the wrong was wrought,
  O cruel land of France!
Through all thy bounds be heard the sounds
  Of music and of dance;
For thou hast smote the war-god—
  The bulwark of the free,
And tamed the tamer of the steed,
  The ruler of the sea,
And spoiled us of our birth-right,
  More precious far than gold,
The right for which our fathers fought
  In the brave days of old—

When roused the lion of St. Mark
  The foremost of the war,
And glorious shone his winged crest
  Upon their mail afar ;
When the women from the city walls
  Looked forth upon the tide,
And watched till o'er the crystal wave
  The warrior-pageant died ;
When the armies of the Lombard
  Were scattered in the fight,
And the flames from many a conquered town
  Flashed crimson on the night ;
When Byzantium owned their prowess,
  And her stately head did bow ;
When the haughty Greek beneath their yoke
  Did veil his lofty brow ;
When silver, gold, and jewels rare
  Became the conqueror's prey,
With antique scrolls, and the brazen steeds
  Which tramp in the face of day !

O the freedom of our fathers !
  The glory which they won !
Their empire proud which stretched afar
  Towards the rising sun !
Their battled hosts with banners gay
  Which passed in endless file !
Their stately ships which swept the sea
  From Adria to Nile !
Then, where the Brenta murmurs
  Among his reeds and flowers ;
And learned Padua rears afar
  Her sunlit domes and towers ;
Where the laurel and the olive bloom,
  In glory like a star,
Streamed forth the banner of our sires,
  The lion of the war !
And where the ocean-surges,
  When a strong east wind blows
Beat fiercely on the harbour piles,
  There met the ocean foes,

Painted by Sir Wm Beechey R.A. Engraved by E. Scriven.

EDWARD DUKE OF KENT & STRATHEARN, K.G.-K.T.-K.St.P. &c &c

Kent and Strathearn.

FISHER, SON & Co LONDON. 1845

And there till eventide they fought,
  When from her wave-girt throne
Fair Venice saw the invaders' host
  All shattered and o'erthrown!
For our sires fought not for glory,
  Or for the love of gold,
But for their country's freedom,
  In those brave days of old!

But now their swords are broken,
  And shivered are their spears;
Their banners wave no longer
  Where they waved in other years:—
The spirit which inspired them,
  When on Lepanto's shore
They fought till the waters up the gulf
  Were crimsoned with their gore,—
The rights for which they fearless bled,—
  Their ever-bright renown,—
Are in the bosoms of their sons
  Defaced and trampled down.
But *their* names shall live for ever
  On the hallowed page of fame,
For their deeds are glorious poems
  Writ in words of living flame!

THE DUKE OF KENT.

I feel no wonder England holds
  Dominion o'er the seas:
Still the red cross will face the world,
  While she hath men like these.

Edward, Duke of Kent, fourth son of George the Third, was born on the second of November, 1767. The rudiments of learning were communicated to him, in his royal home, by private tuition; but before he reached his fifteenth year he was sent to the University of Gottingen, for the purpose of acquiring more perfect intimacy with continental languages, as well as for the completion of his education generally. Selecting the profession of arms, of which he had always been a passionate admirer, he became a strict disciplinarian, and the excess to which he carried his idea of military precision,

has been most groundlessly employed by the discontented, as the basis of a charge of severity. During the years 1790 and 1791, his royal highness served under General O'Hara at Gibraltar; and it was there more especially, and while he held the rank of Colonel, that he manifested that extraordinary attachment to the strictest military discipline, which for awhile detracted from the popularity he shared in common with his brothers, the Dukes of York, Clarence, Sussex, and Cambridge. His regiment, which had previously been governed with less than requisite control, could not patiently endure the admirable regularity which the Duke endeavoured to establish, and, forgetting their duty, mutinied against their Colonel. That personal courage for which the House of Hanover has always been admired, was never more conspicuous than in his Royal Highness's conduct on this occasion. Having adopted a system of military discipline from mature reflection, he resolved upon maintaining it with the utmost firmness, even at the risk of his life: and, although he is believed to have escaped providentially from the hand of the assassin, his resolution to complete what his conviction prompted, was never for a moment shaken.

His Royal Highness's next appointment was to the command of the forces in Canada; and it was while he was discharging this important duty, that he was ordered, in 1794, to support Sir Charles Grey, in making a descent upon the French West India Islands. His impetuous bravery during this active campaign, procured him the admiration of his gallant companions in arms; and from the startling style in which he headed the flank division, at the storming of several strong fortresses in Martinique and Guadaloupe, when the courage and discipline of the enemy are remembered, it will not excite surprise to read that "The Flank Corps" became a standing toast, both at the gallant admiral's hospitable board, as well as that of the commander-in-chief of the expedition. His conspicuous bravery on these occasions, and his previous services at Gibraltar, recommended him to his royal father as qualified for the governorship of "The Rock," then vacant. But, nor courage nor honour can sustain sinking popularity: the Duke's firmness in resisting mutiny and disorder, when only at the head of a regiment, was remembered by the Gibraltarians, who now raised so loud a clamour against his government, that with his august parent's permission he resigned the charge and returned to England. In 1799 his Royal Highness was created Duke of Kent, and obtained from parliament a grant of £12,000 per annum for the better maintenance of his state and dignity. A large portion of this income, however, he honourably assigned to his creditors, reserving only an equivalent to the support of an economical establishment on the continent, whither he now retired. During his residence abroad he became attached to the lady Victoria Maria Louisa, widow of the Prince of Leiningen and sister to Prince Leopold, afterwards king of the Belgians, and on the 29th of May, 1818, he was united in marriage to this beautiful and accomplished princess. But how few and numbered were his days of connubial bliss to be!—what a conspicuous warning to those who dwell too fondly on temporary enjoyments, must not the sudden close of his happiness have communicated! Arriving in England with his lovely bride, where they were remarried according to the rites of the established Church, their union was blessed by the birth of a daughter, des-

Drawn by J. M. W. Turner, R.A. 20 - 251 Engraved by J. B. Allen

Loch-Leven Castle. *Le Château de Loch-Leven.*

FISHER, SON & Co. LONDON & PARIS. 1845

tined at no distant period to ascend the throne of this broad empire. The health of the Duchess becoming delicate, with a view to its re-establishment, the Duke removed his household to Sidmouth, in Devonshire, a mild and salubrious climate. Sojourning at this agreeable watering-place, his royal highness indulged in the many sports to which English gentlemen are accustomed; but, too continued an exposure to a humid atmosphere brought on inflammation of the lungs, which no medical ability could allay, and of this sudden attack he expired, after a brief but painful illness, on the 28th of January, 1820, in the 53rd year of his age,—only six days previous to the decease of his royal father.

LOCH-LEVEN CASTLE,

SCOTLAND.

"Naked stand the melancholy walls,
Lash'd by the wint'ry tempests, cold and bleak,
And whistle mournfully through the empty halls,
And piecemeal crumble down the towers to dust."

MICHAEL BRUCE.

LOCH-LEVEN, in the shire of Kinross, may be conveniently visited by tourists on their way to Perth; it is a fine expanse of water about eleven miles in circumference, covers a superficies of 5,000 Scotch acres, and is adorned with several small islands; upon the most spacious of these stand the ruined walls of a Culdee monastery, dedicated by Brudo, or Bondeus, the penultimate British monarch, to St. Servanus, or St. Serf, from whom the island also is now named.

Amongst the legends and anecdotes preserved and detailed, by the inhabitants of the shores, those relating to the peculiarities of the lake are the most remarkable. Its circumference, they say, is precisely eleven miles, it is overhung by eleven mountains, is fed by eleven streams, contains eleven different varieties of fish, and its surface is broken by eleven islands! The trout of Loch-Leven are celebrated for their delicious flavour, and no lake in Scotland affords better sport to the inexperienced angler. The colour of one species is of a delicate pink, derived, it is supposed, from a small red shellfish that abounds at the bottom of the waters, upon which they feed: a second species, and equally delicate in flavour, presents a silver grey colour, with a few red spots on the sides. Wild fowl also frequent the islands, waters, and encircling shores, in vast numbers. From the lake issues the river Leven, not only an object of picturesque beauty and poetic interest, but the most considerable stream in Fifeshire. It falls into the Firth of Forth at a village to which it lends its name.

The Castle of Loch-Leven stands upon an island, in the lake, that occupies an area of about two acres, directly opposite to the promontory on which Kinross House, the beautiful seat of Sir W. Bruce, has been erected, at the north-western extremity of the Loch. It was anciently a fortress, founded by Congal, son of Dongart, king of the Picts; subsequently occupied by Alexander III.; besieged by Edward I., of England; and ultimately granted by Robert III. to that branch of the Douglases which is now represented by the Earls of Morton.

One anecdote in its military history is worth recording. In the wars which harassed Scotland during the minority of David II., Loch-Leven Castle was held, in the patriotic interest, by Allan de Vypont, or Vipont, against the forces of Edward III., who espoused the cause of Edward Baliol. John de Strivilin, who had the conduct of the blockade, erected a battery in Kinross churchyard, a neighbouring promontory, and at the lower end of the lake, where the efflux of its water commences, raised a strong embankment, in expectation of laying the castle under water, and thereby compelling Vipont to surrender. The waters continued to rise daily, and the besieged begun to be apprehensive for the result, when the English commander and a number of his troops, having gone to celebrate the festival of St. Margaret (19th of June, 1335) at Dumfermline, the Scotch seized the favourable moment, and, after incredible labour and perseverance, made a breach in the embankment, through which the waters rushed with such impetuosity, that they overwhelmed the English who lay encamped on that side of the lake.

The remains of the Castle consist of a quadrangular massive tower, five stories in height, a square barbican, and a smaller tower at the south angle of the court-yard. This latter enclosure is 590 feet in circumference, and was originally surrounded by offices. A garden, most probably, adorned the grounds without the walls, and a few trees and irregular mounds, still visible, appear to confirm such a conjecture. No inscriptions, armorial bearings, or other memorabilia of its celebrated occupants, survive the decay of years, with the exception of the letters R. D. and M. E., that were found engraven on the extremity of a stone projecting from the wall, and supposed to be the initials of Robert Douglas and Margaret Erskine, the jailors of Queen Mary. Sir William Bruce, of Kinross, repaired the shattered walls, and covered in the Glassin tower; but, soon after his decease, the great keep was unroofed, and the fortress was totally dismantled towards the close of the seventeenth century. A narrow apartment on the fourth floor, once occupied by the captive Queen, is still entire, being formed in the thickness of the wall. The drawbridge, by which access was obtained to the third story, being long since removed, all approach to Queen Mary's apartments is cut off; but expertness and activity may obtain, as their reward, admission to the lonely chambers beneath them.

The confederated lords having seized their Queen at Carberry, placed her in captivity, in the Tower of Loch-Leven, on the 16th of June, 1567, under the watchful care of Sir Robert Douglas and his lady. In this romantic prison she was visited by a deputation from her enemies, and compelled to sign an abdication of her throne in favour of her infant child, who was, accordingly, inaugurated, a few days

Louis Philippe

King of the French.

FISHER, SON & Co. LONDON & PARIS

afterwards, at Stirling, under the title of James VI. Mary appears to have borne the privation of liberty with the most feverish impatience;—every avenue of escape was examined, every probable assistant supplicated, and every hope of release eagerly clung to. At last, having employed all her arts to gain over George Douglas, her keeper's brother, she continued to treat him with the most flattering distinction, and is supposed to have let fall some expressions, as if she thought hereafter of choosing him for a husband. The purpose of George Douglas being discovered, his brother immediately banished him from the island, but he continued to hover in the neighbourhood, and managed to maintain a communication with the Queen, until he succeeded in releasing her from her insupportable captivity, on the 2nd of May, 1568.

Confusion and mistake have crept into most narratives of Mary's escape from Loch-Leven Castle, owing to similarity of names. *George* Douglas was the individual who is supposed to have aspired to the hand of the royal prisoner, but *William* Douglas (the Roland Græme of Sir Walter Scott's romance), a youth just eighteen years of age, and who resided in the Castle, was the individual who contrived to steal the keys of the tower, while the keeper sat at supper, and his family were engaged in devotion. The youth unlocked the prison-doors, and, conducting Mary and a female attendant to a boat, himself rowed them to Balbinny, on the opposite shore, where *George* Douglas, Sir James Hamilton, Lord Seyton, and Betun, a servant of the Queen's, were waiting to receive her. To retard or prevent pursuit, Douglas locked the Castle gates, and took away the keys, which, on his passage, he threw into the depths of the lake, whence they were dragged in the year 1805, and are now preserved in Kinross House.

LOUIS PHILIPPE, KING OF THE FRENCH.

> "Pursued by envy, and distraction's crew,
> A prince renown'd advances to the view.
> Though luxury displays a thousand charms,
> And smiling pleasure courts him to her arms,
> Yet shall he keep all Europe in suspense
> By artful politics, and manly sense.
> The world shall move as Orleans shall guide:
> And every science flourish at his side." HENRIADE.

THE family or line of Bourbon-Orleans was founded by Philip, brother of Louis XIV.; Philip II., his son, was the celebrated Regent of France, and his grandson was Louis Philippe, known in history as *Monsieur Egalité*, the father of the present King of the French. On the mother's side, the subject of this memoir is also

royally descended, his amiable and virtuous parent, Marie-Adelaide de Bourbon Penthievre, being the grand-daughter of a natural son of Louis XIV., by Madame de Montespan. Born at Paris, on the 6th of October, 1773, this remarkable man was providentially spared from being an active agent in the civil wars that were then in embryo; and the infant Duke of Valois, at the early age of five years, was placed under the tuition of the Chevalier de Bonnard. Owing to the talents and beauty of Madame de Genlis, and her fatal influence over the mind of Egalité, the luckless lord now committed the education of his children to that highly-accomplished woman, and the system which she employed laid the foundation of her illustrious pupil's grand historical character. In 1791, the young duke being ordered to join his regiment at Vendôme, he there first gave earnest of that courageous, yet humane deportment, for which he has since been admired. There he saved a recusant parson from assassination, and rescued a drowning man from death, for which charitable acts he was honoured by the citizens with a civic crown. War being now declared against Austria by France, the Duke of Chartres, the young soldier's new title, made his first campaign on this occasion, under the auspices of Lafayette. When Dumouriez took the command, the duke was made lieutenant-general, and invited to undertake the defence of Strasburg, but he declined the confinement of a citadel, and, taking the field, at the cannonade of Valmy displayed the utmost bravery and judgment. In September, 1792, the executive council appointed the gallant young Duke of Chartres to the second-in-command of the *new* levies, under Labourdonnaye, at Douay; but this honour he would not accept, and asked permission to join Dumouriez in Flanders, which was granted. There he acquired additional laurels at the famous battle of Jemappes. Soon after this memorable event it was, that the Bourbons were banished from their country, upon which, with a sort of intuitive feeling of his own superior prudence, the duke invited his father, and all the exiled race, to place themselves under his guidance, and sail for America. Circumstances prevented the practicability of the project, and fortune now taking the future monarch into her capricious patronage, conducted him through vicissitudes, rarely equalled in number, or variety, by those of any remarkable character in any history. Disguised as an humble traveller, he passed into Switzerland, where, after many repulses, he at length succeeded to the situation of usher in a school at Reichenau; but his retreat being discovered, Corbey (his assumed name) set out on foot in search of a more retired asylum. Every country in Europe was prohibited from granting protection to this unoffending exile. America, therefore, was his only home, and for the purpose of reaching it he bent his steps to Hamburg. Under the guise of a Swiss wanderer, he now visited Norway and Sweden, journeying on foot with the Laplanders along the northern chain to the Gulf of Tys. Having reached the North Cape, he returned through Finland, but, finding that his enemies still set a price upon his head, he made for Hamburg by the shortest route, and embarked for the United States, in the month of September, 1796.

In America, the duke was joined by his brothers, Montpensier and Beaujolais, who had been released from prison on condition of going into exile, and, attended by one

W. Harvey. DRAWN FROM NATURE BY G. F. WHITE, ESQ. G. Presbury.

RUNJEET SINGH AND HIS SUWARREE, OR CAVALCADE OF SEIKS,

Encamped under a Banian Tree on the River Sutlej

FISHER, SON & Co. LONDON & PARIS. 1835

faithful follower, the three princes made a lengthened tour through the States. Being informed that their mother was exiled to Spain, they wished to return, and become the companions of her sorrow; but the Spanish authorities at Cuba denied them permission to land, or passage in a Spanish ship, in consequence of which they sailed to the English Bahamas, where the Duke of Kent, father of her Majesty Queen Victoria, received them with hospitality and kindness. No other avenue being open, they took their passage in an English vessel, and, reaching London in February, 1800, soon after settled themselves at Twickenham, near Richmond.

Two years' close confinement had made such inroads upon the health of the younger brothers, that consumption now seized on both; the elder died in England, and lies entombed in our mausoleum of royalty, Westminster Abbey; the youngest was taken to Malta by his affectionate brother, the Duke of Orleans, where he soon afterwards expired. The Duke's marriage with a princess of the Two Sicilies contributed to give him a home amongst men, and Palermo continued to be his abode until the first deposition of Napoleon. After the hundred days, all French princes of the blood being recalled, to take their seats, the duke returned from England, where his family had been a second time located, and demonstrated, by his eloquence and wisdom in parliament, his eminent talents for governing. Envy on the part of the elder Bourbons operated in excluding the Duke of Orleans from the councils of the nation, and from the saloons of the Tuileries; so that the duties of a private citizen were alone left him to perform. Residing at Neuilly, he devoted himself to the management of his vast estates, education of his family, and promotion of all objects of charity, science, and literature; and it was from this happy retirement in the bosom of his family, that he was called by his country, in the year 1830, to take the helm of state, to maintain the reign of liberty.*

RUNJEET SINGH,

AND HIS CAVALCADE OF SEIKS.

Proud at their head rode the chief of Lahore,
A dagger that shone with the ruby he wore;
And Inde, and Bokhara, and Iran supplied
The dogs, staunch and gallant, that coursed at his side. THE SUWARREE.

ORIENTAL or rather Indian pride has been so completely humbled by British conquests, that such pageants as the accompanying illustration represents are now but rarely witnessed. Runjeet Singh was amongst the last that retained wealth and power; and who, therefore, persevered in the pompous practices of Asiatic princes, until the gradual advances of European habits extinguished as gradually those of the East.

* *Vide* Wright's "Life and Times of Louis Philippe," from which this notice is extracted.

Here the chief of Lahore, with his martial train, seiks, soldiers, sutlers, is represented bivouacking beneath the refreshing shade of a banian-tree, on the banks of the river Sutlej. His brilliant cavalcade includes a number of fine-looking men, mounted either on stately elephants, or spirited steeds, shining in all the panoply of polished weapons, jewels, and gold, and realizing the beau-ideal which the most vivid imagination can have formed of the gorgeous splendour of an Oriental chief. A little distance from the cool spot where Runjeet is bivouacking, is a fortified Seik-town on the river's margin, and in the extreme distance the Himalaya mountains may be distinctly seen, although a hundred miles intervene.

The chief is attended by hawk and hound, his falconer bearing the royal bird upon the wrist, while a pack of chosen dogs is led before him; his elephants, camels, and horses are all of the most admired breeds, indeed the latter were introduced into Lahore by Lord W. Bentinck, who presented the maha-rajah with several of the largest English draft-horses, as being the nearest in size and shape, of the species, to the Indian elephant. One of the principal ornaments of this proud prince's person, when he went abroad, was a diamond, called "the hill of light," and believed to be the most valuable in Asia. This treasure he is said to have obtained from the family of the deposed king of Cabul, Shah Sujah, and by the most dishonourable means. The ex-queen of that celebrated kingdom having sought shelter in Lahore, Runjeet promised her his assistance in the recovery of her territories and her husband, but delicately hinted, the advantage of presenting him with the "kohi noor," or "hill of light." The queen declared that the moment her husband was at liberty, he would be happy to gratify the wishes of so invaluable a friend, but that at present the diamond was in pawn at Candahar, for two lacs of rupees. Runjeet Singh believed as much of this representation as he pleased; but having shown his desire to obtain the diamond, it was necessary to prevent it from being despatched to a place of security; and, therefore, entirely losing sight of the chivalric character which he had lately assumed, he threw the confidential servants of the unfortunate princesses into close confinement, and surrounded their abode with sentinels, who had strict orders to search every person who should attempt to pass. He next determined to deprive the ladies and their household of all supplies, either of food or water, for two days. But, becoming ashamed of a system likely to end in the death of those who had claimed his hospitality, and contenting himself with a promise of the jewel when the captive monarch should be put in possession of Rotas, he set seriously to work; and, entering into an alliance with the ruler of Affghanistan, they agreed to send a large force into Cashmere, which had rebelled, to subdue the country, and recover the person of Shah Sujah.

The success of the expedition furnished a fair pretext for demanding the great diamond; this the king endeavoured to evade, by professing his willingness to fulfil the promise given by his wife, when restoration to his territory should enable him to redeem it: Runjeet Singh, however, was not to be cajoled; he threatened his royal guests with perpetual incarceration, and kept them without subsistence for several days. Perceiving resistance useless, Shah Sujah now only stipulated for a certain sum of money

and a month's time, that he might redeem the diamond, by repaying the loan: Runjeet, knowing how easily he could repossess himself of the sum advanced, produced the two lacs without hesitation, and the jewel was surrendered on the appointed day.

Nothing now remained but the repossession of the two lacs; for this purpose Runjeet despatched a picked body of his satellites to the residence of the ex-toparch, with orders to bring away whatever money and jewels they could lay hands on. These commands were literally obeyed; not only every ornament being taken, but rich dresses also, together with many swords, shields, and matchlocks, which were all mounted in gold or silver. The maha-rajah appropriated every thing which he thought worthy of retention to his own purposes, sending back the remainder, "as it was useless to get a bad name for such rubbish." Policy or remorse preventing him from taking the lives of those whom he had so shamefully pillaged, Runjeet allowed the females to escape to Loodianah! There they were sometime afterwards joined by their husbands, on whom the British government settled 50,000 rupees, (five thousand pounds a year,) which they continued to enjoy, until the restoration of Shah Sujah to the throne of his ancestors.

Runjeet Singh, although he owed the greater portion of his acquisitions to craft of the lowest kind, possessed talents of no common order, which, if properly cultivated, would have secured him an ascendancy based upon a more honourable foundation. But, with all the vices of the Asiatic character, he had also a large proportion of their ridiculous notions; he was a believer in omens, consulted the stars, and also the chirpings of birds, previous to any measure of importance: when he suffered from ill-health, the remedies of European physicians were postponed to the advice of soothsayers. These personages took upon themselves to discover the cause of the malady that afflicted their sovereign, and, upon consulting the stars, found Saturn in the ascendant, a planet which always exerts a baleful influence. There was no difficulty now in tracing the liver complaint and dysentery of the lion of the Punjab, to its true source: but as the dislodgment of a planet from the sky was beyond the power of the maha-rajah, it was necessary to hit upon some other method to get rid of the malignant influence, and it was accordingly determined to transport the planet in effigy out of the Seik dominions into the British territory. The learned men, according to the statement in the Lahore ukhbars, now recommended his highness to cause an effigy of Saturn, made of gold, set with sapphires, and covered with a black shawl, to be given to a brahmin of some other country, who should be placed in a vehicle of a dark colour, drawn by buffaloes instead of bullocks, and transported along with the image across the river, when, with the blessing of Providence, the maha-rajah would speedily recover.

A brahmin of the Chobal class, a native of Mutah, undertook the charge, who, after being bathed in oil, and his person blackened from head to foot, was clad in sable garments; to him the effigy in question, a pair of gold bracelets, five hundred rupees in cash, and a black horse, with a black saddle, were given, according to the rite called *Sung-kluss*; and the instant Saturn left Lahore, the maha-rajah recovered.

In his old age, Runjeet Singh entertained a crowd of dancing-girls at his court, and scandalized the more fastidious portion of the community, by raising one of them, Gool-bahar, to the throne. Not content with this amount of female attendance, he actually enrolled a band of amazons, armed, and equipped them as a guard to the Zenana.

QUEEN VICTORIA.

AT THE AGE OF EIGHTEEN.

A fair young face o'er which is only cast
The delicate hues of spring,
Though round her is the presence of the past,
And the stern future gathers darkly fast:
As yet no heavy shadow loads their wing.

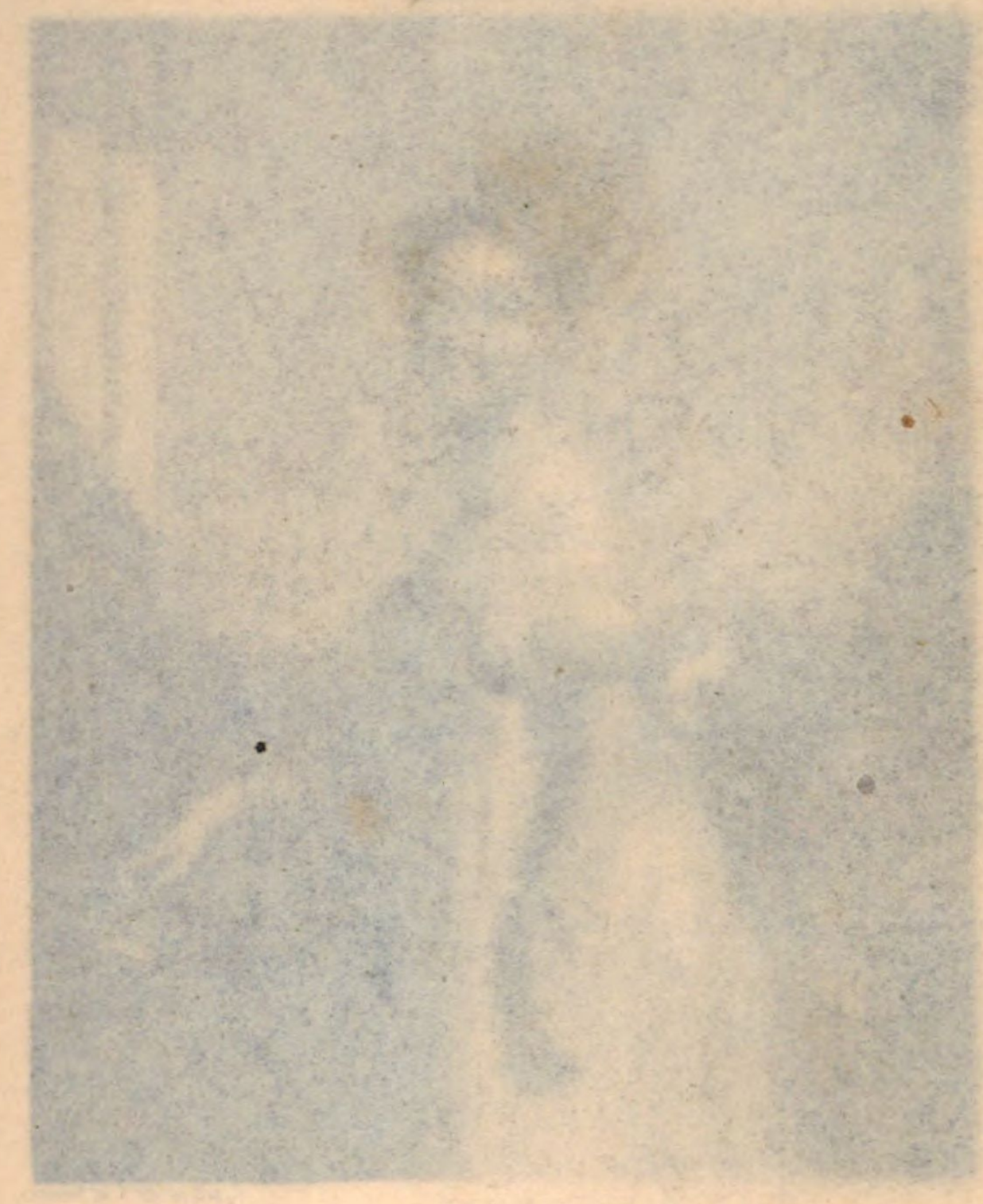
Change is upon the world, it may be thine
To soothe its troubled way,
To make thy throne a beacon and a shrine
Where knowledge, power, and liberty may shine,
As yet they have not shone on mortal clay.

Our English history has no hours more glorious
Than when a woman filled the Island-throne;
Elizabeth and Anne bequeathed victorious,
Illustrious names, high omens of thine own. L. E. L.

TOMBS OF THE KINGS OF GOLCONDA.

Glorious is their place of sleeping,
Gold with azure wrought,
And embroidered silk is sweeping,
Silk from Persia brought,
Round the carved marble walls.

The name of Golconda is associated with ideas of Oriental splendour and magnificence, of diamonds growing in its mines, and riches overflowing on every side. Most of these suppositions are now discovered to be fallacies; diamonds are not, probably never were, found in the district, which is indebted to the hand of art for some



THE ROYAL GALLERY OF ENGRAVINGS.

[illegible] a crowd of dancing-girls at his court, [illegible] the ceremonialy, by raising one of them, [illegible] with this amount of female attendance, [illegible] dressed, and equipped them as a guard to

---

[illegible] VICTORIA.

[illegible] EIGHTEEN.

[illegible] Each is only cast
[illegible] of being,
[illegible] presence of the past,
[illegible] gathers darkly fast:
[illegible] heads their wing

[illegible] would, it may be thine
[illegible]
[illegible] a school and a shrine
[illegible] power, and liberty may shine,
[illegible] shine on mortal clay.

[illegible] has no hours more glorious
[illegible] filled the Island-throne;
[illegible] victorious,
[illegible] years of thine own. L. E. L.

[illegible] KINGS OF GOLCONDA.

[illegible] to their place of sleeping,
[illegible] with azure wrought,
And embroidered silk is sweeping,
Silk from Persia brought,
Round the carved marble walls.

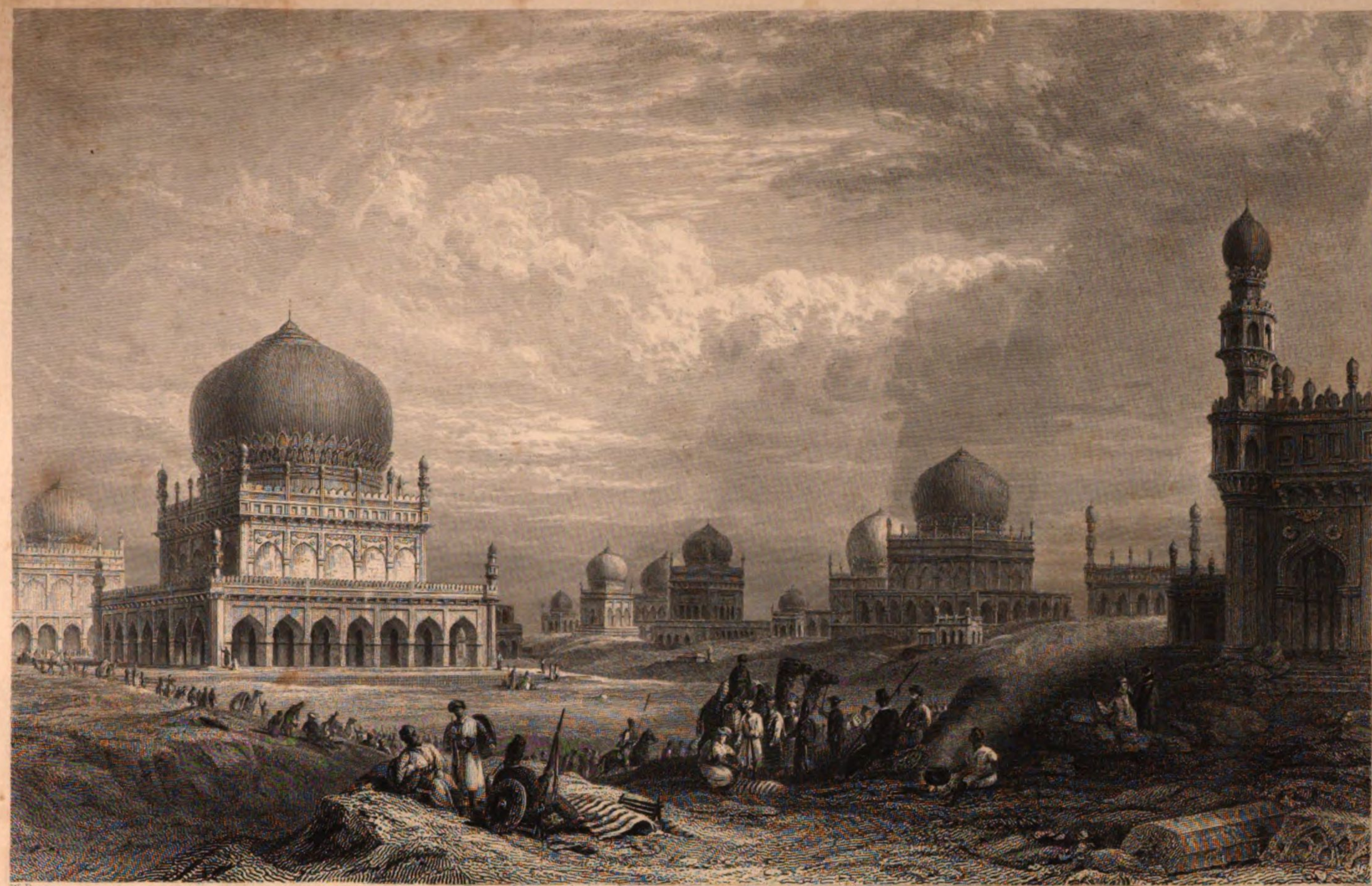
[illegible] Golconda is associated with ideas of Oriental splendour and magnificence, of diamonds growing in its mines, and riches overflowing on every side. [illegible] suppositions are now discovered to be fallacies; diamonds are not, probably, [illegible] found in the district, which is indebted to the hand of art for some

Painted by G. Hayter, Esq. Engraved by J. Cochran.

Victoria R

At the Age of 18.

FISHER, SON & Co. LONDON & PARIS.



W. Purser. Engraved by permission of Capt. Grindlay, from his large Quarto Work, coloured. T. Higham.

TOMBS OF THE KINGS OF GOLCONDA.

FISHER, SON, & Co LONDON & PARIS 1845.

of its most interesting features: Golconda, however, has from time immemorial been the depôt for diamonds brought from the neighbouring countries. The city flourished for many years under one of those independent Mohammedan sovereignties which were at length subdued by the mistaken policy of Aurungzebe, who, in uniting the whole empire in his own person, bequeathed so vast and unwieldy a territory to his descendants, that it was broken to pieces and lost. Conquered at an early period by the followers of the Prophet, the Deccan became the scene of several successive dynasties. It would be impossible in so brief a record to follow the devious fortunes of the numerous adventurers, who at different periods either held the supreme power, or divided it with other princes, maintaining their independence by the sword.

The tombs represented in the engraving belong to the kings of the Kootub Shahee dynasty, and their relations and principal dependants. The most ancient, that of the founder, was built nearly three hundred years ago; the remainder, at succeeding intervals of a hundred and fifty years, the date of the latest erection. They occur upon a wide plain, about six hundred yards from the fort, and present very splendid specimens of the Saracenic style, which has spread itself all over the civilized world, and from which Europe, probably, derived its Gothic edifices. The body of the building is quadrangular, and surmounted by a dome, the basement resting upon a spacious terrace, approached by flights of steps, and surrounded by an arcade, of which each face consists of an equal number of pointed arches, and which terminates in a rich and lofty balustrade, with a minaret at each angle. Above the arcade, the body of the building rises in the larger tombs, about thirty feet, the four faces being ornamented in stucco, and supporting a balustrade, with four minarets, smaller and more simple than those on the arcade. From the centre of this part of the building springs the dome, which from its magnitude forms the principal feature of the structure. It swells considerably as it rises, the largest diameter being at about one third of the height, and the general form resembling that of a lemon with the lower part cut off. The inferior portions of these edifices are composed of grey granite, very finely wrought; the upper coated with stucco, or chunam, some being ornamented by the porcelain tiles so much in use throughout many of the buildings in India. These decorations are in several of the tombs disposed in a kind of mosaic work, and have retained the brilliance of their colours undiminished. Extracts from the Koran frequently occur as ornaments to the cornices, executed in white letters upon a blue shining ground, all in good preservation, and producing a fine effect.

The body is deposited in a crypt under a stone of plain black granite, and immediately over it, in the principal apartment, a more highly ornamented sarcophagus or tumulus marks the spot. This is of polished black trap, covered with inscriptions from the Koran in relief. In some of the tombs, the dome forms the roof of this principal chamber; but in others it is separated by a ceiling spreading over the whole quadrangle. According to the usual custom in such buildings, there is a mosque attached to each, and formerly the whole was surrounded by pleasure-gardens, well planted with trees and flowers, and watered by fountains. These have disappeared,

together with the carpets that covered the floors, and the rich draperies thrown over the sarcophagi, which indicate the places tenanted by the bodies of the dead. The large tomb to the left of the engraving, is sacred to the memory of a female sovereign, Hyat Begum: her royal father having no son, bequeathed the kingdom to the husband of his daughter, who lies interred here in a manner befitting her high rank and her splendid dowry.

MARIE AMELIE.

QUEEN OF THE FRENCH.

She will command herself, and bear
The doom by fate assigned:
In natures high as hers, the heart
Is mastered by the mind. REBECCA.

If Louis Philippe lays claim to a peculiar destiny, his exemplary Queen has also some pretensions to participation in the romantic sentiment. While she was yet an infant, and while the throne of France rested on the sleeping embers of a sanguinary revolution, the unfortunate Louis XVI. foretold the future marriage of Marie Amelie with her present illustrious partner. And, although the prophet found not honour, his predictions were fulfilled. Italy being subdued by Napoleon; through the masterly policy of Lord Nelson, Sicily was preserved to the royal family of Naples, and, it was while the court was protected in Palermo by that great hero, that Louis Philippe the exile, the Ulysses of modern times, first found favour in the eyes of the beautiful and virtuous princess Ameliè of Naples. Her mother, Mariè Carolina, a woman of much spirit, hesitated to accept as a husband for so good a daughter, a prince without a throne or a country; but the many virtues of the man overcame her doubts, and on the 12th of October, 1809, their marriage was celebrated in the old Norman chapel of the Palazzo Reale, Palermo.

We cannot perhaps better attest her many excellencies, through the bright example of conjugal and maternal affection, which this high-born lady has exhibited during the painful vicissitudes of her life, than by presenting the following extract* from the memoir of her illustrious husband which has been already alluded to.

"The Queen was the daughter of that King of Naples who was driven from his continental dominions by the French, and took refuge with his family and court in Sicily. Here the king, Louis Philippe, then poor, and in exile, married her, and the match is understood to have been one of affection on both sides; and never has true

* Life and Times of Louis Philippe.

Marie Amélie

QUEEN OF THE FRENCH.

Fisher, Son & Co. London & Paris.

Loves Inquest.

FISHER, SON & Co LONDON & PARIS.

affection been better rewarded. The thirtieth anniversary of their union has just expired, and they are at the summit of human power, with a most interesting family of seven children, and, as is known to every body, with the warmest attachment to each other. In the bitterness of French political discussions, no whisper of calumny has ever been heard against the Queen; and one who could pass through this ordeal, has nothing more to dread from human inspection. A kinder and more anxious mother is nowhere to be found: and she is a sincere believer in the Christian religion, and devout in the performance of its duties. Her charity is known throughout the country, and appeals from the distressed are never made to her in vain. In the performance of her regal duties, while her bearing is what the nature of her position requires, there is a kind of affability which seems continually seeking to put all around her as much as possible at their ease." Since this notice was written, this fond mother had to lament the sudden and violent death of her eldest son, and the gradual decay of a lovely and most accomplished daughter.

LOVE'S INQUEST.

BY THE HON. MRS. T. C. WESTENRÂ.

ONCE, in some bright, sequestered glades,
There lived three youthful, beauteous Maids;
Such friends! *They* NEVER *disagreed*—
But this was long ago indeed!

One day within their myrtle grove,
They caught a feeble, wearied Love,
Whose drooping wings, like rainbows bright,
Produced o'er all a rose-like light.

Each fair, enchanted, claimed the prize,
Who first made wrath and envy rise:
For with the dearest female friends,
When once Love comes—all friendship ends!

At length they fixed, with angry speech,
The boy should pass a month with each:
Prudence, as eldest, claiming power
The first to nurse him in her bower.

This bower with icy spars was hung—
A chilly taste for one so young—
Here Love first into learning dipt,
And daily, little dunce! was whipt!

Yet he, midst ice and scoldings, throve,
Still at his books sat constant Love!
And when *Capricia* claimed her turn,
His increased strength all could discern.

Capricia gave him sunshine,—shower—
With fifty changes in an hour:
Kind—cold—cross—gay! Pleased and perplexed,
Love longed to know what mood came next!

He took no rest, yet well he throve—
For watchfulness agrees with Love.
So that to *Joya's* care he passed,
With strength increasing doubly fast.

This maiden only sought to *please*
Her charge, by soft luxurious ease,
Honey, with fruits, and luscious wine,
With silken couch, and raiment fine.

As Love looked rosier some few days,
His nurse extolled her own kind ways:
In triumph, there, her sisters led
One morn—and found Love lying *dead!*

A Maiden Court was formed in haste;
Poor *Joya* at the bar was placed:
A female counsel she retained,
(Could words suffice,—the cause was gained!)

She urged that "*Prudence*—sage and scold—
"Hurt Love with cruelty and cold:
"And then *Capricia's* whims discovered,
"Love's broken spirit ne'er recovered!"

Then *Lady Justice*, blind and grave,
Summed up the case, and judgment gave:

Drawn by George Petrie. Esqre R.H.A.

Engraved by B. Winkles.

BANK OF IRELAND, DUBLIN. (SOUTH PORTICO.)

The Original Parliament House.

"Can learned sister talk to prove
Gold—wrath—or whims—have injured love?

"Never would he die for lack of food,
Although his fast were e'er so rude—
Nor would grief, from cradle,
So wanderingly fondest, slay her!

"If laughing only he has known,
Hardy and strong he will have grown:
Rather reconciled—you will prove,
For he rules Sensibility, Hilel from Love!"

THE BANK OF IRELAND.

THE ORIGINAL PARLIAMENT HOUSE.

"I tell you, you are no longer a Parliament—the Crown has done with you.
Take away that shining bauble, and lock up the door." CROMWELL.

THE magnificent subject of this Illustration is not only the noblest architectural embellishment of Dublin, but may be classed with the first structures in Great Britain; its chief elevation is truly grand, and the whole edifice stands upon an area of an acre and a half. The colonnade of the principal front, the façade of the original Parliament House, which looks upon College Green, is from a design by Penrose, architect to the board of works, in 1729, when the first stone was laid by his excellency, Lord Carteret, lord-lieutenant of Ireland. This solid and classic Portico, which took ten years to attain its present majestic appearance, led to the chief additional improvements, the House of Commons, a beautiful rotunda, since obliterated and converted into a public office; and the House of Lords, which, however, still retains its original proportions and decorations.

The south portico, represented in the accompanying view, consists of a colonnade extending a hundred and forty-seven feet in length, with a corresponding depth of thirty. The columns, which are Ionic, support a plain but elegant cornice and entablature; and the four central, advancing, sustain a pediment, whose tympanum is decorated with the royal arms, and enclosed by a handsome block-cornice. Well-executed allegorical figures of Hibernia, Commerce, and Fidelity, resting on the acroteria of the pediment, were erected at the expense of the Governor and Company of the Bank of Ireland. The

"Our learned sister fails to prove
Cold—wrath—or whims—have injured Love:

"Ne'er would he die for lack of food,
Although his fast were e'er so rude·
Nor yet of grief, from cruelty,
So wonderfully formed was he!

"If hardships only he has known,
Hardy and strong he still hath grown:
Prisoner! condemned, you guilty prove,
For too much kindness killed this Love!"

THE BANK OF IRELAND.

THE ORIGINAL PARLIAMENT HOUSE.

"I tell you, you are no longer a Parliament—the Lord has done with you.
Take away that shining bauble, and lock up the doors." CROMWELL.

THE magnificent subject of this "Illustration," is not only the noblest architectural embellishment of Dublin, but may be classed with the first structures in Great Britain: its chief elevation is truly grand, and the whole edifice stands upon an area of an acre and a half. The colonnade of the principal front, the façade of the original Parliament House, which looks upon College Green, is from a design by Penrose, architect to the board of works, in 1729, when the first stone was laid by his excellency, Lord Carteret, lord-lieutenant of Ireland. This splendid and classic Portico, which took ten years to attain its present majestic appearance, led to the chief senatorial apartments; the House of Commons, a beautiful rotunda, since obliterated, and succeeded by a cash-office; and the House of Lords, which, however, still retains its first fair proportions and decorations.

The south portico, represented in the accompanying view, consists of a lofty colonnade extending a hundred and forty-seven feet in length, with a breadth or depth of thirty. The columns, which are Ionic, support a plain but elegant cornice and entablature; and the four central, advancing, sustain a pediment, whose tympanum is decorated with the royal arms, and enclosed by a handsome block-cornice. Well-executed allegorical figures of Hibernia, Commerce, and Fidelity, resting on the acroceteria of the pediment, were erected at the expense of the Governor and Company of the Bank of Ireland. The

spacious promenade, or loggia, beneath the portico, is peculiarly suitable to its present appropriation; and the noble entrance-arches at each extremity, are both characteristic, and in keeping with the whole elevation. Beyond these noble arched-ways, on the right of the Illustration, an enriched circular screen, or curtain-wall, may be observed receding from the view: it corresponds most entirely with the magnificence of the front, and is adorned with three-quarter columns, whose intervals are occupied by niches. An elegant block-cornice rests upon the capitals, giving support to a beautiful and light balustrade. At the termination of the screen on the east, is the bold Corinthian portico fronting College-street, built in 1787, after a design by Gandon. It is a light, chaste, and beautiful conception, consisting of six lofty and delicate Corinthian columns, supporting a plain entablature, and surmounted by a graceful pediment. The curtain, which proceeds from the lofty arched-way on the west, is exactly similar to that just described, and united at its further extremity to another grand front, or portico, in Foster Place, with an Ionic colonnade, finely executed, built from a design by Parke, in 1787. So far only did the original façade of the old Irish Senate-House extend; but to this spacious front the Bank directors have added a lofty arch, ornamented with Ionic three-quarter columns, leading to their printing-house; and a second, of similar design, screening the military guard-room, the summit of the latter being adorned with various martial emblems. To complete Penrose's design of one grand semicircular front, the Governors have erected a corresponding terminal wing adjacent to the Corinthian portico in Westmoreland-street.—The interior no longer possesses any object of interest, it we except the original House of Lords, still unpolluted, and in which the Company have placed a finely executed statue of George IV., by Bacon, junr. commemorative of his Majesty's visit to this establishment in 1821. The unpopular commission, of converting the Irish Houses of Parliament into a national Bank, was entrusted to Francis Johnson, founder of the Royal Hibernian Academy of Arts, a man of conspicuous talents, and many private virtues.

SEFTON CHURCH.

LANCASHIRE.

"The pulpit
Must stand acknowledged, while the world shall stand,
The most important and effectual guard,
Support, and ornament of virtue's cause." COWPER.

ST. HELEN'S Church at Sefton lays claim to a high antiquity; and, in a dateless deed, transcribed into the Chartulary of St. Mary's, Lancaster, it is distinctly named. Tradition, or evidence, perhaps carefully perpetuated though now inaccessible, has uniformly assigned the year 1111 as that of its foundation; but it is certain that it existed

Drawn by T. Allom. Engraved by J. W. Lowry.

SEFTON CHURCH, LANCASHIRE.

FISHER, SON, & Co LONDON, 1845.

in 1291, being then estimated, in the *Valor* of Pope Nicholas, at £26. 19s. 4d. The ancient structure having become decayed, the principal part was taken down and rebuilt by Andrew Molyneux, rector of the parish in the reign of Henry VIII.; and the following description of its interesting appearance during the last century is given by an eye-witness:*

"Sefton appears to have been built in the politer ages of Gothic architecture, and adorned with a very handsome spire-steeple, which is a pleasing object round the adjacent country. Nothing is wanting to render its external appearance a beautiful model in its kind, but to exchange the four ill-disposed heavy pinnacles on the tower for others more light and detached from the loft of the spire. Strangers on entering the church are struck with the grandeur of its workmanship, particularly the choir, wherein are sixteen stalls, adorned with very curious carvings; also a canopy, of extraordinary beauty for the time of its erection, which though now (1774) going to decay, conveys an idea of its being of more splendour, when its neighbouring lord preserved this decoration with pious care."

The noble house here so justly censured have redeemed their character by the perfect restoration of this venerable pile—the slender columns of clustered boltels, enriched by rims and fillets, are now displayed in all their primitive gracefulness. Galleries adorn the north and south aisles. The Molyneux and Blundell chapels are separated by seven richly-carved screens, pierced with open-work at the top;—and the chancel is also shut out from the nave by a magnificent screen of carved work, displaying a profusion of foliage, bosses, and architectural designs in miniature, and having a splendid overhanging canopy. Its lower compartments are open, and against one of them stands the pulpit, elaborately carved, and enriched by a label with the following inscription in letters of gold—

> "He that covereth his sins shall not prosper,
> But whoso confesseth and forsaketh them, shall have
> Mercie; happy is the man. Anno Domini, 1633."

An octagonal sounding-board depends from the canopy of the screen, around which is a second maxim—

> "My son, fear thou the Lord and the king,
> And meddle not with them that are given to change."

The sixteen stalls, so beautifully ornamented with ancient carvings, and partially concealed from view by the intervening benches, are now appropriated to the accommodation of the warden and other officers.

Here many distinguished members of the noble house of Molyneux are entombed, the style of each sepulchral honour indicating the character of the individual, as well as the age in which he flourished. The tomb of Sir Richard Molyneux, and his wife Joanna, although much defaced, is not, however, unsusceptible of restoration: this famous knight, who died in 1439, was lord of Bradley, Haydick, Warrington, Burtonwood, Newton,

* Dorning Rasbotham

and Walton-le-Dale. Near to this venerable monument, two cross-legged figures of knights-templars of the same ancient family, recline.

> "Here rests another, clothed in icy mail,
> Who in the front of battle loved to be:
> There his proud banner shook out to the gale
> Its swelling pomp of empty heraldry."

In the chancel are preserved the effigies of Sir W. Molyneux, and his two wives, adorned with the armorial bearings of the ladies' families and the Molyneux shield quartering eleven other coats. This tomb is inlaid with sculptured brass, and dated 1348:—near to the preceding record of mortality is another handsome tomb, sacred to the memory of Sir R. Molyneux, who died in 1568. His effigy, also in brass, is placed between those of his two wives, one of whom is surrounded by her five sons and eight daughters, the other by her five sons and one daughter. The inscription which accompanies the group is only remarkable for its quaintness.

> "Dame Worshope was my guide in life
> And did my doings guide
> Dame Werter left me not alone
> When Soule from bodye hyed
> And thoughe that Deathe with dinte of Darte
> Hath brought my corps on sleepe,
> The eternall God, my eternall Soule,
> Eternally dothe keepe."

The Molyneux Chapel contains several monuments to the memory of the family, the most classical, costly, and elegant of which is that to Caryll, Viscount Molyneux, who died in 1717; and, in the south aisle, a lengthened inscription, graved in brass, calls on its readers to pray for the soul of Margaret, daughter of Richard Molyneux and wife of John Dalton of Dalton, esq. who founded here a perpetual chantry. Her ladyship died on the first of February 1528. This offering, to the fear rather than to the love of God, is interesting, as marking the great changes that have come over the state of society in a few short years;—the altar-tomb of Richard Molyneux, created knight-banneret on the field of Agincourt, is a relic that belongs to the nation at large—it is one of Time's chief witnesses.

THE MOTHER OF DODDRIDGE,

TEACHING HIM SCRIPTURE HISTORY FROM DUTCH TILES.

"I HAVE heard him," writes Job Orton, in his Life of Doddridge, "relate that his mother taught him the history of the Old and New Testaments, before he could read, by the assistance of some Dutch tiles, in the chimney of the room where they commonly sat: and her wise and pious reflections, upon the stories they represented, were the means of making some good impressions upon his heart, which never wore out; and, therefore, this method of instruction he frequently recommended to parents."

Painted by J. Franklin. Engraved by G. Presbury.

THE MOTHER OF Dr DODDRIDGE.

Teaching him Scripture History by the Dutch Tiles.

FISHER, SON & Co LONDON & PARIS.

There can be little doubt, that the grateful satisfaction this exemplary parent felt, while thus discharging a mother's first and sweetest task, was heightened by the gladdening hopes, which awakened interest excited, as, bending in tenderest affections over the precious charge, she

> ——Answer'd all its questions, and asked others
> As simple as its own, yet wisely framed
> To wake and prove an infant's faculties:
> As though its mind were some sweet instrument,
> And she, with breath and touch, were finding out
> What stops or keys would yield the richest music.

Look on our pictur'd page! the tale it tells
  Does honour to the painter's, graver's art:
Nor less it bears of blameless, blissful spells,
  To touch an English and a Christian heart.

It speaks of quiet, happy, fire-side hours,
  By love maternal to her offspring given;
To train aright his mind's unfolding powers,
  In that best lore which lifts the heart to heaven.

Simple and rude the graphic art displayed
  Upon those tiles antique, with history fraught,
Yet all-sufficient, with a Mother's aid,
  To charm his fancy, and awaken thought!

The scenes depicted are from Scripture's page;
  And he has been accustomed oft to hear
The Holy Record of that earlier age,
  From lips whose voice is music to his ear.

And here he *sees* the stories he has *heard*,
  In portraiture embodied to his view;
The sight must bring belief—for God's own Word,
  And a fond Mother's, tell him "ALL IS TRUE!"

Here he beholds his blessed Saviour bear
  The Cross—*there* crucified!—his eyes are dim
With childhood's tears: his silent thought is prayer,
  As her loved, gentle voice says, "'TWAS FOR HIM!"

DUDLEY RYDER, EARL OF HARROWBY.

Such men are raised to station, and command
When Providence means mercy to a land.
He speaks, and they appear; to him they owe
Skill to direct, and strength to strike the blow;
To manage with address, to seize with pow'r,
The crisis of a dark decisive hour. COWPER.

SIR DUDLEY RYDER, Bart, second son of Richard Ryder, a London merchant, was an eminent lawyer, and rose through the offices of solicitor and attorney-general, to be lord chief justice of the King's Bench in 1754. His meritorious services having attracted the respect of the crown, a patent of peerage was actually made out and signed by the king; but the King of kings had otherwise ordained it, for he died on the following day, before all the necessary forms for elevating him to this earthly honour had been completed. This untoward event left his only son Nathaniel in the rank of a private gentleman; and in this honourable estate he continued to acquire the respect and confidence of his sovereign, as a faithful subject, for twenty years, when he was created Baron Harrowby of Harrowby, in the county of Lincoln. By his lady, Elizabeth, daughter of Dr. Terrick, bishop of London, he left a daughter, named after her mother, and three sons—Richard, a privy counsellor, and secretary of state for the home department; Henry, bishop of Lichfield and Coventry; and Dudley, who succeeded to the title, and the hereditary possessions that accompanied it.

This eminent man was born on the 22d of December, 1762; and having exhibited more than ordinary talents, at an early age was entered of St. John's College, Cambridge, and proceeded to the degrees of M. A., and LL.D. in that University. Returning with eclât from the university, he was speedily placed in parliament as member for Tiverton, and devoted himself with the utmost assiduity to a political life. Within a few years after, he succeeded in making himself acceptable to the ministry, who rewarded his diligence at first with an under-secretariship, and afterwards with the comptrollership of the household, in the room of the Hon. C. Villiers. A public servant of acknowledged talents, he was actively employed, and his exertions acquired the applause of all parties: his attachment to Mr. Pitt, as it must have grown out of a respectful feeling on the part of that great senator, added to Mr. Ryder's growing reputation; and, his being selected as second to his patron in his duel with Mr. Tierney, still further proved the reality of such a mutual attachment. In 1801, the subject of this memoir joined the new administration, and was successively appointed joint-paymaster of the forces, treasurer of the navy, and a member of the board of control. In the year 1795, he had espoused the Lady Susan, daughter of Granville, first Marquis of Stafford, and the children of that marriage formed distinguished alliances with the noble houses of

Engraved by T. Phillips, R.A.

THE Rt HON.ble DUDLEY RYDER, D.C.L., F.S.A., &c.

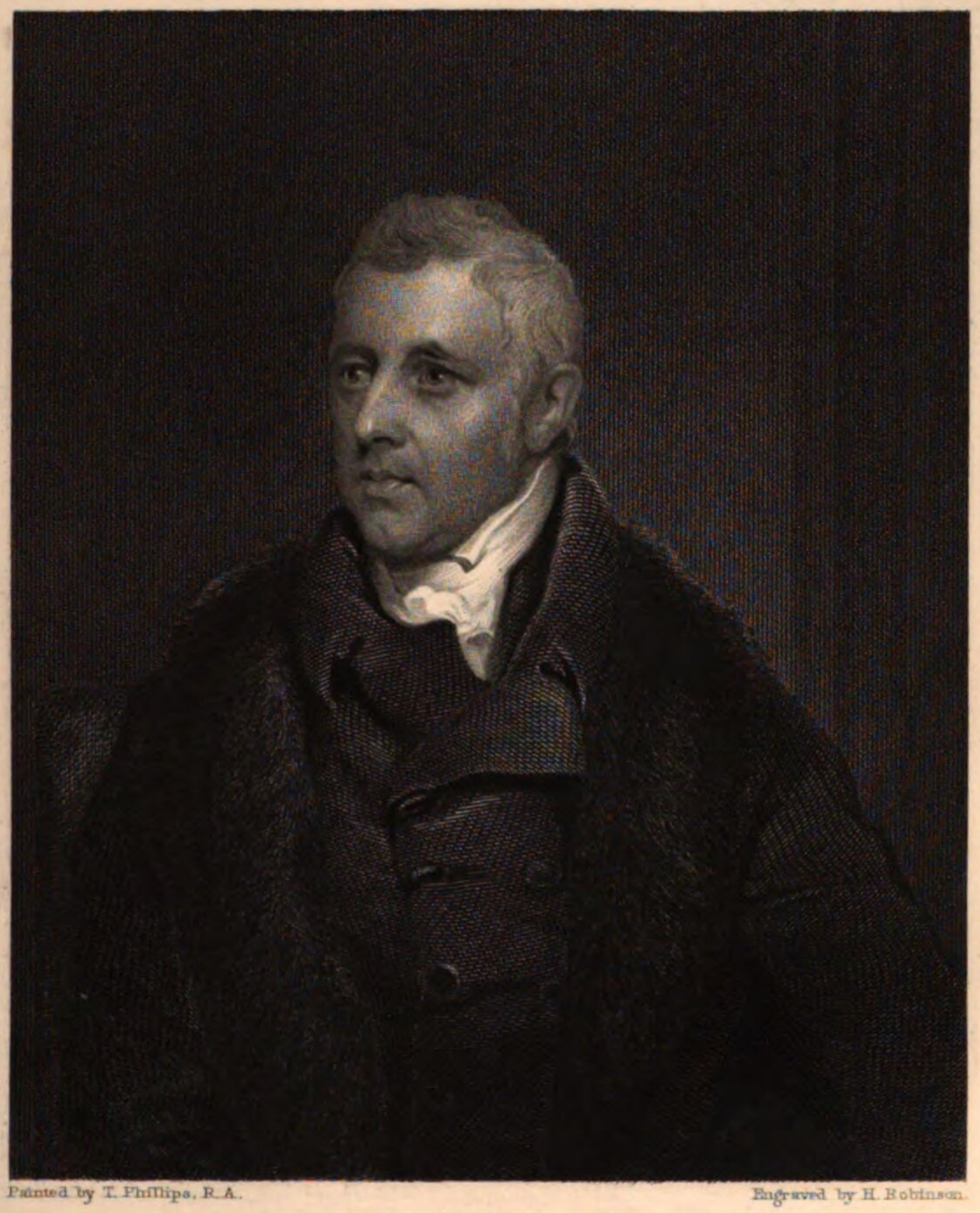
Hanway

DUDLEY RYDER, EARL OF HARROWBY.

[illegible] man was called to station, and command
[illegible] Providence sends money to a land.
[illegible] and then appears: to him they owe
[illegible] with others, to relate with pow'r,
The [illegible] of a dark decisive hour. COWPER.

[illegible] Ryder, a London merchant, was an [illegible] of solicitor and attorney-general, to be [illegible] in 1754. His meritorious services having [illegible] patent of peerage was actually made out and [illegible] had otherwise ordained it, for he died on [illegible] forms for elevating him to this earthly [illegible] event left his only son Nathaniel in the [illegible] honourable estate he continued to acquire the [illegible] as a faithful subject, for twenty years, when he [illegible] in the county of Lincoln. By his lady, [illegible] Bishop of London, he left a daughter, named after [illegible] a privy counsellor, and secretary of state for the [illegible] Lichfield and Coventry; and Dudley, who succeeded [illegible] possessions that accompanied it.

This eminent [illegible] on the 22d of December, 1762; and having exhibited [illegible] was entered of St. John's College, Cambridge, [illegible] and LL.D. in that University. Returning with [illegible] in parliament as member for Tiverton, [illegible] a political life. Within a few years [illegible] to the ministry, who rewarded his [illegible] secretaryship, and afterwards with the comptrollership [illegible] Villiers. A public servant of acknowledged [illegible] actively employed, and his exertions acquired the applause of all parties: [illegible] to Mr. Pitt, as it must have grown out of a respectful feeling on the [illegible] senator, added to Mr. Ryder's growing reputation; and, his being [illegible] as his patron in his duel with Mr. Tierney, still further proved the [illegible] mutual attachment. In 1801, the subject of this memoir joined the [illegible] and was successively appointed joint-paymaster of the forces, [illegible] navy, and a member of the board of control. In the year 1795, he [illegible] Lady Susan, daughter of Granville, first Marquis of Stafford, and the [illegible] marriage formed distinguished alliances with the noble houses of



Painted by T. Phillips, R.A. Engraved by H. Robinson.

THE Rt HONble DUDLEY RYDER, D. C. L.—F. S. A. EARL OF HARROWBY.

Harrowby

FISHER, SON & Co. LONDON, 1845

DUDLEY RYDER, EARL OF HARROWBY.

Such men are raised to station, and command
When Providence means mercy to a land.
He speaks, and they appear; to him they owe
Skill to direct, and strength to strike the blow;
To counsel with address, to act with pow'r,
The crisis of a dark decisive hour. COWPER.

SIR DUDLEY RYDER, Bart, second son of Richard Ryder, a London merchant, was an eminent lawyer, and rose through the offices of solicitor and attorney-general, to be lord chief justice of the King's Bench in 1754. His meritorious services having attracted the respect of the crown, a patent of peerage was actually made out and signed by the king; but the King of kings had otherwise ordained it, for he died on the following day, before all the necessary forms for elevating him to this earthly honour had been completed. The sudden event left his only son Nathaniel in the rank of a private gentleman, and of his honourable estate he continued to acquire the respect and confidence of his sovereign as a faithful subject, for twenty years, when he was created [illegible], in the county of Lincoln. By his lady, Elizabeth, [illegible] of London, he left a daughter, named after her mother, and three sons, the first a privy counsellor, and secretary of state for the home department; [illegible] and Coventry; and Dudley, who succeeded to the title, and the hereditary possessions that accompanied it.

This eminent man was born on the 22d of December, 1762; and having exhibited more than ordinary [illegible] was entered of St. John's College, Cambridge, and proceeded [illegible] and LL.D. in that University. Returning with eclât from [illegible] placed in parliament as member for Tiverton, and devoted [illegible] assiduity to a political life. Within a few years after, he [illegible] acceptable to the ministry, who rewarded his diligence at first with [illegible] secretaryship, and afterwards with the comptrollership of the household, in the room of the Hon. C. Villiers. A public servant of acknowledged talents, he was actively employed, and his exertions acquired the applause of all parties: [illegible] to Mr. Pitt, as it must have grown out of a respectful feeling on the [illegible] st senator, added to Mr. Ryder's growing reputation; and, his being [illegible] as his patron in his duel with Mr. Tierney, still further proved the [illegible] mutual attachment. In 1801, the subject of this memoir joined the [illegible] and was successively appointed joint-paymaster of the forces, [illegible] and a member of the board of control. In the year 1793, he [illegible] Lady Susan, daughter of Granville, first Marquis of Stafford, and the [illegible] formed distinguished alliances with the noble houses of

Painted by T. Phillips, R.A. Engraved by H. Robinson.

THE RT HONBLE DUDLEY RYDER, D. C. L.– F. S. A. EARL OF HARROWBY.

Harrowby

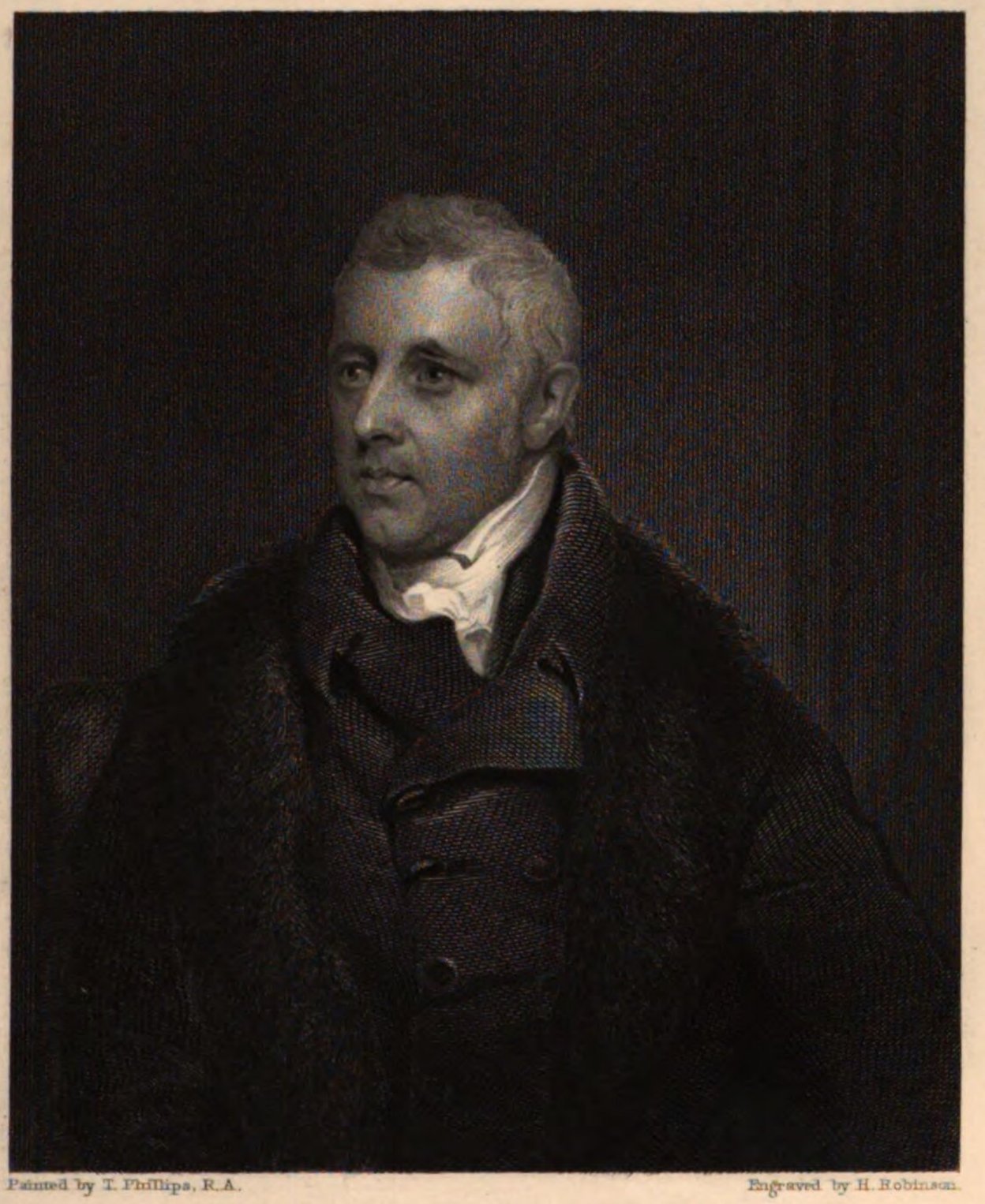
FISHER, SON & CO. LONDON, 1845

DUDLEY RYDER, EARL OF HARROWBY.

Such men are raised to station, and command
When Providence means mercy to a land.
He speaks, and they appear; to him they owe
Skill to direct, and strength to strike the blow;
To manage with address, to seize with power,
The crisis of a dark decisive hour. Gifford.

Sir Dudley Ryder, Bart, second son of Richard Ryder, a London merchant, was an eminent lawyer, and rose through the offices of solicitor and attorney-general, to be lord chief justice of the King's Bench in 1754. His meritorious services having attracted the respect of the [illegible] patent of peerage was actually made out and signed by the king, but the [illegible] had otherwise ordained it, for he died on the following day, before the necessary forms for elevating him to this earthly honour [illegible] This sudden event left his only son Nathaniel in the rank of a [illegible] and in this honourable estate he continued to acquire the respect and [illegible] of his sovereign, as a faithful subject, for twenty years, when he was created [illegible] of Harrowby, in the county of Lincoln. By his lady, Elizabeth, [illegible] of Dr. Porteus, bishop of London, he left a daughter, named after her mother, and three sons, [illegible] a privy counsellor, and secretary of state for the home department; Henry, [illegible] of Lichfield and Coventry; and Dudley, who succeeded to the title, and the hereditary possessions that accompanied it.

This eminent man was born on the 22d of December, 1762; and having exhibited more than ordinary talents, at an early age was entered of St. John's College, Cambridge, and proceeded to the degrees of M. A., and [illegible] in that University. Returning with eclât from the university, he was [illegible] in parliament as member for Tiverton, and devoted himself with [illegible] to a political life. Within a few years after, he succeeded in [illegible] acceptable to the ministry, who rewarded his diligence at first with [illegible] ship, and afterwards with the comptrollership of the household, in the room of the Hon. C. Villiers. A public servant of acknowledged talents, he was actively employed, and his exertions acquired the applause of all parties: his attachment to Mr. Pitt, as it must have grown out of a respectful feeling on the part of that great senator, added to Mr. Ryder's growing reputation; and, his being selected as second to his patron in his duel with Mr. Tierney, still further proved the reality of such a mutual attachment. In 1801, the subject of this memoir joined the new administration, and was successively appointed joint-paymaster of the forces, treasurer of the navy, and a member of the board of control. In the year 1795, he had espoused the Lady Susan, daughter of Granville, first Marquis of Stafford, and the children of that marriage formed distinguished alliances with the noble houses of



Painted by T. Phillips, R.A. Engraved by H. Robinson.

THE R^T HON^BLE DUDLEY RYDER, D. C. L.– F. S. A. EARL OF HARROWBY.

Harrowby

FISHER, SON & Co. LONDON, 1844.

Beaufort, Bute, Fortescue, and Wharncliffe. By the death of the first Lord Harrowby on the 20th of June, 1803, Mr. Ryder became a member of the Upper House, and in the following year, when Mr. Pitt resumed the premiership, occupied the responsible situation of secretary for the foreign department.

At no period of our history was greater firmness necessary in the guardianship of the seals; and the appointment of Lord Harrowby to the post, was the highest compliment that Pitt could have paid his talents and integrity. He was not destined, however, to enjoy this dignity for any lengthened period; his physical powers being disproportionate to his mental endowments, he was reluctantly compelled to resign active office, and accept the nominal duties of chancellor of the duchy of Lancaster. Our relations with Prussia required, at this momentous crisis, to be placed on a better footing, and the minister at once looked to Lord Harrowby as the individual peculiarly qualified to serve his country by achieving that project. With noble patriotism his lordship accepted the appointment of ambassador to the court of Berlin, and, by his skilful diplomacy induced the king of Prussia to accede to an offensive league with Great Britain. The treaty was actually prepared for execution, when the battle of Austerlitz, as a mighty blow, laid the European continent once more prostrate before the overwhelming genius of Napoleon, and the peace of Presburg put the seal of fate upon the liberties of Prussia for a season.

On the death of his firm friend and patron, Pitt, and the institution of a new cabinet, at the head of which were Fox and Greville, Lord Harrowby manifested little inclination for power, sought no new senatorial distinction. Whenever those principles were assailed, which his lamented friend so nobly advocated—whenever that flag was insulted under which he so long and so gloriously contended—then he returned to the contest, stood with the phalanx of staunch admirers of the great pilot, who had weathered the greatest political storm that ever swept over his country, but who then was laid at rest, with the heroes and statesmen of other days, in the mausoleum of our kings. Fox's administration, brief but bright, shot across the atmosphere of politics, and was extinct. During twelve short months that enlightened statesman stood at the helm—then fell from his place of confidence, like Palinurus of old, into the gulf of eternity. Lord Harrowby lent his support to the new cabinet by accepting the presidency of the board of control, the duties of which office he continued to discharge until 1812, when he succeeded Lord Sidmouth as lord president of the council.

Lord Harrowby has been remarked for never having departed from consistency or moderation in times of the most flagrant political tergiversation. Never an ultra, he always advocated the maintenance of the church in conjunction with the state, while he was favourable to qualified Catholic emancipation. He opposed with firmness and ardour the spreading revolutionary doctrines, and protested against the military despotism of France. When ministers degraded themselves by the impeachment of Queen Caroline, he sternly resisted the divorce-clause, the only object of the king in pressing the accusation; by which policy he contributed to the failure of that discreditable attempt to insult an injured woman. With a high reputation for consistency, he yet much resembled his contemporary Canning, in liberality of sentiment—in moderate opposition

only, to the changes wrought by the march of events upon the opinions of men—and in refusing to sacrifice right and justice to expediency. Appreciating his principles, and relying on his firmness, the crown marked its estimate of both, by raising him to a high rank amongst the nobility of the land, and in 1809 he was accordingly created Viscount Sandon and Earl of Harrowby.

There was a simplicity of diction, and a remarkable appropriateness of expression, in Lord Harrowby's public addresses, that impressed the hearer with an implicit confidence in the orator. This effect was never more conspicuous than in his celebrated defence of the poorer clergy. Inheriting from his noble mother an earnest affection for the church, he was ever foremost in saving it from poverty, and preserving it in purity. In the year 1810, he supported a grant of £10,000 to that meritorious class, the working clergy, declaring "that, in remote villages their pay did not exceed that of common labourers; that pluralists were only to be found among the richer divines, the incumbent of one large living being much more likely, from his station and connections, to obtain another, than the incumbent of a small one." Had the candid opinions expressed by his lordship on non-residence, and pluralists, received the attention to which they were entitled, the immense spoliation of church property which has since occurred, would never have been tolerated. A reform in ecclesiastical affairs should have originated with, and been achieved by, the clergy themselves, without menace or solicitation. Lord Harrowby's addresses at the meetings of the British and Foreign Bible Society were in his accustomed style of honest yet delicate persuasiveness, and they were uniformly admired for the spirit of unaffected piety and generous forbearance with which they were imbued.

It is no detraction from the fame of this eminent statesman to say, that he was an unfrequent speaker in parliament; he wisely calculated, that the effect of the most agreeable sounds became less pleasing by repetition, and that too much familiarity endangers respect. He spoke seldom, but spoke well; an example too frequently disregarded by men of inferior abilities to his lordship's. There were occasions in his bright orbit, when he added greatly to the lustre of his name: one of these was, his reply to Earl Grey, justifying the annexation of Norway to Sweden—an able and statesmanlike speech, now included in oratorical selections for students in the art; another was, his opposition to the Reform bill. The constitutional knowledge which he brought to bear upon this question, the masterly style in which he couched his reasoning, the new lights which he elicited, even after every phase discoverable by human ingenuity appeared to have been presented, produced an astonishment upon the auditors and the country; and it was confessed on all hands, that the dignified and enlightened character of an English statesman, long trained to habits of thought and business, was never more splendidly upheld than on this occasion. So powerful, indeed, was the operation of this great burst of eloquent language and purity of sentiment, that when Earl Grey tendered his resignation, the majority of the nation hoped and expected that the formation of a new administration would have been entrusted to Lord Harrowby by his royal master.

Engraved by Robinson, from a Painting by Mofses in the poſſeſſion of The Royal Aſiatic Society.

Dr. Adam Clarke and the Priests of Buddha.

LONDON, PUBLISHED BY CHARLES TILT, 1836.

Familiar with the dry details of accounts and matters of finance, by a lengthened attendance at the board of control, Lord Harrowby was fully competent to the labour imposed upon him in 1819, that of conducting a secret investigation into the affairs of the Bank of England. His answer to the searching queries and ingenious speculations of Lord Lonsdale, and of other peers distinguished by their acquaintance with the subject in all its bearings, redounded greatly to his honour, in a field almost new to his exertions.

His lordship presided at the council-board during the too fleeting administration of George Canning, and only retired when Lord Goderich made way for that of the Duke of Wellington. At more than one of the ministerial changes which the fever of reform occasioned, the highest office in the state was open to the noble earl himself, but a modest estimation of his own capacity interposed. This same laudable feeling, in conjunction with a sense of political consistency, prevailed yet further; and, when invited to continue his co-operation with the Wellington cabinet, he declined the proposition, and retired altogether from office.

As a minister, the affability of Lord Harrowby was most meritorious: he was so easy of access, as to render the reproach of official hauteur inapplicable to him and his concerns; and whether we regard him as a public or private character, his gentle and gracious manners ever caused him to be looked up to with gratitude and esteem.

DR. ADAM CLARKE AND THE TWO PRIESTS OF BUDDHA.

I have rarely been so interested as by the account Sir Alexander Johnstone gave me of the two young Priests, whose enterprise had as many difficulties, and a far higher object, than our forefathers' pilgrimages to the Holy Land. They waited on Sir Alexander, to consult him as to the means of reaching England. Lady Johnstone's health rendering an instant return imperative, he had fitted out a small vessel, whose accommodations were too limited to admit more than his own family and suite. In this ship, however, they worked their way as common sailors. Before we can appreciate this sacrifice, we must understand that they were of birth, education, and high standing in their own country. Let us for a moment suppose one of our prelates working before the mast on a mission of Christian faith; we shall then comprehend the depth and sincerity of the belief that urged the young Cingalese. Sir Alexander placed them under the care of Dr. Adam Clarke, of Liverpool, rightly judging that London, with its usual selfish and stimulating course of lionization, would defeat the high purposes of their visit. The progress of the strangers was so satisfactory, that at the end of two years Dr. Clarke publicly baptized them. They returned to Ceylon, where one is employed as a missionary, and the other is an officer of the civil service. The benefit of their example and instruction may be more easily imagined than calculated.

THEY heard it in the rushing wind,
They read it in the sky;
They felt it in the thousand flowers
That by the river sigh;

That there must be some holier faith
Than they themselves had known,
Whose temple was within the heart,
And not of brick nor stone.

They saw this world was very fair
And questioned of what hand,
That with the beautiful and good
Had gifted sea and land.

Their idols answered not—the mind
Asked something more divine
Than ever breathed from carved wood,
Or from the golden shrine.

They heard of more exalted hopes,
Revealing God above,
That spoke a universal creed,
Of universal love;

And looked beyond the little space
That is appointed here,
And made of yonder glorious heaven
Men's own and native sphere.

They craved for knowledge, whose pure light
Might pierce the moral gloom;
They left the temple of their race,
They left their father's tomb;

They left them for a distant isle,
Far o'er the distant main;
But they were strong in faith, and felt
It would not be in vain.

What high and holy thoughts sustained
Their progress o'er the sea,
They left their home, which never more
Again their home might be;

A power far mightier than their own
Was with them night and day;

They feared not, and they faltered not,
God kept them on their way.

At last they reached our English isle,
The glorious and the free:
O England, in thine hour of pride
How much is asked of thee?

Thy ships have mastered many a sea,
Thy victories many a land;
A power almost as strong as fate
Is in thy red right hand.

A nobler enterprise awaits
Thy triumph and thy toil;
'Tis thine to sow the seeds of good
In many a foreign soil.

Freedom, and knowledge, justice, truth,
Are gifts which should be thine;
And, more than all, that purer faith
Which maketh men divine.

Those strangers sought an English home,
And there they learnt to know
Those hopes which sweeten life and cheer,
Yet have no rest below.

They learnt to lisp in foreign words
The faith of foreign prayer,
Yet felt it a familiar faith,
That every one should share.

They bear it to their native land,
And labour to impart
The Christian knowledge that subdues
Yet elevates the heart.

Oh, noble enterprise! how much
For man by man is won!
Doth it not call on all mankind
To see what two have done?

Oh, fair thou art, thou lovely isle,
The summer loves thine hours;
Thy waves are filled with warm white pearls
Thy groves with spice and flowers.

But nature hath no gift assigned,
Though prodigal she be,
Like that pure creed of Christian love,
Thy sons have brought to thee.

L. E. L.

PILGRIMS AT THE SACRED FAIR OF HURDWAR.

Who'er would wish to hear the din
Of Indian penance, Indian sin,
Its merry music, trade, and care,
Must take the way to Hurdwar Fair,

A FAIR takes place annually at Hurdwar in the month of April, lasting nearly a fortnight, that being the period chosen by the pilgrims, who flock from all parts of India to perform their ablutions in the Ganges. The auspicious moment is calculated by the brahmins, who aver that a great increase in the efficacy of the rite is derivable from its performance when Jupiter is in Aquarius, or the sun enters Aries, which happens every twelfth year.

The immense concourse of persons drawn to Hurdwar by religious motives, has attracted others, who take advantage of this promiscuous meeting, to dispose of merchandise brought from the uttermost parts of the world, and which thus finds its way to every accessible place throughout India. There are, of course, purchasers as well as sellers, who resort to the fair for the purpose of buying cattle, shawls, aud jewels, either for their own use, or to dispose of again. Many come purely from motives of curiosity; this portion includes Europeans and rich Mohammedans, who generally travel with great splendour. Peace is preserved amongst this promiscuous multitude, by a detachment from the Sirmoon battalion of the Hill-rangers, who come down from Deyrah Dhoon, and garrison an island in the centre of the river; magistrates are also present, to enforce regulations necessary for the preservation of order in an assembly composed of such heterogeneous materials.

The climate of Hurdwar during the early part of April is exceedingly variable: from four in the afternoon, until nine or ten o'clock on the following day, the wind generally blows from the north or east over the snowy mountains, rendering the air delightfully

J. M. W. Turner R. A. DRAWN FROM NATURE BY G. F. WHITE, ESQ. T. Higham.

PILGRIMS AT THE SACRED FAIR OF HURDWAR.

FISHER, SON & Co. LONDON & PARIS. 1835.

and; during the intermediate hours, however, the thermometer frequently rises to 94°; and the clouds of dust arising from the concourse of people, with their horses or baggage, add considerably to the annoyance mentioned in the text.

The principal road to Hardwar lies through the town of Khunkul, which is also a Teerut, or place of Hindoo pilgrimage, overlooking the Ganges. It is very well built, and adorned with several commodious ghauts, constructed of cut limestone, leading to places descending by long flights of steps into the river. [illegible] one principal street, running north and south, [illegible] composed of handsome houses belonging to [illegible] part of India. In fact, the ownership of a house [illegible] be a man of great wealth and consideration [illegible] mansions are disfigured by paintings, executed in [illegible] glaring colours, without the slightest attention to [illegible] The house-tops are covered with troops of monkeys [illegible] discover those places in which their species is held in [illegible] sacred in every stronghold of Hindoo superstition, and [illegible] perfect nuisance, as it is difficult to prevent their [illegible] residence. There are at Khunkul numerous [illegible] who resort to the fair when full, those being [illegible] with suites of small apartments, present a [illegible] dren being thrust into a very limited space, along with [illegible] horses, camels, donkeys, mules, and other live-stock, [illegible]

The new road to Hurdwar forms a very agreeable [illegible] distance of two miles, are to be seen the large and [illegible] civil and military officers of the Company, who [illegible] the peace, or to purchase horses for [illegible] only pleasure in view; establish themselves [illegible] dwellings are diversified by the more substantial [illegible] mango groves, and having showy gardens [illegible] necessity for temporary habitations during the fair [illegible] bourhood of Hurdwar from a considerable distance [illegible] and grass-mats upon a bamboo frame. These huts, which [illegible] add considerably to the picturesque effect of the scene. [illegible] bour Khunkul, but is apparently of more ancient date. [illegible] many of the best houses having their foundations [illegible] are generally constructed of brick, the lower stories [illegible] material which is found in the neighbourhood, while [illegible] such close at hand, in the bed of the stream. The Ganges, during the rainy season, is a mile in width at Hurdwar, pursuing its course between [illegible] which afford commodious encamping ground. On the [illegible] the eye rests upon a ridge of hills rising to the height of six hundred feet, covered with thick brushwood, enlivened with forest trees. In many places these hills were cleft into rugged ravines,

J. M. W. Turner, R. A. DRAWN FROM NATURE BY G. F. WHITE, ESQ. T. Higham.

PILGRIMS AT THE SACRED FAIR OF HURDWAR.

FISHER, SON & Cº LONDON & PARIS. 1835.

cool; during the intermediate hours, however, the [illegible]
and the clouds of dust arising from the concourse of [illegible]
add considerably to the annoyance sustained from the heat.

The principal road to Hurdwar lies through the [illegible] Teerut, or place of Hindoo pilgrimage, overlooking the [illegible] and adorned with several commodious ghauts, [illegible] places descending by long flights of steps into the [illegible] one principal street, running north and south [illegible] composed of handsome houses belonging to [illegible] part of India. In fact, the ownership of a house [illegible] be a man of great wealth and considerable in[illegible] mansions are disfigured by paintings, executed in [illegible] glaring colours, without the slightest attention to [illegible] The house-tops are covered with troops of monkeys, [illegible] discover those places in which their species is held in [illegible] sacred in every stronghold of Hindoo superstition, and [illegible] perfect nuisance, as it is difficult to prevent their ingression [illegible] residence. There are at Khunkul numerous [illegible] for the accommodation of people who resort to the fair; when full, these long quadrangular [illegible] with suites of small apartments, present a singular [illegible] dren being thrust into a very limited space, along with [illegible] horses, camels, donkeys, mules, and other live-stock, [illegible]

The new road to Hurdwar forms a very agreeable [illegible] distance of two miles, are to be seen the large [illegible] civil and military officers of the Company, who [illegible] the peace, or to purchase horses for the cavalry [illegible] only pleasure in view, establish themselves in the [illegible] dwellings are diversified by the more substantial abodes [illegible] mango groves, and having showy gardens pranked with flowers. So great is the necessity for temporary habitations during the fair, that artificers resort to the neighbourhood of Hurdwar from a considerable distance, in order to [illegible] and grass-mats upon a bamboo frame. These huts, which are [illegible] add considerably to the picturesque effect of the scene. Hurdwar [illegible] bour Khunkul, but is apparently of more ancient date; it [illegible] many of the best houses having their foundations in the bed of [illegible] are generally constructed of brick, the lower stories being of [illegible] material which is found in the neighbourhood, while limestone of [illegible] is met with close at hand, in the bed of the stream. The Ganges, during the rainy season, is a mile in width at Hurdwar, pursuing its course between low woody islands, some of which afford commodious encamping ground. On the west bank the eye rests upon a ridge of hills rising to the height of six hundred feet, covered with thick brushwood, mingled with forest trees. In many places these hills were cleft into rugged ravines,

PILGRIMS AT THE SACRED FAIR OF HURDWAR.

cool; during the intermediate hours, however, the thermometer frequently rises to 94°; and the clouds of dust arising from the concourse of people, with their beasts of burden, add considerably to the annoyance sustained from the heat.

The principal road to Hurdwar lies through the town of Khunkul, which is also a Teerut, or place of Hindoo pilgrimage, overlooking the Ganges: it is very well built, and adorned with several commodious ghauts, constructed of cut freestone, landing-places descending by long flights of steps into the river. This town chiefly consists of one principal street, running north and south parallel with the course of the water, and composed of handsome houses belonging to rich merchants and brahmins from every part of India. In fact, the ownership of a house at Khunkul shows the proprietor to be a man of great wealth, and considerable importance in society. Many of these mansions are disfigured by paintings, executed in a barbarous manner in the most glaring colours, without the slightest attention to shadow, proportion, or perspective. The house-tops are covered with troops of monkeys, animals sufficiently sagacious to discover those places in which their species is held in reverence. These creatures are sacred in every stronghold of Hindoo superstition, and from their numbers become a perfect nuisance, as it is difficult to prevent their invasion of every apartment in a private residence. There are at Khunkul numerous seraïs for the accommodation of people who resort to the fair; when full, these long quadrangular buildings, furnished all round with suites of small apartments, present a singular appearance—men, women, and children being thrust into a very limited space, along with cattle of every kind, bullocks, horses, camels, donkeys, mules, and other live-stock, biped and quadruped.

The new road to Hurdwar forms a very agreeable drive. On either side, for the distance of two miles, are to be seen the large and handsome tents belonging to the civil and military officers of the Company, who visit the fair, either to assist in keeping the peace, or to purchase horses for the cavalry regiments; while others, who have only pleasure in view, establish themselves in the same encampment. These canvass dwellings are diversified by the more substantial abodes of rich natives, amid large mango groves, and having showy gardens pranked with flowers. So great is the necessity for temporary habitations during the fair, that artificers resort to the neighbourhood of Hurdwar from a considerable distance, in order to construct them of thatch and grass-mats upon a bamboo frame. These huts, which are both sun and water proof, add considerably to the picturesque effect of the scene. Hurdwar resembles its neighbour Khunkul, but is apparently of more ancient date; it completely skirts the Ganges, many of the best houses having their foundations in the bed of the sacred river. These are generally constructed of brick, the lower stories being of fine white free-stone, a material which is found in the neighbourhood, while limestone of good quality is met with close at hand, in the bed of the stream. The Ganges, during the rainy season, is a mile in width at Hurdwar, pursuing its course between low woody islands, some of which afford commodious encamping ground. On the west bank the eye rests upon a ridge of hills rising to the height of six hundred feet, covered with thick brushwood, mingled with forest trees. In many places these hills were cleft into rugged ravines,

affording ample cover to numerous wild beasts. The back-ground of the landscape includes the range of blue mountains, from six to eight thousand feet in height, which conceal the base of the Himalaya, and fill up the distance magnificently.

It is difficult to afford any idea of the grandeur and beauty of the inanimate objects which render Hurdwar one of the places best worthy of a traveller's attention in India, but still more so to convey even a faint notion of the swarms of living creatures, men and beasts of every description, which occupy every foot of ground during the time of the fair. Droves of cows, horses, bullocks, camels, elephants, ponies, and mules from Osbeck Tartary to Benares, are crowded together, rendering the scene in the highest degree animated and interesting: every thing is to be found at the fair, though horses form its principal attraction. The horse-merchants from Bokhara and Cabool occupy the stony central parts of the river, while those from Torkistan take up their quarters in small enclosures behind the houses of the town. These ponies and galloways, called Toorkies, are animals of great power, and some of these bring high prices. The elephant-dealers incline to Khunkul for the sake of fodder, but traverse conveniently the fair with their studs during the mornings and evenings, each elephant having a large bell attached to the neck, giving warning to passengers of their approach. The buneeàs, or grain-sellers, hulwâees, or confectioners, cloth, shawl, and toy merchants, occupy the road-side close to the town, their dwelling-places being interspersed with small enclosures containing piles of barley and straw, heaped up, and ready for sale.

On the sides of the hill to the west, thousands of Seik families are seen, with their huts, tents, camels, bullocks, mules, and horses, thrown together without order: then come the tents of the better orders, groups of two or three, and constructed of white or striped canvass, gayly fringed, and ornamented with scalloped borderings of scarlet cloth. Then, those of the superior horse-dealers, Arab or Persian merchants, bringing splendid animals of the purest breed, for which they demand enormous prices; men, also, with bears, leopards, tigers, deer of all kinds, monkeys, Persian greyhounds, beautiful cats, and rare birds, for sale. Then there are heaps of assafœtida in bags from the mountains beyond Cabool, sacks of raisins, pistachio nuts, almonds, and boxes of preserved apricots; brazen vessels, bead necklaces, rosaries, mouth-pieces for pipes, of agate, cornelian, lapis-lazuli, different kinds of marble, pearls, black and white chowries, or implements for keeping off flies, formed of the long bushy tail of the yak, the cow of Thibet; stones for seals; bangles, bracelets, armlets, and ornaments for the ankles, of silver or pewter; sable, tiger, leopard, ounce, and other skins; stuffed birds, the argus-eyed, golden, and other varieties of pheasant; idols of all kinds, with their brazen pedestals, real and mock coral, garlands and necklaces of tinsel, looking-glasses framed in ivory, with mosaic work in imitation of fruits and flowers from Delhi; richly embroidered scarves, scull-caps, and slippers, toys executed in mother-of-pearl, bales of shawls, and jewels of high prices; broad cloth, stationery, and cutlery, from England; perfumes from Paris, eau de Cologne, and many other articles.

The crowd and confusion of buyers and sellers, the native groups in every imaginable costume, some shining in cloth of gold, and surrounded by followers splendidly

arrayed, others less expensively but picturesquely dressed, and many half-naked, or wildly clad, all mixed up with priests, soldiers, and religious mendicants, half beggar, half bandit, with here and there a cluster of Europeans mounted upon elephants—exhibit all together a concourse which no other place in the world can show. The noise baffles all description; the shouts and cries of men come mingled with the neighing of horses, the trumpeting of elephants, the grunts of camels, the lowing of cattle, the bellowing of bulls, the screams of birds, and the loud sharp roars of the wild beasts; and, as if these were not enough, there are gongs and drums beating, trumpets blaring, conch-shells blowing, and bells ringing, which never cease for a single instant.

Frequently a large congregation of the magnates of the land is assembled at Hurdwar: the Begum Sumroo, during her lifetime, would make her appearance with a thousand horse, and fifteen hundred infantry; here also might be seen the Nuwab of Nujibabad, the Rajas of Ghuosgarh, Uchet, and Sadwa, the Putteeala Rajah and his Vakeel, whose attendants might be distinguished by their light yellow turbans and kumurbunds, or sashes, and another distinguished Hindoo, the Rajah of Balespore in the mountains; all making it a point to traverse the fair, mornings and evenings. The Balespore Rajah once made his appearance here seated on a remarkably tall elephant, in a large howdah, overlaid with plates of solid silver, glistening in the sun, and covered with a pointed dome-like canopy of scarlet, supported on four silver pillars richly embossed. He wore a white conical turban; and amid the jewels which adorned his person were two enormous pearls, set as ear-rings, the hoops being of gold three inches in diameter. A servant sat behind him, waving slowly backwards and forwards, over his head, a splendid chowrie. Many of his relatives followed upon elephants, caparisoned in various degrees of splendour, surrounded by horsemen showily dressed, and decorated with gaudy housings.

Rhuts, four-wheeled carriages, abound at the fair, the roofs covered with white linen, or scarlet cloth, and either terminating in a point with a gilt ornament, or perfectly flat: they are chiefly filled with women, of whom six or eight are crowded into one conveyance, small openings in the sides enabling them to reconnoitre the multitude without being themselves visible. Two-wheeled cars are also seen, with sometimes as many as three roofs, united, of conical shape, and hung with tassels and costly fringe; these are open, and drawn by bullocks, with their horns painted of gaudy colours, the harness and housings studded with bells, and the small cowrie shell, and otherwise richly embroidered.

Troops of dancing girls establish themselves at Hurdwar during the fair, and are to be seen performing, either in front of the houses of the rich, or in the interiors, which are all thrown open, and lighted up every evening. The whole of the river, town, and inhabited parts of the forest, present a series of illuminations so soon as darkness commences; this brilliant display being enlivened by occasional bursts of fireworks. Nothing can be more pleasing than the effect of the lamps sparkling between the trees, while the islands and woody shores of the river are distinctly seen by the light of innumerable small vessels of oil, kindled, and sent floating down the stream. Such are a few

of the features of this extraordinary place; a few, it may well be said, since it would be utterly impossible to note down a tenth part of the strange sights and scenes which greet the eye of the European traveller at this Oriental congress.

The whole of the battlements, terraces, and platforms, erected in the water, lining the side of the river, are covered with dense throngs of pilgrims, spectators, and priests, the European portion of the audience pushing their elephants into the water, in order to view, without inconvenience from the crowd, the bathing of the numerous devotees. The ceremony consists in making an offering of money, according to the abilities of the bather, to the officiating priest. Every separate ablution, and several are deemed essential, must be separately paid for; and when the pious worshipper of Gunga-jee has left the river, he is obliged to run the gauntlet through the priests of the temples on the banks, who assail every passer-by, whether Christian or pagan, with equal importunity.

THE JEW'S DAUGHTER, OF PERGAMUS.

BY MARY HOWITT.

The Jew of Pergamus rose up
From the couch where he was lying,
Before him stood a golden cup,
And his daughter, young Helene,
Bright silken threads was tying.

"Performed shall be the marriage rite,"
Said he, "before sun-setting!"
She turned on him her dark eyes' light;
Yet spake she not, Helene,
Though tears her cheek were wetting.

Said he, "I've sworn an awful word—
And see that thou be ready!"
Then took the cup from off the board,
Whilst she, the pale Helene,
Advanced three steps unsteady.

Said she, "The youth is wondrous fair;
Mild eyes with true love beaming,
And clustering locks of golden hair—"
No more she said, Helene,
Awed by her father's seeming.

[illegible] GALLERY OF ENGRAVINGS.

[illegible] place; a few, it may well be said, since it would be [illegible] the [illegible] part of the strange sights and scenes which [illegible] attractive to this Oriental congress.

[illegible] stands, stages, and platforms, erected in the water, lining [illegible] with dense throngs of pilgrims, spectators, and priests, [illegible] passing their elephants into the water, in order [illegible] the crowd, the bathing of the numerous devotees. [illegible] of family, according to the abilities of the [illegible] separate ablution, and several are deemed [illegible] and when the pious worshipper of Gunga-jee [illegible] the gauntlet through the priests of the temples [illegible] whether Christian or pagan, with equal [illegible]

[illegible]HTER OF PERGAMUS.

[illegible] HOWITT.

[illegible] rise up
[illegible] where he was lying,
[illegible] golden cup,
[illegible] young Helene,
[illegible] was tying.

"[illegible] shall be the marriage rite,"
Said he, "before [illegible] setting!"
She turned to [illegible] dark eyes' light;
Yet [illegible] Helene,
[illegible] were wetting.

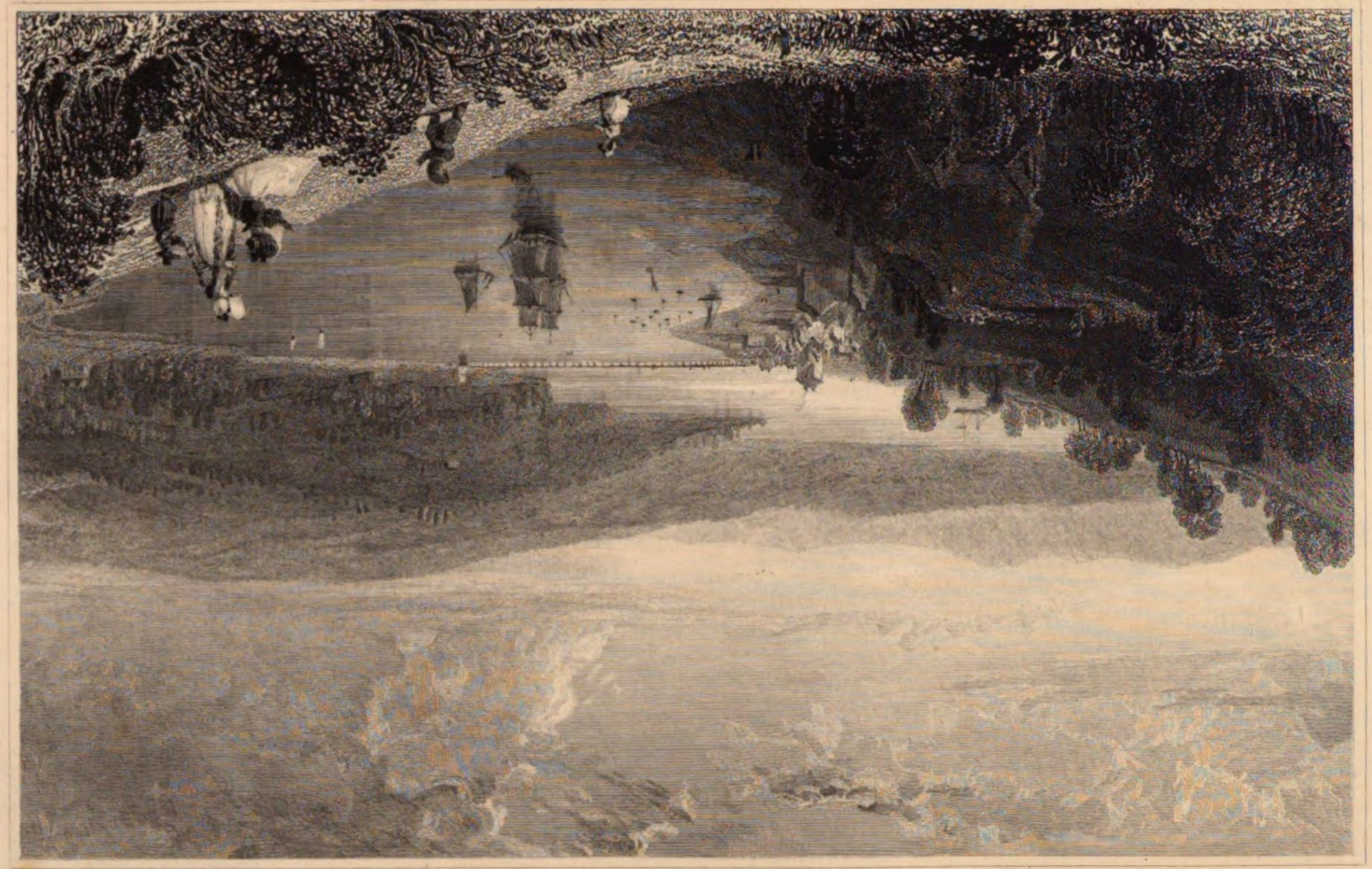
[illegible] doubtful word—
[illegible] ready!"
[illegible] off the board,
[illegible] pale Helene,
Advanced [illegible] steps unsteady.

Said she, "The youth is wondrous fair;
Mild eyes with true love beaming,
And clustering locks of golden hair—"
No more she said, Helene,
Awed by her father's seeming.

The Jew's Daughter of Pergamus.

FISHER, SON & Co. LONDON & PARIS.

T. Allom. J. C. Bentley



THIGNMOUTH, FROM THE NESS.

FISHER, SON, & Co LONDON, 1845

"Now drink thou this, my bridegroom dear;
'Tis of my sire's providing;—
Beloved, I kneel before thee here!"
Said she, the bride Helene,
Perforce her trouble hiding.

"I'll drain the cup for thy dear sake!"
He drained each drop within it;—
"'Tis a poisoned cup!" he shuddering spake
Whilst she, the pale Helene,
Grew paler every minute.

"Oh lay thy head upon my breast!"
Said she, "the daylight's dreary:—
I drank it too—we sink to rest!"
Said she, the true Helene,
"To rest—for I am weary!"

The Jew of Pergamus came in.
Thou miserable father,
Behold the fruit of thy black sin!
They lie, the pale Helene
And the bridegroom, dead together!

TEIGNMOUTH, FROM THE NESS.

DEVONSHIRE.

—— There bestrides the wintry flood,
Which sullen Time hath yet withstood,
The bridge of many arches wide
Where passing rolls the laughing tide. J. S. H.

Camden and his followers have mistaken this place for Tynemouth in Northumberland; their account, consequently, of a descent here by the Danes, sometime in the eighth century, is altogether erroneous. The French, however, appear to have made two most destructive attacks upon this picturesque little sea-port: the first in 1340, by a piratical party who reduced the town to ashes; the second in 1690, by a detachment that was put on shore here from a squadron anchored in Torbay:—"In the space of three hours, these depredators ransacked and plundered both towns, and a village called Shaldon,

lying on the other side of the river, and burnt and destroyed 116 houses, together with eleven ships and barks that were in the harbour. They also damaged both the churches materially." By a brief-royal, issued for the relief of the inhabitants, a large sum of money was raised, part of which was expended in the erection of a new avenue, named, in commemoration of the event, French Street. From these calamities the vicinity has long since recovered; and while West Teignmouth is a port of some importance, the East Town has acquired a more than ordinary celebrity as a favourite watering-place. The Tame, a rivulet of trifling volume, separates the parishes and towns, whose united fronts extending along the margin of an open estuary, and picturesquely seated at the base of a chain of hills, present a rich and pleasing prospect. The climate of Devonshire is proverbially salubrious, the scenery equally celebrated for its agreeable and varied character; and Teignmouth seems to be in possession of both these recommendations in an eminent degree. Its sea-side position is favourable to the maintenance of a mild and equable temperature, and the ridge of cultivated hills that rise rather precipitously behind the towns, forms an impervious screen against the cold breezes from the north and east.

West Teignmouth, the elder settlement, is more entirely devoted to trade and commerce: long known to seamen as a safe asylum, and capable of furnishing seven ships and 120 mariners to the expedition against Calais in 1347, its value has since been materially deteriorated by the accumulation of a shifting bar at the entrance; with proper precaution, however, there is water to admit vessels of 400 tons burden as far as the public quays. Vessels of half that tonnage are built in the dock-yard here; larger ships repaired; and, in the year 1820, a new quay was formed by G. Templar, Esq., the proprietor of the Haytor granite works, for the exportation of granite, manganese, bovey-clay, and iron-ore. Although the Newfoundland trade with this place has decayed, the majority of the male population are employed in nautical or marine occupations: foreign and coasting trade give work to one moiety; the fishery, to the other. Salmon, salmon-peal, sea-trout, turbot, soles, plaice, mackerel, whiting, thornback, flounders, gurnet, and other kinds, are taken in vast quantities, and despatched to Exeter, Bath, Bristol, and London. Increased facility of land-carriage, by railway, from Portsmouth, has diverted the supply from other directions, towards London particularly, which is a more advantageous market. By a custom which has existed here for ages, the inhabitants have the privilege of supplying themselves from all captures of fish, before any can be sold to the dealers for distant places.

The roof of the ancient church, an architectural curiosity, which has made way for a modern structure, was supported by the ramifications of a wooden pillar rising in the centre of the building, and formed from the trunk and branches of a single tree. The latter edifice, built in 1816, and dedicated to St. James, is octangular, lighted by a central lantern, and having a tower on one of its sides. The benefice is a cure, subordinate to the vicarage of Bishop's Teignton in Exeter diocess. Independents, and Calvinistic Methodists, have places of worship here, and upwards of 300 children receive instruction at the National School, to the foundation of which the Ewell family

contributed very liberally. The family of Shore takes the title of Baron from this place; but the Lords Clifford own the manor.

In 1825 a noble bridge was commenced, from a design by Roger Hopkins, C. E., to form a communication over the Teign between Teignmouth and Shaldon. It consists of thirty-four arches, extends 1674 feet in length, cost £19,000, which was advanced by a joint-stock company, and was completed within the space of two years. Iron and wood are the principal materials employed in the construction, but to give greater security by ample terminal pressure, stone-abutment walls of great strength support the ends. This is the longest bridge in the kingdom, exclusive even of its open arch, or swing-bridge, for the passage of large vessels.

East Teignmouth is the aristocratic portion of the united town; and no locality in this delightful and beautiful shire is more favoured by nature, or more patronized by the opulent valetudinarian. All rational means have been adopted for the encouragement of that partiality; and every accommodation that delicate health can demand, or liberal expenditure seek in return, may here be found concentrated. The public rooms, built by subscription in 1826, after a design by Patey of Exeter, present a fine classic elevation, in which a massive Doric colonnade sustains an Ionic portico. Besides a ball-room sixty-three feet in length, there are apartments for reading, refreshments, cards, billiards, and conversation, all within the same building. On the same splendid promenade, the *Den*, nearly a mile in length, and extending all the way along the margin of the sea, stands the Royal Hotel; not a public building, although indispensable to public comfort. It is in every way—design, extent, situation, internal arrangements—suited to the beauty of its situation, and the rank of its visitors. The ride along the shore, where these two stately buildings are erected, possesses features peculiarly imposing, yet never producing satiety. The cliffs, that rise in broken masses abruptly from the beach, are varied by many colours, red predominating; the sea, always beautiful, is scarcely ever perfectly at rest; and the pinnacle of the Ness, a prominent feature, retains its outline only, the shades, which the passing hours bring, varying its picturesque details. In the year 1815 a public library, billiard, and news-room were first opened; and these means of amusement were succeeded by the erection of a theatre in 1820, on a site granted by the Earl of Devon, lord of the manor of Teignmouth-Courtenay. The accommodations for bathing are excellent; two establishments, erected in a costly manner, have been some years in the enjoyment of extensive patronage. St. Michael's church was one of the earliest erected in this kingdom by the Normans; and the ability of its authors is sufficiently shown by the age to which it attained. It was not until 1816 that (additional church accommodation becoming necessary) the venerable edifice was condemned to undergo renovation; but the beauty and stability of its original doorway pleaded for the complete preservation of that interesting specimen of ancient art. The living is a curacy to the vicarage of Dawlish, in the diocess of Exeter.

THE SPANISH PAGE.

OR, THE CITY'S RANSOM.

BY L. E. L.

She was a chieftain's daughter, and he a captive boy,
Yet playmates and companions they shared each childish joy;
Their dark hair often mingled, they wandered hand in hand,
But at last the golden ransom restored him to his land.
A lovely town is Seville amid the summer air,
But, though it be a little town, Xenilla is as fair;
Fair are the glittering minarets where the purple daylight falls,
And rosy the pomegranates of the gardens in its walls.

But its pleasant days are over, for an army girds it round,
With the banner of the red cross, and the Christian trumpet's sound
They have sworn to raze the city that in the sunshine stood,
And its silvery singing fountains shall flow with Moslem blood.
Fierce is the Christian leader, a young and orphan lord,
For all the nobles of his house fell by the Moorish sword;
Himself was once a captive, till redeemed by Spanish gold,
Now to be paid by Moorish wealth and life an hundred-fold.

The sound of war and weeping reached where a maiden lay,
Fading as fades the loveliest, too soon from earth away,
Dark fell the silken curtains, and still the court below,
But the maiden's dream of childhood was disturbed by wail and wo.
She questioned of the tumult; her pale slaves told the cause;
The colour mounted to her cheek, a hasty breath she draws;
She called her friends around her, she whispered soft and low,
Like music from a wind-touched lute her languid accents flow.

Again upon her crimson couch she laid her weary head;
They looked upon the dark-eyed maid—they looked upon the dead.
That evening, ere the sunset grew red above the town,
A funeral train upon the hills came winding slowly down;
They come with mournful chanting, they bear the dead along,
The sentinels stood still to hear that melancholy song:
To Don Henrique they bore the corpse—they laid it at his feet,
Pale grew the youthful warrior that pale sweet face to meet.

ENGRAVED BY T. WOOLNOTH FROM THE ORIGINAL BY MURILLO AT CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD.

The Spanish Page.

FISHER, SON & CO. LONDON & PARIS, 1844.

T. Allom. J. Redaway.

THE GALILEE, WEST END OF DURHAM CATHEDRAL.

As if in quiet slumber the Moorish maid was laid,
And her white hands were folded, as if in death she prayed,
Her long black hair on either side was parted on her brow,
And her cold cheek was colder than marble or than snow.
Yet lovelier than a living thing she met the warrior's gaze,
Around her was the memory of many happy days.
He knew his young companion, though long dark years had flown.
Well had she kept her childish faith—she was in death his own.

"Bring ye this here, a ransom for those devoted walls!"
None answered—but around the tent a deeper silence falls;
None knew the maiden's meaning, save he who bent above,
Ah! only love can read within the hidden heart of love.
There came from these white silent lips more eloquence than breath,
The tenderness of childhood—the sanctity of death.
He felt their old familiar love had ties he could not break,
The warrior spared the Moorish town, for that dead maiden's sake.

THE GALILEE, DURHAM CATHEDRAL.

Oh haste and leave this sacred isle,
Unholy bark, ere morning smile:
For on thy deck, though dark it be, a female form I see;
And I have sworn this sainted sod
Shall ne'er by woman's feet be trod.

ST. SENANUS AND THE LADY.

ST. CUTHBERT, the patron saint of the cathedral church at Durham, conceived a great antipathy to females, and forbade them to approach his shrine, in consequence of an unjust charge brought against him, whilst pursuing a solitary life in the country of the Picts, by a daughter of the king of the province. When the followers of the saint had transferred his "incorruptible remains" to Durham, and raised an ecclesiastical structure to his especial honour, they perpetuated the prejudices of their patron by strictly forbidding women to enter the holy sanctuary. In consequence, a structure, named the Galilee, was appended to the west entrance of the building, whither females might repair to their devotions, without incurring the displeasure of the saint.

The following anecdote will suffice to show how rigidly the prohibition of females to enter the church was enforced.

"In the year 1333, Edward III. arrived at Durham, and lodged in the Priory; a few days after, Queen Philippa came from Knaresborough to meet him, and, being unac-

quainted with the custom of this church, went though the abbey gates to the priory, and, after supping with the king, retired to rest; at which the monks were much alarmed, and one of them went to the king, and told him that St. Cuthbert had a mortal aversion to the presence of a woman. The king, unwilling to give any offence to the church, immediately ordered his queen to arise, who, in her under garments only, returned by the gate through which she had entered, and went to the castle, after most devoutly praying that St. Cuthbert would not avenge a fault which she had through ignorance committed."

Hugh Pudsey, patriarch of Jerusalem, when he came to be advanced to the prelacy at Durham, considered that his predecessors, in their zeal to do honour to their patron saint, had entirely overlooked the claims of the Virgin Mary to respect and homage; he, therefore, commenced the erection of a chapel at the *east* end of the cathedral, intending to dedicate it especially to her, and to give females free access for their devotional exercises. The work had not, however, proceeded far, when vast clefts were discovered in the building, which appeared to threaten an early demolition. This manifestation, as it was deemed, of the saint's displeasure, determined the bishop to relinquish his purpose. He, notwithstanding, appropriated a portion of the west end, without the interior door of the church, for the Virgin's Chapel, which he named The Galilee; and into this sanctuary females were admitted without offence, but they were on no consideration to be received within the Cathedral.

When the privilege of sanctuary was attached to the church of Durham, those who sought refuge were permitted to enter no farther into the building than the Galilee south door. "Certain men lay in two chambers over the north door, to answer the calls of those who fled hither, that, whenever any offenders came and knocked, they instantly let them in at any hour of the night; and ran quickly to the Galilee bell, and tolled it, that whosoever heard it might know that some one had taken sanctuary."

The original entrance to the Galilee was from a small yard adjoining the church-yard, but is now by two doors from the end of the side-aisles of the nave. It is eighty feet in length by fifty in breadth, and is divided into five aisles by four rows of clustered columns with semicircular arches. The singular combination of the Norman and pointed styles of architecture displayed in the building, arose from the repairs, directed by Bishop, subsequently Cardinal, Langley, about the year 1406. The north aisle, which is now walled up, was used as a Register Office, and appropriated to the reception of wills and deeds until 1822, when a more suitable building for the purpose was erected on the west side of the Palace Green. Here were formerly three altars, now entirely removed: of these the central one was dedicated to the Holy Virgin. Close beside it is the tomb of Cardinal Langley; and in the adjoining aisle is a large marble stone, covering the remains of the Venerable Bede, the most learned man of his time. The southern side of the chapel is now divided by stalls and benches, and used as the consistory court of the diocese.

Drawn by C. Stanfield. Sketched by Capt. R. Elliot R.N. Engraved by Edw. Goodall.

TIGER ISLAND.

L'ILE DU TIGRE *Entrance of the Canton River.* TIGER INSEL

FISHER, SON & Co LONDON. 1845

TIGER ISLAND.—C

How should the wit of Cathay,
The thunder of Old England,
His puny flutt'ring fleet may [illegible]
His gaudy empire rule at [illegible]
Our Lord he never saw—[illegible]
Nor heard of Nelson, [illegible]

Having much confidence in "sound and fury," [illegible] terror by noise and high-sounding epithets, and [illegible] vagant pretensions. Their emperor is styled [illegible] dragon, serpent and tiger, are terms of frequent [illegible] punishment is implied. The costume of a Tartar [illegible] skin of the spotted tiger; heads of the same [illegible] on their shields, as well as on the embrasures of the [illegible] tress in all China is that on Tiger Island; and the [illegible] which is protected by an amazing number of [illegible] the Tiger's Mouth. Under a warlike government [illegible] promontory, could be made available as a [illegible] recent war, the Chinese were in total ignorance of the [illegible] ing defences against a skilful and determined [illegible].

The great estuary of the Canton river [illegible] assumes the name of Chou-keang, or the [illegible] Chuenpee, or Shakok, and Tycocktow (Great [illegible] two miles in width. From the former of these [illegible] embracing the shallows known as Anson's Bay, [illegible] Shoe,) just three miles from Chuenpee. Above [illegible] and North Wantong, between which and Anunghoy, rather [illegible] tance, is the celebrated throat of "Tiger's Mouth," called [illegible] Hoo-moon," and "The Bogue." And about two miles [illegible] Tiger Island, or Ty-hoo-tow. Anunghoy batteries have [illegible] and, before the last war, mounted one hundred and forty [illegible] of North Wantong, immediately opposite to them, mounted [illegible] Between the islet of South Wantong and the new fort of [illegible] of powerful iron chains, partially sustained by wooden rafts, [illegible] this fort vessels were required to produce their permits; and those [illegible] arrive at the Bocca after the boom was raised, were under the necessity of [illegible] outside until daylight. These forts were undoubtedly constructed more with a view of terrifying and thereby of extorting tribute, than with an expectation of obstructing

TIGER ISLAND.

ILE DU TIGRE — *Entrance of the Carlow River* — TIGER ISLAND

TIGER ISLAND.—CANTON RIVER.

How should the wit of Chinaman conceive
The thunder of Old England's oaken war?
His puny flutt'ring fleet may deftly thieve:
His nautic empire raise or sink a Bar:
OUR LINE he never saw—how then believe?—
Nor heard of NELSON, or of TRAFALGAR.

C. J. C.

HAVING much confidence in "sound and fury," the Chinese calculate upon exciting terror by noise and high-sounding epithets, and reverence, by those of the most extravagant pretensions. Their emperor is styled Teaou-kwang, or Reason's Glory; and dragon, serpent and tiger, are terms of frequent application, where strength, power, or punishment is implied. The costume of a Tartar soldier is made to resemble the skin of the spotted tiger; heads of the same fierce and active animal are represented on their shields, as well as on the embrasures of the batteries. The most famous fortress in all China is that on Tiger Island; and the narrow opening in the Canton river, which is protected by an amazing number of cannon, is designated Bocca Tigris, or the Tiger's Mouth. Under a warlike government, this island, which rises in a bluff promontory, could be made available as a defence against invasion; but, until the recent war, the Chinese were in total ignorance of the insufficiency of their engineering defences against a skilful and determined enemy.

The great estuary of the Canton river, which, opposite or near to the Factories, assumes the name of Chou-keang, or the Pearl river, is contracted between the forts of Chuenpee, or Shakok, and Tycocktow (Great Rising Head,) into a channel of about two miles in width. From the former of these points, the coast trends eastward, embracing the shallows known as Anson's Bay, to the batteries of Anunghoy (Woman's Shoe,) just three miles from Chuenpee. Above Tycocktow are two rocky islets, South and North Wantong, between which and Anunghoy, rather less than two miles' distance, is the celebrated throat of "Tiger's Mouth;" called also "Bocca Tigris," "The Hoo-moon," and "The Bogue." And about two miles farther up the river, is situated Tiger Island, or Ty-hoo-tow. Anunghoy batteries have always been strongly garrisoned, and, before the last war, mounted one hundred and forty pieces of ordnance; the batteries of North Wantong, immediately opposite to them, mounted one hundred and sixty-five. Between the islet of South Wantong and the new fort of Anunghoy, a boom, consisting of powerful iron chains, partially sustained by wooden rafts, was raised at sunset. At this fort vessels were required to produce their permits; and those that happened to arrive at the Bocca after the boom was raised, were under the necessity of continuing outside until daylight. These forts were undoubtedly constructed more with a view of terrifying and thereby of extorting tribute, than with an expectation of obstructing

an armed force: and Keshen, in his memorable defence, lays this fact before his imperial master. Whether, however, the commissioner's statement was advanced in mitigation of punishment for his faults, or whether he spoke the historic truth, the forts of Bocca Tigris have not been able to check the British sailor, for the passage has been repeatedly forced by our vessels.

In the commencement of the year 1841, our envoy, disgusted by the faithlessness or fickleness of Chinese functionaries, directed the resumption of hostilities; and, in consequence of this determination, Commodore Sir J. G. Bremer was directed to take and destroy the forts of Anunghoy and Wantong, and force the passage of the Bogue. With a fleet of twelve sail-of-the-line and four steamers, even a less gallant officer would have felt little apprehension for the result; but the style in which these orders were executed has justly associated the commodore's name with those of our naval heroes. The forts on North Wantong were cannonaded by the Calliope and Samarang, while a battery of howitzers, established on the South island, a position most unaccountably neglected by the Chinese, opened their fire simultaneously. The quickness and precision of English gunners soon overpowered the brave efforts of the enemy; in a few minutes they were seen flying from their post, and a landing was effected without opposition.

While this dreadful tragedy was being enacted, Sir H. Le Fleming Senhouse had been equally successful in his attack upon Anunghoy; and by the united exertions of these divisions of the expedition, the Bogue forts were captured and destroyed, Tiger Island compelled to surrender, and the charm of Chinese invincibility dissolved.

THE PIRATE'S SONG OFF THE TIGER ISLAND.

BY L. E. L.

Our prize is won, our chase is o'er,
Turn the vessel to the shore.
Place yon rock, so that the wind,
Like a prisoner, howl behind;
Which is darkest—wave, or cloud?
One a grave, and one a shroud.
Though the thunder rend the sky,
Though the echoing wind reply,
Though the lightning sweep the seas,
We are used to nights like these;
Let it foam, the angry main—
Washing out the blood-red stain,
Which the evening conflict threw
O'er the waters bright and blue.

Though above the thunder break,
'Twill but drown our victims' shriek;
And the lightning's serpent coil,
Will but glimmer o'er our spoil:
Maidens, in whose orient eyes,
More than morning's sunshine lies—
Honour to the wind and waves,
While they yield us such sweet slaves—
Shawls the richest of Cashmere,
Pearls from Oman's bay are here;
And Golconda's royal mine
Sends her diamonds here to shine;
Let the stars at midnight glow,
We have brighter stars below;
Leave the planet of the pole
Just to guide us to our goal,
We'd not change for heaven's own stars,
Yon glad heap of red dinars;*
See the crimson silks unfold,
And the slender chains of gold,
Like the glittering curls descending,
When the bright one's head is bending;
And the radiant locks fall over,
Or her mirror or her lover,
On which face she likes to dwell,
'Twere a prophet's task to tell;
All those crystal flasks enclose
Sighs of the imprisoned rose;
And those porcelain urns are filled
By sweet Indian wood distilled;
And behold those fragrant piles,
Spice from the Manilla isles,
Nutmegs, cloves, and cinnamon—
But our glorious task is done.
Little dreamed the merchant's care
Who his precious freight should share—
Fill the wine-cup to the brim,
Our first health shall be to him.

* An Indian coin.

LOVE'S EARLY DREAM.

BY MRS. ELLIS.

Love's early dream has music
In the tale it loves to tell;
Love's early dream has roses
Where it delights to dwell;
It has beauty in its landscape,
And verdure in its trees,
Unshadowed by a passing cloud,
Unruffled by a breeze.

Love's early dream has moonlight
Upon its crystal lake,
Where stormy tempest never blows
Nor angry billows break;
It has splendour in its sunshine,
And freshness in its dew,
And all its scenes of happiness
Are beautiful, and—*true!*

Love's early dream has kindness
In every look and tone;
Love's early dream has tenderness
For one, and one alone.
It has melody of language,
And harmony of thought,
And knows no sound of dissonance
By ruder science taught.

Oh! early dream of happiness,
Where is thy waking bliss?
What brings thy golden promises
To such a world as this?
Perchance thou art some shadow
Of that which is to come—
The fluttering of an angel's wings,
To lead the wanderer home.

The Young Sculptor.—Love's early dream.

Fisher, Son & Co. London & Paris.

LOVE'S EARLY DREAM.

The Poetry by Mrs. Ellis

The Music by Dr. Gauntlett.

ALLEGRO SCHERZANDO.

Love's early dream hath music In the tale it loves to tell,

Sempre Staccato.

mf *p* *mf*

Love's ear - ly dream has ros - es, Where it delights to dwell; It has

mf *p* *cres.*

beauty on the landscape, And verdure in its trees, Un - shadow'd by a passing cloud, Un-

p *dim.*

ruf-fled by a breeze. Oh! ear - ly dream of

legato.

cres.

hap - pi - ness Where is thy wak - ing bliss,

cres.

f

ritard.

What brings thy gold - en pro - mis - es To such a world - - - as this.

f

colla voce.

f

Andante Allegretto.

Perchance thou art some shadow Of that which is to come; The flutt'ring of an angel's

wings, To lead, to lead the wand' - rer home.

ten.

Drawn by T. Allom. Engraved by E. Challis.

INTERIOR OF THE COLLEGIATE CHURCH, MANCHESTER.

FISHER, SON & Co LONDON, 1845

INTERIOR OF THE COLLEGIATE CHURCH.

MANCHESTER.

"O, Christian fane! the soul expands in thee!
Thine altar and thy tomb
Speak of the hope and doom
Which lead man to eternity!" L.E.L.

The Collegiate Church is justly the architectural pride of Manchester. Although of ancient foundation, its resources have been so completely dissipated, that its beauties and recollections would, perhaps, have perished together, had not individual piety guarded, and individual benevolence restored, those venerable relics, on which time had so individously encroached.

The *coup-d'œil*, on entering the nave, is highly imposing, suggesting, simultaneously, the ideas of grandeur and utility; the first, the result of loftiness and decoration; the second, of the vast space appropriated to the accommodation of worshippers. Clustered columns, of elegant proportions, sustain a series of light pointed arches, in what may be styled the second order, the spandrels being adorned with quatre and cinque-foil circles filled with shields. Immediately above this open work, a richly sculptured cornice, a common tangent of the pointed arches, extends the whole length of the nave, and forms a pedestal for the beautiful clerestory windows, which are divided by stone mullions into five compartments. From the capital of each respective cluster, a slender single column rises, until its capital, in turn, becomes the pedestal of another group, introduced to support demi-angels, those on the north side holding stringed, and those on the south, wind musical instruments. Triple columns rise from behind these effigies, the capitals furnishing consols, whence arches spring for the support of the principal cross-beams of the roof. The ceiling is a flattened arch, divided into compartments, by transverse and longitudinal beams, moulded and enriched with ornamental work, each intersection exhibiting the figure of an ecclesiastic supporting an opened book. This majestic temple, that is, the nave of the church, lay open in all its unviolated dignity, like the Catholic churches on the continent of Europe, until the year 1814, when the portion, which was confessed to be parochial, was enclosed, furnished with pews, and allotted to special uses. The chantries of St. James, and of St. Nicholas, were reserved; five pews, immediately in front of the Brown and Trafford's chapels, belong to the representatives of those houses; one pew was appropriated to the canons, two for the reception of strangers, one for the municipal officers, and one for the family of Ancoat's Hall, while six hundred free-sittings were obtained for the humbler classes. Three galleries, erected in the sixteenth century, were removed, and more spacious accommodation substituted, in the same style of ornament, material, and design. The

Chetham gallery, at the west end, is devoted to the accommodation of the governor, scholars, and domestics of Chetham's hospital; and the arms of the benevolent founder of that charity decorate the front, with the well-remembered motto of "*quod tuum tene.*" Above the gallery were formerly to be seen the arms of Charles I., by whose charter the college was ultimately governed and protected; this decoration, however, has been consigned to the ringers' loft, and most inappropriately replaced by the arms of George IV., in stained glass, with those of Charles I. and of the town of Manchester underneath. A device, representing the collegiate seal, accompanies the design, with its motto, "*Lucerna pedibus meis et lumen semitis meis verbum tuum;*" and the inscription on the encircling riband ascribes the foundation of the college to the very monarch whose arms have been repudiated.

Previously to these innovations, so hostile to the ancient semblance of this noble structure, two lofty pillars appeared on either side of the entrance to the choir, terminating in figures of demi-angels supporting shields. On one of these rested an effigy of the Virgin Mary, on the other of St. Dyonis, the tutelar saint of the church; and "unto these figures men did usually bow at their coming into the church." Some iconoclasts having destroyed the idols, the pedestals and pillars were covered over by a gallery, and, from a concealment of more than two hundred years, they are now again exposed to admiration.

This part of the building is adorned with many sepulchral monuments; some remarkable as examples of cultivated taste in design, and a high order of excellence in the performance. The memory of Mrs. Ann Hinde is vainly recorded on a simple marble tablet, but the Green-gown school, established by her benevolence, will long survive such empty honour. The chisel of Chantrey is believed to have executed the mural monument to Edward Greaves, of Culcheth Hall, but it presents no illustration of his intellectual powers. Many interesting memorials, on every side, record the virtues of those that now sleep beneath them; but there is none more ostentatious in its pretensions, and none, perhaps, have greater pretensions to that prerogative, than the tomb of Dauntsey Hulme. It is a public acknowledgment of private worth, and a record of virtues that, even in a country, the honour of whose merchants is respected in the remotest part of the globe, are of rare occurrence. He was an instance, not only of benevolence and munificence of the most laudable kind, but of the most conspicuous and exemplary integrity. Having failed in business, through the misconduct of partners, he was reduced to the humiliating level of insolvency: sustained by a mind conscious of rectitude, he commenced a mercantile life once more; and, by prudence, perseverance, and good fortune, regained the height from which he had fallen. The hand of congratulation and of reviving friendship was extended to him by his former associates, but he declined to accept the recognition before he had rendered himself deserving of it. This was only to be accomplished by the liquidation of those debts which the insolvent firm had contracted; and, with a magnanimity that has never been exceeded, Mr. Hulme called all the creditors of himself and partners together, and having examined their accounts, paid both debt and interest, in every instance, "to the uttermost

farthing." His noble sense of justice being incontestably established, he next resolved upon leaving to his countrymen an example of benevolence; and for this purpose, in addition to the distribution of many minor legacies for charitable purposes, bequeathed the sum of £20,000 to the Infirmary of Manchester, and £8,000 to the House of Recovery. The genius of Westmacott was exerted in commemorating the virtues of this munificent citizen; and he has happily illustrated his merciful disposition by a basso-relievo of the "Good Samaritan,"—his moral rectitude, by the Caduceus, and Balance of Justice.

The families of Stanley,* Trafford, Brown, Chetham, Byrom, and Strangeways, have, during succeeding ages, endeavoured to perpetuate the worldly dignity which they had inherited, by costly monuments, in their private chantries; of these, some survive, but have lost their interest; others being broken and overturned, their sites have been made the lower chambers of public pews for the accommodation of strangers.

Infinitely more splendid in its architectural embellishments than the nave and transepts, the choir is also the most perfectly preserved, and the least violated by restoration. Its great arches, clustered columns, and rich ceiling, resemble those that adorn the nave; but, the exquisite workmanship displayed in the stalls and gallery front, is equal to anything of the same character in England. Uniformity prevails throughout the whole of the rich tracery on both sides, with the exception of two stalls on the north, those nearest to the altar, which are supposed to have belonged to Richard Beck and his Lady; and the canopies and groined ceilings of the stalls assigned to the dean and canons, are superior in costliness and design to all the others. The seats, which are secured by hinges, on being turned up, exhibit the extraordinary designs carved on each, after the capricious practice of monastic structures; and the continuous desk in front is enriched with monograms, armorial bearings, and various devices, executed on their panelled fronts. Beneath the dean's seat, the Stanley legend, of the eagle and child, is represented; and the seventh stall, assigned to the head-master of the Free Grammar-school, (Archididascalos,) is distinguishable by a device, evidently intended as a satire on the austerity of that profession: an old fox, in a sitting posture, armed with a monstrous birch rod, is beating two young cubs, while another old fox is engaged in reading. The arms of the Stanleys are profusely introduced on the north side of the choir, their munificence having contributed to the erection of the rich stalls there; while the arms of the Grocers and Mercers adorn the opposite seats, together with the monogram of Richard Beck, their founder.

Behind the communion-table is an ancient oak screen, richly carved, and in tolerable preservation; the beauty of which, however, is concealed by a tapestried hanging representing the death of Sapphira. The great eastern window would admit an over-

* During the years 1840-1, Edward, earl of Derby, expended the sum of £1,000 in renovating the chapel, founded by the piety of his ancestors, which has been in the possession of his family for upwards of three centuries, and in which lie the remains of James Stanley, bishop of Ely, and warden of this church, who died in March, 1525.

powering flood of light, were not the rays intercepted by the stained glass with which it is glazed. In the centre is the Saviour, with a nimbus and cross; on his right are, Aaron with his breastplate, David bearing a harp, and St. Peter the keys with which he had been intrusted. On the left are, Moses, distinguished by his rod, and by the tables of stone; St. George, bearing a red cross; and St. Paul, holding a sword, while a viper rests at his feet.

It is in the sumptuous portion of the building, represented in the accompanying illustration, that so many marriages have been solemnized—a circumstance attributable to the moderate fees demanded by the clergy. During Lent, it is usual to double the accustomed fees, which limits the number of candidates for admission into the bonds of matrimony; but, when that period has expired, the scene that is presented here, is unequalled elsewhere in England.

"I attended the Old Church at Manchester," says the author of 'a Home Tour, in 1835,' "in order to witness the solemnization of several marriages, I had reason to suppose were then and there to take place. I had heard, on the preceding Sunday, the bands proclaimed as follows:—For the first time of asking, sixty-five; for the second time, seventy-two; for the third time, sixty; total, one hundred and seventy-nine. When all was ready and the church-doors opened, the clergyman and clerk betook themselves to the vestry; and the people who were about to be married, and their friends, seated themselves in the body of the church, opposite the communion-table, on benches, which were placed there for the purpose. Not less than fifty were assembled, among whom I took my seat quietly without being noticed. A party, who had arrived in a narrow *vis-a-vis* fly, most exclusively paraded in the meantime up and down, as if unwilling to identify themselves with the humbler candidates of matrimony in another part of the church. The people at first took their seats in solemn silence, each one inquisitively surveying his neighbour; but, as the clergymen and clerk were some time in preparation, the men first began to whisper one to another, and the women to titter, till, by degrees they all threw off their reserve, and made audible remarks on the new-comers. There was little *bashfulness* among the women; but of the men, poor fellows! some were seriously abashed; while, among the hymeneal throng, there seemed to prevail a sentiment that obtains pretty generally among their betters, namely, the inclination to put shy people out of conceit with themselves. Thus at the advance of a sheepish-looking bridegroom, he was immediately assailed on all sides with '*Come on, mon,* what art t' afraid of?—nobody'll hurt thee.' And then a general laugh went round, in a suppressed tone, but quite sufficient to confound and subdue the new-comer. Presently a sudden buzz broke out, "The clergyman's coming," and all were perfectly silent. About twelve couples were tobe married, the rest were friends and attendants; the former were called upon to arrange themselves altogether round the altar. The clerk was an adept in his business, and performed the duties of his office in a mode admirably calculated to set the people at their ease, and direct their proceedings. In appointing them to their proper places, he addressed each in an intonation of voice particularly soft and soothing, and which carried with it more of encouragement, as he made use of no appellation but the Christian name of the person spoken to. Thus he proceeded—'*Daniel and Phœbe—this way, Daniel—take off your gloves, Daniel. William and Anne—no, Anne—here, Anne, t'other side, William. John and Mary—here, John—oh! John.*' And then addressing them altogether—'*Now, all of you give your hats to some person to hold.*' Although the marriage ceremony appeared to me to be very generally addressed to the whole party, the clergyman was scrupulously exact in obtaining the accurate responses from each individual."

T. Allom. W. Le Petit.

ST MICHAEL'S MOUNT, CORNWALL.

FISHER, SON & Co LONDON, 1845

ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT.

CORNWALL.

The romantic Castle of St. Michael's, situated upon a lofty insulated hill, in Mount's Bay, is the theme of many a Cornish legend; the most prevalent supposes that their 'long-lost Arthur,' resides there, under the immediate guardianship of the archangel, until the time appointed for his return to earth; and it is to this, Milton alludes, when he says—

> 'Where the great vision of the guarded Mount
> Looks to Namancos and Bayona's hold.' "*

O FOR the glorious days of old,
When Arthur and his champions bold,
With iron hand, from cup of gold,
Drank to the table round!
Entranced beneath St. Michael's keep,
Now Arthur and his warriors sleep
Their charmed slumber, long and deep
In magic thraldom bound.

Say, when shall come the fated morn,
To rouse them from the rest they scorn?
Say, when shall sound the wizard horn,
To wake them to the strife?†
" When on her base of noble rock,
Britain shall yield to ocean's shock,
Fate will their prison-door unlock,
And call them into life:"

* Note to Verses privately printed by the late Sir Hardinge Giffard, at the Wesleyan Mission Press, Colombo.

† According to the legend concerning the sleep of Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table, they are to be awakened by the sound of a magic horn, when England is on the point of being conquered; and they will then rush to the fight, and overcome the invaders.—A similar legend is related in Wales, of Owen Lawgoch, or Owen of the Bloody Hand, who, like Arthur in St. Michael's Mount, is supposed to sleep in the Mountain of Mynnydd Mawr near Llandilo in Carmarthenshire.—" Almost in our days," says a writer in the Quarterly Review, No. xliv. "it was thought that Sebastian of Portugal would one day return, and claim his usurped realms.—Thus also the three founders of the Helvetic Confederacy are thought to sleep in a cavern near the Lake of Lucerne. The herdsmen call them the Three Tells, and say that they lie there in their antique garb in quiet slumber, and, when Switzerland is in her utmost need, they will awaken, and regain the liberties of the land."—In the same work, we are told that "The Emperor (Frederick Barbarossa, or Red-beard) is secluded in the Castle of Kyffhaüsen, in the Hercynian forest, where he remains in a state not much unlike the description which Cervantes has given of the inhabitants of the Cavern of Montesinos: he slumbers on his throne; his red beard has grown through the stone table on which his right arm reclines; or, as some say, it has grown round and round it.—A variation of the same fable, coloured according to its locality, is found in Denmark;

"But not till then—and while unfurl'd
Is Britain's flag throughout the world,
She will not from her throne be hurled,
Or need St. Michael's host."
So sleep ye on, ye ancient men!
Entombed within your murky den,
'Tis dull enough: if not till then
Ye quaff the circling toast.

where it is said, that Holger Danske, whom the French romances call Ogier the Dane, slumbers in the vaults beneath Cronenburgh Castle. A villain was once allured by splendid offers to descend into the cavern, and visit the half-torpid hero. Ogier muttered to the visitor, requesting him to stretch out his hand. The villain presented an iron crow to Ogier, who grasped it, indenting the metal with his fingers. 'It is well!' quoth Ogier, who imagined he was squeezing the hand of the stranger, and thus provoking his strength and fortitude, 'there are yet *men* in Denmark.'"

It has been recently and justly remarked by Sir Walter Scott, in one of his notes on Peveril of the Peak—that "Superstitions of various countries are in every respect so like each other, that they may be referred to one common source: unless we conclude that they are natural to the human mind, and, like the common orders of vegetables, which naturally spring up in every climate, these naturally arise in every bosom: as the best philologists are of opinion, that fragments of an original speech are to be discovered in almost all languages in the globe."

THE YOUNG DESTRUCTIVE.

In truth, I do not wonder
To see them scatter'd round;
So many leaves of knowledge—
Some fruit must sure be found.

The Eton Latin Grammar
Has now its verbs declin'd;
And those of Lindley Murray
Are not so far behind.

Oh! days of bread and water—
How many I recall,
Past—sent into the corner;
Your face towards the wall.

Oh! boundaries of Europe!
Oh! rivers great and small!
Oh! islands, gulfs, and capitals!
How I abhorr'd ye all!

Drawn by C. Wrankmore. Engraved by W. C. Wrankmore.

The Young Destructive

FISHER, SON & CO. LONDON & PARIS. 1846.

J. M. W. Turner, R. A. DRAWN FROM NATURE BY G. F. WHITE, ESQ. E. Goodall

SCENE AT COLGONG ON THE GANGES.

FISHER, SON & Cº LONDON & PARIS, 1836.

SCENE AT COLGONG ON THE GANGES.

And then those dreadful tables
  Of shillings, pence, and pounds!
Tho' I own their greater trouble
  In after-life abounds.

'Tis strange how memory lingers
  About those early hours;
And we talk of happy childhood,
  As if such had been ours.

But distance lends enchantment
  To all we suffer'd then;
Thank Heaven, that I never
  Can be a child again! L. E. L.

ROCKS AT COLGONG ON THE GANGES.

A lonely tomb,—and who within it sleepeth
  None knows: Old Time hath many secret things;
But there her rosy tears the evening weepeth,
  And there the morn her early sunshine flings.

This beautiful cluster of rocks occurs at about a day's sail below Janghera, on the river Ganges, amid scenery highly picturesque, and varied in character. In the rainy season the river forces its way between the rocks with fearful turbulence; then, spreading its broad waters like an ocean, the projecting points of Colgong and Patergotta form an extensive and beautiful bay, surrounded by an amphitheatre of hills, from which it is difficult to fancy that a river issuing, has supplied the floods that reach from shore to shore. The Colgong rocks are esteemed holy by Hindoo devotees, and have been sculptured in many places with effigies of their gods; a variety of wild garlands, the luxuriant creepers of the soil, fling down their rich wreaths over the rugged masses, and tangled shrubs spring wherever a shallow bed of earth permits them to take root. In fact, the luxury of foliage cannot be seen to greater perfection than from the rocky islets of Colgong, which overlook the lovely woods that slope in all directions, to the opposite shore; while beyond, the Rajmhal hills gleam with the purple glory of the amethyst. These crags are the haunt of numerous birds: pigeons nestle in the trees, and, at the slightest alarm, myriads of small water-fowl rush out in snowy flocks, adding, by their hurried flight, to the animation of the scene; while the numerous flotillas of native

craft, of strange but highly picturesque construction, serve also to heighten the beauty of a landscape, which, in despite of their utility, we regret should be disturbed by the smoke and the paddles of steam-boats.

Colgong forms the occasional habitation of a fakeer, but is not the settled residence of any recluse of celebrity. There are no regular temples here, although a rude shrine has been shaped out of one of the largest blocks of granite which crown the summit of the rock to the westward of the group: but there are many caverns in the islands, and, it is seldom that either a living or dead specimen of the religious mendicants, who are established in such places over the whole of India, is not to be found in one of them. A nameless tomb occurs upon the summit, probably that of a Mohammedan saint, for the Hindoos do not usually bury their dead. This personage, whoever he may be, having received his apotheosis, would be equally venerated by the professors of both religions. The Mohammedans of India, and especially of Bengal, forgetful that their creed assures them that there is but one God, have no objection to worship at the shrine of some holy person deified in the imaginations of his votaries; while the Hindoos are so idolatrous, that they will not pass any altar without dropping a flower upon it by way of offering. Reverence for the dead, a distinguishing trait of native Indians, is strongly manifested in the lonely tombs which occupy several heights in the vicinity of Rajmhal. Wherever the traveller comes upon one of these mausoleums, however neglected and apparently deserted the place may be, he is certain to find the traces of pious care from human hands. The precincts of the tomb may, perhaps, be the haunt of a solitary jackal, or other beast of prey, too little accustomed to man's intrusion to be alarmed at his approach; and yet even when it would seem that the prowling beast was sole tenant of the wild scene, the newly-swept pavement, strewn with fresh flowers, shews that some human being has recently performed a daily task. Sometimes, whilst conjecture is busy, trying to discover who has been at the pains to keep the shrine free from the pollutions of bats and birds; the attendant fakeer will appear upon the scene, his long, matted locks, and the distinguishing marks of his caste and calling, chalk and dirt, forming his sole attire. Money would appear to be perfectly superfluous to personages so independent as to dress, lodging, and food; yet, though not always solicited, it is generally acceptable, and the offered rupee disappears in a marvellous manner, since, there being no garments, there can be no pockets.

All the mooring-places within a day's sail of Colgong, are distinguished for their pleasantness and beauty; indeed the whole voyage down to Calcutta conducts the traveller through scenes of the softest enchantment. Rajmhal, in particular, excites the attention of all who have any taste for picturesque scenery, the ruins of its once splendid palaces now adding a melancholy interest to the landscape. The origin of this royal city, stretching into remote antiquity, is lost in the obscurity which hangs over the early history of the Hindoo dynasties of India, but retaining its dignity and importance after the Mohammedan conquests, it remained the capital of Bengal during a splendid succession of princes, who embellished it with the tasteful architecture for which they were famed. The stone principally found in these interesting remains is a red granite, and

its colour, decayed by age, harmonizes well with the lichens and weeds which have flung themselves over every "coigne of vantage," and the trees that now spread their umbrageous foliage over quadrangle and court. Occasionally we find a mixture of marble, the favourite material of the luxurious Moguls, and brought into fashion about the reign of Acbar. A hall of noble dimensions, erected by the sultan Shujah, the unfortunate brother of Aurungzebe, lined throughout with marble, a product rare in Bengal, has been advantageously, though not very happily, employed as a receptacle for coals, for the supply of the steamers which are now common upon the Ganges:—

"To what base uses may we come at last!'

This hall, one of the few remaining evidences to attest the grandeur of the kings and princes who reigned and revelled in Rajmhal, is visited by every European traveller voyaging on the Ganges, many finding a pensive pleasure in musing on those vicissitudes of fortune which have reared the red-cross banner of St. George over the fallen glories of the crescent. While some persons consider the conversion of the marble hall into a depôt for coals a shocking desecration, others are of opinion that the element of this new power, which is changing all the moral, political, and physical relations in the world, and is working a revolution more stupendous and radical than any that history records, is well lodged in a palace.

A voyage on the Ganges is now performed in the most delightful manner possible in government iron steamers. The arrangement of these commodious vessels is very judicious and convenient. The cuddy, a cheerful apartment, with a sky-light above, and four large windows on either side, stands athwart-ship, about the centre of the vessel, with eight cabins abaft, and six before it; a narrow passage runs between each range of cabins, and terminates in the cuddy, which thus enjoys the most ample ventilation. The vessel, or flat, is towed by a steam-tug; and in consequence of the difficulties which attend the navigation of a river beset with shifting sand-banks, the whole flotilla is brought to anchor at sunset every evening, the commandant not being allowed to put the steam up until sunrise the following morning. As the government send treasure by these conveyances, they are accompanied by a guard of soldiers, which enables the passengers to throw open their windows at night with feelings of security —feelings which they would not otherwise enjoy, the thieves of India being very expert in committing depredations on the river, by means of the small boats, in which they glide noiselessly to any unguarded vessel, and speedily strip it of every thing valuable. The roof or deck of the flat is covered with an awning, affording a delightful promenade during those periods of the twenty-four hours, and that season of the year, in which Anglo-Indians may venture into the open air. The eve of the cold weather is certainly the best time for river-travelling, since, while enjoying a gentle and balmy breeze, the voyager can, without suffering the slightest personal inconvenience, look out upon the rapid succession of villages, groves, and trees, temples, towers, and widely-spread ghauts, which constitute the beautiful panorama through which he is gliding.

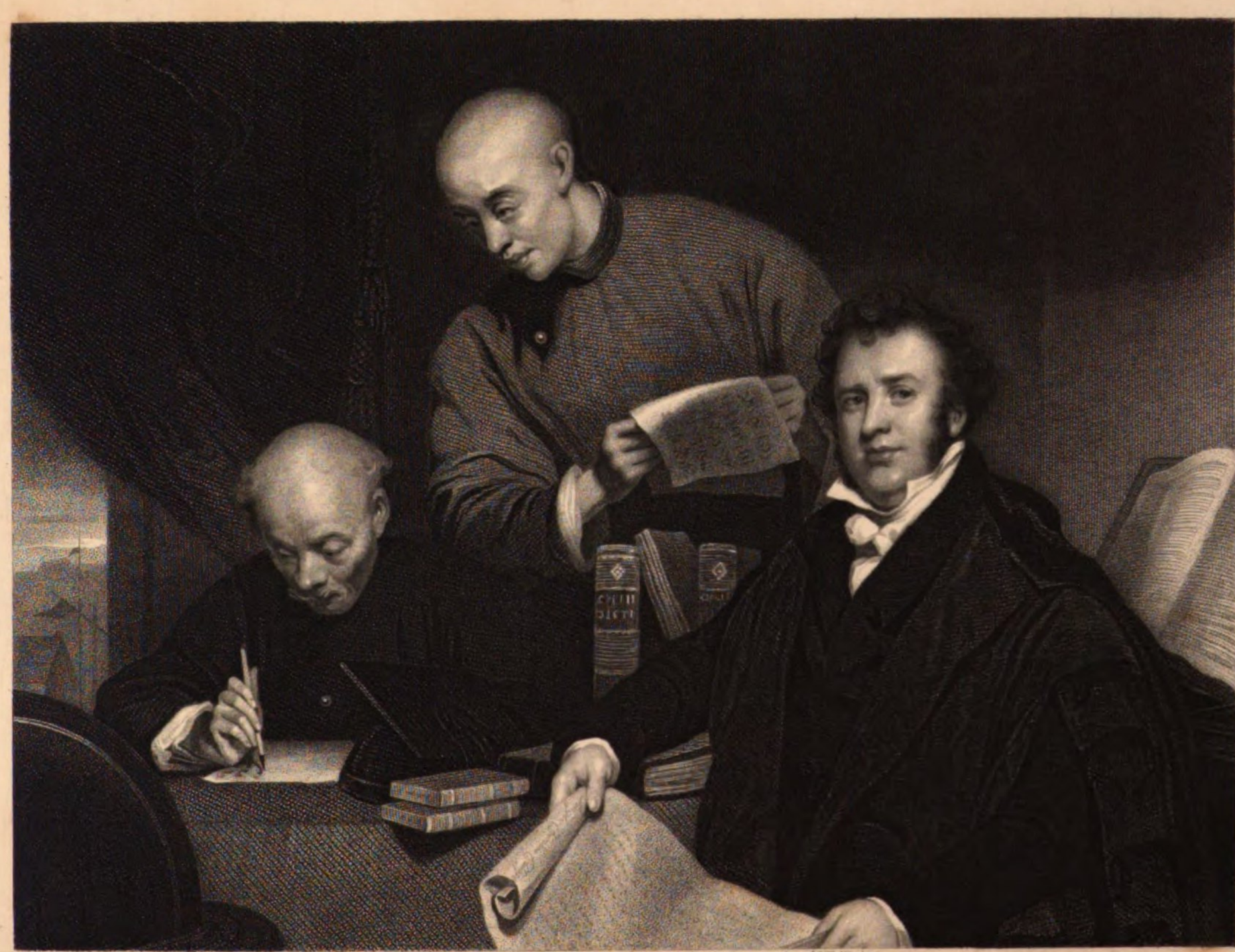
THE LOVE LETTER.

BY L. E. L.

'PRAY thee, maiden, heed him not,
Is not thine a happy lot?
Darling of my aged heart,
Canst thou be so glad to part,
Where thou art the sole delight,
From a home by thee made bright?
These are selfish words, and vain,
'Tis not thus I would restrain
Her, whose will I never curbed,
Whose young joy I ne'er disturbed:
But, for thine own sake, I say,
Fling that faithless scroll away.
Dost thou wish for nights that keep
Weary watch, to wake and weep?
Wouldst thou have thy bright cheek bear
Witness to its own despair,
With a dim and sunken eye,
Which is fain to close and die?
And, yet are not these the things,
Soon or late, love ever brings?
I have seen a careless smile
Hide a breaking heart the while,
Watched so much of youth and bloom
Sink to an untimely tomb;
Dearest one! and must there be
Such a destiny for thee?
Spare thyself such burning tears,
Pity thou thy own few years.
Vain these words! love never yet
Shunned or spared its own regret:
Thou art saddened and estranged,
And thy whole sweet nature changed;
Love has other love exiled,
Fare thee well, alas! my child.

Painted by H. Richter. Engraved by Chas Rolls.

The Love Letter.
Maternal Solicitude.



Engraved by W. Holl, from the original Painting by G. Chinnery, Esq. in the possession of Mr. Morrison.

The Revd. Robert Morrison. D.D.

And his Assistants in the Translation of the Bible into Chinese.

FISHER, SON & Co. LONDON & PARIS.

THE REV. DOCTOR MORRISON,

FIRST PROTESTANT MISSIONARY IN CHINA.

BY THE REV. DR. HENRY FORSTER BURDER.

ROBERT MORRISON was born at Morpeth on the 5th of January, 1782. His parents soon after removed to Newcastle, where he received the rudiments of education, previously to his employment in his father's business. In early life, his mind displayed indications of activity and habits of reflection. The blessing of God appeared to descend both upon the instructions he received from his pious parents, and the ministrations of the sanctuary, on which he deemed it his privilege regularly to attend. Decision of character and force of principle soon became apparent, and were speedily associated with a desire to devote his life to the promotion of the best interests of his fellow-men. This appears from a document of no ordinary interest in missionary annals,—his application to the London Missionary Society to be received under their patronage, with a view to the service of the heathen. It was written in his twenty-third year, when engaged in a course of theological studies at Hoxton Academy.

"About seven years ago," (he writes in that letter,) "after alarming convictions of sin, and dread of wrath to come, I was brought to rest my soul on Jesus Christ, for eternal salvation. About two years after, I was filled with an ardent desire to serve the Lord Jesus, and the spiritual interests of fellow-men. It was then I formed the design of engaging as a Missionary—though I saw no probability of ever having it fulfilled. The crying necessity for Missionaries dwelt upon my mind. I prayed to the Lord to dispose me to that which was well-pleasing in his sight; and, if agreeable to his will, to fulfil the desires of my heart. I conceived that nothing was to be done without learning. I therefore saved a little money from what my father gave me, to pay a teacher of Latin, which I learned in the morning before six o'clock, and in the evening after seven or eight."

Thus did this extraordinary young man begin to display the vigorous, determined, and persevering assiduity, by which he afterwards mastered the difficulties of the Chinese language, and became a model of missionary enterprise and achievement. Had he been aware of the facilities afforded to missionary students in the seminary at Gosport, he would, in the first instance, gladly have become a candidate for admission. Without, however, any abandonment of his favourite object, he obtained an entrance into the Theological Seminary at Hoxton, where, for about two years, he pursued his studies with exemplary diligence; and conciliated, by his spirit of ardent piety and devotedness, the confidence and attachment both of his patrons and his associates. There it was that a friendship commenced between the *subject* and the *writer* of this sketch,

which was cemented by an uninterrupted correspondence through life, and which, it is humbly hoped, will, through sovereign grace, be renewed in that world where "they die no more."

After enjoying, for about a year, the advantages of tuition under the able and venerable Dr. Bogue, at Gosport, Mr. Morrison spent some time in London, in the acquisition of such scientific and medical knowledge as was supposed to be most important, with the prospect of engaging in a mission to China—a destination, with all its formidable difficulties, in full accordance with the noble daring and genuine heroism of his devoted heart.

Having received ordination in London, according to the usages of the Presbyterian church, in which he had been educated, he embarked for China on the 31st of January, 1807, and, proceeding by way of America, landed at Macao on the 4th of September, and soon afterwards reached Canton. Within one month after his arrival, he favoured the writer of this paper with a letter, from which the following is an extract:—

"From China, dear Henry, I now address you. Since you heard of me, I have changed my situation half the circumference of the globe. The good hand of God has preserved me in all the varied climes through which he has led me. Our God, unlike the gods of this and other heathen nations, is the God of the whole earth. To tell you, dear brother, that I have, in passing through the mighty waters, been sometimes in fear—that I have sometimes been depressed, and again have experienced the joy of God's salvation—would be telling you nothing but what, my circumstances considered, you would naturally suppose. However, I bless the Lord, that in every varied situation, and in every varied frame of mind, he has been a present help; and the work of our Lord Jesus Christ has been the rejoicing of my heart.

"I now live with American gentlemen at Canton. I have two rooms—I am quite retired. I have a Chinese boy, and from him I endeavour to learn phrases in the common spoken language of Canton. As to my great design, the idolatrous rites of every passing day strongly prove its necessity; and, whatever outward appearances may be, the promises of our God furnish the greatest possible encouragement. Remember at the throne of grace him who is, through Jesus Christ, yours most affectionately,

"R. Morrison."

A letter written two years after his arrival contains passages which cannot be read without deep interest. It is dated the 16th of November, 1809.

"I have much reason, dear brother, to be thankful to the Lord, who, since the day I left you, has continued to watch over me with paternal care. He has graciously sustained me in the midst of trials from without, and evil propensities from my own corrupt heart. When I have fallen, he has raised me up again. If I have been devoted to my great object, to God our Saviour be all the praise. It was a fixed principle with me, that to overcome the difficulties in acquiring the Chinese language, the utmost attention was requisite. The Lord granted me a considerable portion of health, and

gave success to my labours. I can now converse in Chinese a little, both in the vulgar and in the Mandarin tongue, and can translate *from* the language, and *into* it, in an imperfect manner. I do not apologize for saying these things, my brother, or suppose for a moment, that it is "trespassing on your time," as you mention you fear *you* will be doing. *My* time, and *your's* also, is precious; but time that is spent in reading, or in filling up christian correspondence, I do not consider lost time. I have not the privilege of christian society, and if Christians at home do but *seem* to forget me, you will readily believe, that it is not grateful to my feelings. It is not so; but if it *should*, why complain?—the *Lord* remembers me!

"My labours furnish nothing of interesting anecdote. I sit from morning to night, reading the books of Kung-fu-tsi, (Confucius,) or drawing the multiform character of the Chinese. The history of one day is that of the past year.

"I have been attending, as health and other avocations would permit, to my Dictionary and Grammar of the Chinese language. When they will be finished, I cannot say. I sometimes translate from the book of Genesis into Chinese. Out of Chinese I have translated part of the four books of Kung-fu-tsi. I have had a great number of official papers to translate for the Company since I have filled the office of Chinese Translator. I have none yet, who, from amongst the heathen, are turned from Satan to God. Pray that the Holy Spirit may effect this great change on the hearts of many. Continue to write to me, and believe me most affectionately yours in the faith of our Lord Jesus, and in the hope of eternal life through him."

In the history of the acquisition of difficult languages, few facts can be found more memorable than those which appear on the face of these familiar letters. In less than a year and a half from his arrival at Canton, although destitute, in a very great degree, of the ordinary facilities of attaining a language, this indefatigable man, not from predilection for the study, but from the force of christian principle, so successfully grappled with appalling difficulties, that "he appears to have been considered, at that early period, as the most correct Chinese scholar in the factories;" and on that account he received an appointment from the East India Company's supra-cargoes, as their "Secretary and Interpreter." This took place on the day after he had entered on the happiness of his married life, by being united to the daughter of John Morton, Esq., Surgeon-in-chief to the Royal Irish Artillery.

The literary labours and productions of this distinguished man were carried on to an extent, which it is impossible to contemplate without surprise and admiration. Notwithstanding the demand made upon his time by his official connection with the East India Company, his incessant diligence secured opportunity for the composition of several works, of incalculable value to those who apply themselves to the study of the Chinese language. After *four* years' residence in China, he completed his Chinese Grammar. In his *seventh* year, after laborious preparation, he commenced the printing of his great work—the Chinese and English Dictionary. This imperishable monument of his perseverance and proficiency consists of six quarto volumes, and was

completed in about eight years from the date of the first number. The entire expense of the publication, amounting to about twelve thousand pounds, was defrayed, with munificent liberality, by the East India Company. This expenditure was equally honourable to the patrons and to the author. Considered also as a public and official testimony to Dr. Morrison's attainments in the Chinese language, this act of the Company is peculiarly gratifying to the friends of the Chinese mission. Aware of the unspeakable importance of accuracy of knowledge in the translation of the word of God, every reflective mind must value such an evidence of competency for the performance of the grand undertaking, to which Dr. Morrison had consecrated his life—the translation of the sacred Scriptures into the language of China. Of this primary object of his mission, he never lost sight for a single moment. To its successful achievement, he regarded the preparation of his Grammar and Dictionary as subservient and auxiliary; and there is also every reason to believe, that his engagements, as Interpreter and Translator to the Company, added considerably to his facilities of obtaining an accurate and complete acquaintance with the peculiarities of this remarkable language.

In his *sixth* year he completed and printed his translation of the entire New Testament; and in his *twelfth* year, by the valuable aid of his beloved friend and coadjutor Dr. Milne, he brought to completion both the translation and the publication of the Old Testament; thus opening the treasures of divine revelation to more than one-third of the inhabitants of the world!

Philanthropy, generosity, and disinterestedness were not less conspicuous in Dr. Morrison, than his assiduity and perseverance. "In the year 1818, he executed a project, which he had long had in contemplation—the establishment of an Anglo-Chinese College at Malacca—chiefly with a view to the final object of his mission, the introduction of Christianity into China. Towards the foundation of this College, he gave a thousand pounds, together with an endowment of a hundred pounds per annum for five years. He also made other pecuniary grants towards its support, and, till his death, he was its most powerful and efficient patron."

Having sustained, and deeply felt, the loss of his beloved wife, Dr. Morrison revisited his native country in the year 1824, and with his two interesting children, a son and a daughter, remained here two years. He was received, in numerous circles, both literary and religious, and by many in the higher ranks of society, with the respectful and grateful kindness on which he had so strong a claim. During the early part of this temporary residence in his native land, he was united in marriage to Miss Eliza Armstrong, eldest daughter of Martin Crofton Armstrong, Esq. of Leitrim.

It was a source of sincere and warrantable gratification to Dr. Morrison, after the early part of his missionary career, to be in the receipt of so liberal a remuneration from the East India Company, as to be independent of support from the finances of the Missionary Society. Although grants for special purposes were occasionally made, with a readiness which proceeded on a just appreciation of his laborious, self-denying, and successful services, yet the saving to the Society, by his not requiring a salary, must have amounted to several thousand pounds. If this be calculated in connection with

his munificent gifts to the Malacca College, his liberality at Sincapore, his extensive purchases of books for missionary purposes, and his well-known hospitality to the friends of missions, it will appear probable, that Dr. Morrison was a pecuniary contributor to the propagation of Christianity, to the extent of not less than ten thousand pounds !

His mind, his heart, and his strength, were all embarked in the Chinese mission. It was the one object of his life; and it was prosecuted with an ardour, a patience, a quietness, a confidence, and a perseverance, never, perhaps, surpassed. In combination with all these qualities, there was another, which is but seldom the associate of distinguished zeal. It was his singular *discretion.* He had studied well the character of the people among whom he desired to propagate the gospel of Christ. He knew their contempt for foreigners, their jealousy of the English; their hatred of innovation; and whilst he would not disguise or compromise one principle of christian faith, or christian practice, he was solicitous to guard against everything in spirit, in temper, and in demeanour, which might have excited an unnecessary prejudice, or erected an additional barrier against the progress of Christianity.

In addition to this rapid delineation of Dr. Morrison's character, one other feature must be traced, and one which will be distinctly recognized by those who knew him best. With all his well-known firmness of principle, there was united a warmth of attachment to his personal friends, and a tenderness of feeling towards his endeared relatives, of which those who were not conversant with him in private life, might scarcely be prepared to form an adequate conception. In his domestic circle he appeared to high advantage. The tenderness of his sympathies in the nearest of all relations, the gentleness and often the playfulness of his affectionate intercourse with his children in their early years, and the kindness of his consideration for those who were employed in his service, called forth at once the love, the respect, and the confidence of all under his roof. The husband, the father, the master,—were not merged, but displayed in the Missionary. In all his relations he was the Christian—spiritual in mind, devotional in habits, generous in feeling, disinterested in motive, persevering in effort, holy in life, peaceful in death—and now, it cannot be doubted, blessed in heaven, under the approving smile of the Lord he loved and honoured. "Heaven — the believer's home," was the subject of a sermon which he wrote (but never preached) about forty days before his death. In a letter, written a short time before his departure, he expressed "his apprehension that his work was finished, and his gratitude to God for what he had been permitted to accomplish for the Redeemer's cause." He had been for some time in a state of declining health, which was aggravated by the heat of the weather at the time of Lord Napier's arrival at Macao. His illness was greatly increased by the fatigue he encountered, and by exposure to heavy rain, in accompanying Lord Napier to Canton. There, after a week of debility and exhaustion, sustained with exemplary patience, and a tranquil hope of approaching glory, on the first of August he expired in the arms of his eldest son, and entered on the "blessedness of the dead who die in the Lord, who rest from their labours, and whose works shall follow them."

KATHERINE AIRLIE.

BY MARY HOWITT.

Among the old traditions of my own family, is one which always interested me greatly. It is of a gentleman whose name was John Vavasour. He was handsome, and of good fortune; and, about the age of five-and-twenty, married a young lady from the north, by name Katherine Airlie. She was of good family, but without fortune; singularly handsome, and of the most amiable manners. Vavasour was of dissipated habits, and lived much in London, associating with the gayest men of the time. He never acknowledged himself as married, but kept his wife, whom he treated with great neglect, and even cruelty, at a small house in Huntingdonshire. His dissipation led to his ruin; and with broken health, and sorely diminished means, came remorse, and some kindly affection towards his unoffending and ill-used wife. Like the prodigal son, he returned, intending to atone for so many years of unkindness: but he came too late; she had heen buried only a few days, having died, as was believed, of a broken heart. His distress of mind at this unlooked-for event, overturned his reason, and for about seven or eight years thereafter, he was the inmate of a madhouse His latter days, however, were calm and comfortable. The beloved chronicler of my family histories knew him, in her early youth, as a remarkably well-dressed, but taciturn old gentleman, living with two servants in Hammersmith; employing himself in the cultivation of vines, and of balsams, then lately imported into this country. She remembered also, to have seen a portrait, said to be that of Katherine Airlie, otherwise Mrs. Vavasour, and from her description, it could not be unlike the beautiful face to which I have here given her name.

Oh, take that picture from the wall!
Dark shadow o'er my soul doth fall!
The past, the past returneth all!
Why didst thou die so early?
I dare not look upon thy face;
Grief rends my heart like black disgrace;
I think upon thy last embrace,
Ill-fated Katherine Airlie!

Thy father's bending form I see;
Thy gentle mother's trust in me,—
I think of them, then think of thee,
And curse myself severely!
I loved thee in my sinless youth;
Thou gavest me thy maiden truth;
Thy heart, thy love, thy life in sooth,
My generous Katherine Airlie!

Thou never spakest word unkind!
I only bore an altered mind;
I, I was fool, perverse, and blind;
Thou lovedst me sincerely!

J. BOSTOCK. H. COOK.

Katherine Airlie.

FISHER, SON & Co. LONDON & PARIS.

A. G. Vickers. J. H. Kernot.

THE CHURCH OF VASILI BLAGENNOI.

Moscow.

FISHER, SON & Co LONDON & PARIS, 1845.

Thou never spakest word severe;
I saw unmoved thy pleading tear;
Thy words of woe I would not hear,
Heart-broken Katherine Airlie!

Thou art avenged, mine injured wife!
I with myself have bitter strife:
I feel the curse is on my life.
And I deserve it fairly!
I cannot bless thee now I would!
Thou hast departed to the good.
It was not meet, not just I should,
Who wrong'd thee, Katherine Airlie!

Oh, let me go! I feel this room
Like to some prison-house of doom,
More dark, and narrower than the tomb,
Where thou art gone so early!
But little hold of life I have!
My brain is rocking like the wave!
Thou wilt not spurn me from thy grave,
My wife, my Katherine Airlie!

CHURCH OF VASILI BLAGENNOI,

MOSCOW.

According to the description given by Dr. Henderson, in his Biblical Researches, this celebrated city is divided into five quarters, or circular parts. 1. The *Krem'l*, or fortress, which is constructed on an elevation in the very centre of the city, and contains the ancient palace of the tzars, the patriarchal residence, the senate-house, the arsenal, and a vast assemblage of churches, crowded together within a small space. 2. *Kitai-gôrod*, which forms a kind of oblong square on the east side of the Krem'l, and is principally filled with magazines, bazaars, shops, &c. It also contains the printing-office of the Holy Synod, a Greek monastery, and several ancient churches and chapels. 3. *Beloi-gôrod*, containing the University, Bank, Post-office, Mint, Foundry, the Foundling and other hospitals, and the best-looking streets and houses in the whole city. In this division stands the house of the Bible Society, being presented by his Imperial majesty in 1817. It is most conveniently situated in one of the principal streets lead-

ing to the *Krem'l,* and the busy scene of mercantile occupation. This house was formerly that of the State Inquisition; and it is a singular fact, that one of the servants of the Society, afterwards resident in it, was, during a long succession of years, immured in one of its cells. 4. *Zemlianai-gôrod,* which comprises upwards of sixty churches, with a number of palaces and convents, the public cemeteries, &c. 5. *Slobodi,* the slobodes, or suburbs, and quarters inhabited by German and Tartar settlers. They also contain hospitals, barracks, and monasteries in considerable numbers. The whole is surrounded by an earthen rampart, called the *Kammer Kalleshskoivall,* in which are not fewer than fourteen gates, forming so many entrances to the city. Each division has anciently been defended by a wall; but in modern times, and more especially since the French era, the walls have fallen into decay, and it is likely that, in the course of a short time, the three outer divisions will entirely coalesce, and leave the Krem'l, with its massy walls and turrets, to perpetuate the memory of the far-famed residence of the patriarchs and tzars.

The population varies according to the season of the year. In summer, the usual number of inhabitants does not exceed 260,000; but in winter, when the nobility and landed proprietors repair to town, with their numerous trains of servants and dependants, it falls little short of 300,000.

The provision made for the intellectual improvement of the Russian and foreign youth residing in Moscow and the adjacent country, is worthy of the imperial munificence, from which it emanates. At the unversity not fewer than forty professors and lecturers are supported, who are divided into four faculties, and deliver lectures on moral philosophy, political economy, natural history, mathematics, medicine, and the liberal arts. To the university is attached a library, which was entirely consumed in the fire of 1812, but again contains upwards of 8000 volumes, anatomical and veterinary lecture-rooms, an interesting cabinet of natural curiosities, a chemical laboratory, and a botanical garden. In connection with the direction of these institutions, are also an academy for the children of the nobility, a gymnasium, and a seminary for preparing teachers of schools. There exist, besides, several learned societies, an excellent medico-surgical academy, a spiritual academy, and a seminary for the sons of the clergy. The hospitals are of the first order; that founded by the Princess Galitzin cost not less than 800,000 rubles, or about £32,000.

Speaking of the prospects spread before them at one of the places they visited, Dr. Henderson observes:—

"From *Ivan Veliki* we commanded a view of the city the most extensive and picturesque imaginable. Beneath our feet lay the *Krem'l,* with its two-and-thirty churches; the magnificent edifices before described, and the ancient palace of the tzars, with its numerous domes and spires, which, together with those of the cathedral, shone with the most dazzling splendour. From the west flowed the *Moskva,* forming a beautiful curve in front of the Krem'l, and again pursuing its course amidst innumerable churches and spires, till lost in the distance; while all around us lay scattered a prodigious number of edifices, in all the various styles of Asiatic and European architecture."

The gate leading from the *Krem'l* to *Kitai-gôrod,* is called "The Holy Gate," and is singular from the custom, that every person going in or out must pass with the head uncovered, or, in default, allow his hat to be confiscated. It is reported to have originated in a vow made, by Ivan Vasilievitch, on the subjugation of the Tartar kingdom of Kazan.

The edifice, of which a representation accompanies the present notice, is the cathedral church of Vasili Blagennoi (St. Basil the Blessed). It is described by a traveller who visited it during the past year, as "standing at the eastern end of the principal square in Moscow, called by the Russians, the Krasnoi Plostchud, between the walls of the Kremlin and the Kitai-gôrod. It was built by the tzar Ivan Vasilievitch, surnamed the Terrible, in commemoration of a victory over the prince of Kazan, and the taking of Kazan itself. It dates from 1550, was repaired and ornamented by Fedor Ivanovitch in 1684, and again by Katherine II. in 1784. The design was copied from the buildings of the Tartars, and when finished was esteemed as unrivalled by the Russians; but the architect was dissatisfied with his reward, and boasted that he would, in another country, build one that should eclipse it in splendour; at this the tzar was so enraged, that he ordered him to be thrown into prison, and his eyes put out—*which was done!* The towers, of which there are seven, are unequal in height, and contain each a separate church; these are united by a number of galleries of different characters and extent, there being scarcely any two parts of the building which agree in point of architecture. The pile is of brick and stone mixed, and painted over all."

The effect in some of the churches is very peculiar. The masses of gold, silver, and jewels which surround them, enriched and enhanced in value by the sombre light of the very small windows, with the priests splendidly habited, and often very noble-looking men, engaged in the service of their church, form a very interesting picture. The interior of the centre or principal church, the highest tower in the building, and dedicated to the protection of the Holy Virgin, is more singular, though not so richly ornamented as the others; it is, below, an octagon of about thirty feet, decreasing to the top in height above a hundred; the only light, a few small windows in the spire, so that the lower portion is enveloped in gloom, faintly illuminated here and there by candles burning before the holy pictures: service is performed here only on high festivals. The bell-tower is detached from the main body, as in the Italian churches, and indeed often in Russia. This church, or rather assemblage of churches, presents an interesting though extravagant whole, and is, for the quaint and grotesque variety of the architecture and ornaments, equalled by few, if any, in Europe.

To the right is the bell-tower, surmounted by a cross of pure gold; in the centre, the Gustini Dvor, or Bugaun; on the left, the towers of the Kremlin wall, the farthest of which is the Holy Gate, or Gate of the Saviour.

SORRENTO, THE BIRTH-PLACE OF TORQUATO TASSO.

ITALY.

Peace to Torquato's injured shade! 'twas his
In life and death to be the mark where wrong
Aim'd with her poison'd arrows; but to miss.
Oh! victor unsurpass'd in modern song.

THE bay, plain, and city here constitute distinct interests; each possessing features of the most agreeable character, yet totally different from the other. The first, a spacious basin three miles wide, subject to frequent and violent agitations, is the most convenient highway to this sequestered spot. Neapolitan boats pass regularly every day between both cities, and preserve a constant communication. The tall dark cliffs that rise precipitously from the sea, appear to be the successors of others that have fallen, and subsided in the waters, the result of natural disintegration, or of volcanic rupture.

The plateau, "Piano di Sorrento," extending from the edge of the precipice to the foot of the mountains, is of a semicircular form, of which the sea-boundary is the chord, the mountains the circular arc. Luxuriant forests clothe the hills, the plain is adorned with villas, whose white roofs sparkle amidst the dark foliage that everywhere overshadows and shelters the scene. It is highly probable, from the cineritious quality of the level soil, and the basaltic structure of the hills which embrace it, that the whole district of Sorrento is of igneous origin.

The romantic, castellated city of Sorrento is seated on the very brink of a precipice of tufa, that overhangs the deep, protected from the cold land-winds that pass over it, and ruffle the bosom of the bay by the mountains of Masso and Vico, and enjoying the refreshing breezes that are wafted from the waters towards these sunny hills. The streets are narrow, a circumstance unattended with much inconvenience in a place where carriages are not in use, and where there is no practicable communication with the metropolis by land. All the avenues and environs are sheltered and shaded; water clear and abundant; and, it is from Sorrento that Naples is supplied with milk, butter, meat, and fruit; while a large portion of the female population is employed in rearing silk-worms and weaving silk.

Long celebrated for the fascinating character of its scenery, and the salubrity of a climate which Galen recommended to his patients, Sorrento claims the honour of being the birth-place of many illustrious scholars—Pasides, Rota, and Torquato Tasso have conferred a lasting immortality upon this delightful spot.* The house where the poet

* "Sorrento was equally the resort of those darker spirits—Caravaggio, Lanfranc, and Spagnoletti, as of the milder genius of Domenichino and Guido, who, with other painters, were frequently driven from their occupation at Naples, by the terror of assassination at the hands of their fierce rivals. On the same coast, overpowered with fatigue and terror, and flying for his life, Michael Angelo Caravaggio sunk exhausted, and terminated his fitful career;" and here Polidoro de Caravaggio fell by the dagger of an assassin, as he was stepping into the passage-boat on his return to Naples.

Drawn by J.D. Harding. Engraved by E. Goodall.

PLAIN & BAY OF SORRENTO.

Italy.

FISHER, SON & Co. LONDON & PARIS. 1844.

dwelt stands on a lofty rock that rises from the sea, cut into terraces, and clothed with verdure. Now a beautiful palace, it continues to be the property of his family, belonging to the descendants of his eldest sister, Cornelia. It was to this sister the poet returned, and at her home sought shelter after lengthened absence and painful sufferings, and it was here also that he received from her the most tender welcome.

In latter life he visited these scenes under circumstances of singular and romantic interest. Influenced by one of those afflicting delusions to which his state of mind gave rise, Tasso fled from Ferrara, resolving to seek safety beneath the roof of his affectionate sister, who, having lost her husband, resided with her children in the paternal mansion at Sorrento. Disguising himself, like Ulysses of old, in the dress of a shepherd, he succeeded, after many difficulties and privations, in reaching his native place, where he introduced himself to Cornelia as a messenger from her brother, who, being in imminent risk of his life, had sent to demand her assistance and protection. She inquired anxiously into the nature and extent of the perils that surrounded him; and so affecting was the picture which the poet drew of his own dangers, that she fainted at the recital. Overcome by this touching proof of her love, Tasso gradually disclosed himself, and was received with every demonstration of regard. He remained at Sorrento for some months, under the assumed character of a distant relative, and passed much of his time in wandering through the woods, in company with his nieces and nephews; upon the former of whom, from the tallness of her stature, he bestows, in one of his letters to his sister, the epithet of 'gigantesse,' 'Pregate dio per me, e bacciate le gigantesse.' The unsettled mind of Tasso, and the love of excitement to which his residence in cities and courts had given birth, did not permit him to remain long a wanderer amidst the beauties of Sorrento. He only resided there during the remainder of the summer, at the termination of which he departed for Rome. Although a voluntary exile from his native home, its delightful recollections still hovered around him: and, in a letter addressed to Cornelia, many years after this period, he expresses a wish "that he might once more, in her society, breathe his native air, and once again refresh his weary thoughts amidst the sublime and delicious scenery which nature had lavished round his home with so unsparing a hand." The aspiration was in vain—the illustrious poet was fated never more to visit the scene of his birth.

Several English families have successively occupied this beautiful palace, and Fennimore Cooper, the American novelist, for a season dwelt in the halls of Tasso.* The house in which the poet first saw the light is shown within an enclosure of laurel and orange trees. Some uncertainty may hang over these material traces of his existence, from the effacing ability of time; but the beauty, brilliancy, and youthful aspect of Sorrento, and of its delightful *Piano,* are unaltered: and the intellectual traveller will quickly comprehend what must have been the effect of such an association upon such a mind as Tasso's.

* "The house we took has a reputation from having been the one in which Tasso was born, or at least said to have been born: it is on the cliffs within the walls, and in plain sight of every object of interest on the bay from Ischia to the promontory of Vico; Castel-a-mare, and a short reach of the coast in its vicinity, excepted.

THE LAKE OF COMO.

Again I am beside the lake,
The lonely lake which used to be
The wide world of the beating heart,
When I was, Love, with thee.

How can another sing the song,
The sweet sad song that was thine own?
It is alike, yet not the same,
It has not caught thy tone.

Ah, never other lip may catch
The sweetness round thine own that clung.
To me there is a tone unheard,
There is a chord unstrung.

Thou loveliest lake, I sought thy shores,
That dreams from other days might cast,
The presence elsewhere sought in vain,
The presence of the past.

I find the folly of the search,
Thou bring'st but half the past again;
My pleasure calling faintly back,
Too vividly my pain.

Too real the memories that haunt
The purple shadows round thy brink—
I only asked of thee to dream,
I did not ask to think.

False beauty haunting still my heart,
Tho' long since from that heart removed;
These waves but tell me how thou wert
Too well and vainly loved.

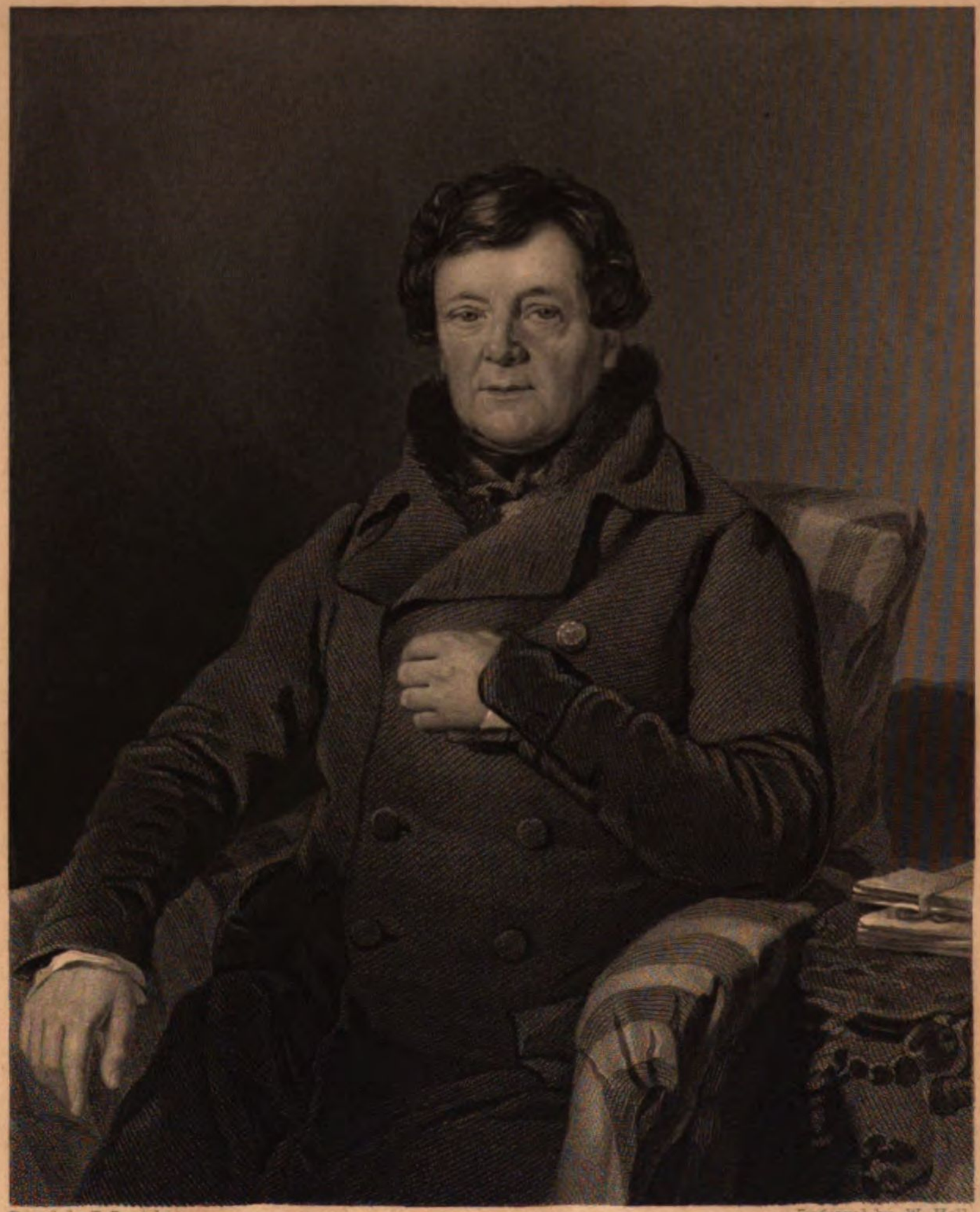
Fair lake, it is all vain to seek
The influence of thy holy shore—
I asked of thee for hope and love—
They come to me no more.

L. E. L.

Drawn by S. Prout. Engraved by W. Miller.

THE LAKE OF COMO.
Italy

FISHER, SON, & Co LONDON & PARIS. 1845



Painted by T. Carrick. Engraved by W. Holl.

Your faithful Servant

Daniel O'Connell

LONDON PUBLISHED JUNE 26, 1844, AS THE ACT DIRECTS, BY FISHER, SON & Co NEWGATE STREET.

DANIEL O'CONNELL, ESQ., M.P.

"Oh! Erin,
My voice, though too humble, was raised for thy right;
My soul, as a freeman, still rejoiced thee free;
This land, though but feeble, would stand in thy fight;
And my harp, though answered, sha'n't throb still for thee." BYRON.

In the number of eminent Irishmen has been comparatively small, the distinction to which they have attained has been singularly great. In science and literature, in arts and arms, some one native of that rich isle has acquired an enduring name, or performed a great public service; and it has been remarked, that none of these eminent characters seem to have shared the glories of their peculiar pursuit with any, even less fortunate, rival. Usher's labours constitute the noblest intellectual monument in the whole catalogue of biblical learning; Berkley's system of metaphysics, is the most splendid instance of subtle and indisputable reasoning, that has appeared since the reign of the Stagirite; Swift is unrivalled in classic accuracy of style, and sparkling brilliancy of wit; Burke stands alone, the great master of British eloquence, her most profound and philosophic statesman; Goldsmith's "Traveller" is the softest epic in the British tongue; and Moore's "Melodies," the most perfect lyrics.

Yet, notwithstanding this array of well-remembered names, the Hibernian character appears to be less respected in foreign lands for learning or literature, than for deeds of valorous enterprise; and an Irishman is always supposed to be a gallant soldier—seldom a deep-read scholar. This error, however, is flattering to national pride, and, from events ever memorable in our country's records, in every respect excusable. Other provinces of this great empire sent forth brave spirits to the ensanguined field, on which the fate of England was decided; but, it was the peculiar destiny of one great man, whose career of military glory had amazed all the kingdoms of the world, to be the victor in that dreadful contest. He, too, was an Irishman, and by his brilliant achievements, his fortune in overthrowing the greatest character of modern history, has reflected new lustre upon his native land.

It is difficult to assign any particular place, in the gallery of illustrious Irishmen, to the subject of this brief memoir. A niche must be constructed in the Pantheon of his native country, suited to his peculiar claims, for he has pleaded in the forum; he has led his people from the Mons Sacer; and, in his place in the senate, advocated the cause of his unfortunate country. Educated at the college of St. Omer, he might there have imbibed those notions of reform in government, which, originating in France, spread thence throughout Europe; however, without dwelling on conjecture, but preferring fact, on his return to his native land, and being called to practice at the bar, he assumed at once an attitude of political championship. Possessed of quick perception and searching discernment, he

Yours faithfully Lewand

Daniel O'Connell

DANIEL O'CONNELL, ESQ., M.P.

"Oh! Erin,
My voice, though but humble, was raised for thy right;
My vote, as a freeman, still voted thee free;
This hand, though but feeble, would arm in thy fight;
And this heart, though outworn, has a throb still for thee." BYRON.

If the number of eminent Irishmen has been comparatively small, the distinction to which they have attained has been singularly great. In science and literature, in arts and arms, some one native of that rich isle has acquired an enduring name, or performed a great public service; and it has been remarked, that none of these eminent characters seem to have shared the glories of their peculiar pursuit with any, even less fortunate, rival. Usher's labours constitute the noblest intellectual monument in the whole catalogue of biblical learning; Berkley's system of metaphysics, is the most splendid instance of subtle and incontrovertible reasoning, that has appeared since the reign of the Stagirite; Swift is unrivalled in classic accuracy of style, and sparkling brilliancy of wit; Burke stands alone, the great master of British eloquence, her most profound and philosophic statesman; Goldsmith's "Traveller" is the softest epic in the British tongue; and Moore's "Melodies," the most perfect lyrics.

Yet, notwithstanding this array of well-remembered names, the Hibernian character appears to be less respected in foreign lands for learning or literature, than for deeds of valorous enterprise; and an Irishman is always supposed to be a gallant soldier—seldom a deep-read scholar. This error, however, is flattering to national pride, and, from events ever memorable in our country's records, in every respect excusable. Other provinces of this great empire sent forth brave spirits to the ensanguined field, on which the fate of England was decided; but, it was the peculiar destiny of one great man, whose career of military glory had amazed all the kingdoms of the world, to be the victor in that dreadful contest. He, too, was an Irishman, and by his brilliant achievements, his fortune in overthrowing the greatest character of modern history, has reflected new lustre upon his native land.

It is difficult to assign any particular place, in the gallery of illustrious Irishmen, to the subject of this brief memoir. A niche must be constructed in the Pantheon of his own country, suited to his peculiar claims, for he has pleaded in the forum; he has led the people from the Mons Sacer; and, in his place in the senate, advocated the cause of his neglected country. Educated at the college of St. Omer, he might there have imbibed those notions of reform in government, which, originating in France, spread thence over Europe; however, without dwelling on conjecture, but preferring fact, on his return to his native land, and being called to practice at the bar, he assumed at once an attitude of political championship. Possessed of quick perception and searching discernment, he

soon attained the highest rank in his profession; and such was the actual physical strength with which he was endowed, that he found leisure to acquire an independent fortune by his profession; to address numerous political assemblies; and attend many public meetings, the objects of all which were to obtain from the Imperial parliament the abolition of Roman Catholic disqualification for holding offices under the crown. Under his auspices the Catholic Board and Catholic Association were convened, and all their movements were dictated by him alone. His perseverance in knocking at the hearts of government, at length produced an answer; and the Duke of Wellington, who never had been opposed to granting Catholic Emancipation accompanied by securities, conceded the long-sought privilege.

After the passing of the relief bill, Mr. O'Connell took his seat in parliament, where he continued his indefatigable exertions, with less distinction, however, as an orator than as a sound and skilful lawyer. This elevation was not attained without frequent interruptions, some of a painful character. On one occasion, speaking of the Dublin corporation, at a public meeting, he applied to them the term "beggarly," which so offended a member of that body, that satisfaction was immediately demanded. In the duel that took place, he unluckily killed his opponent, a circumstance that appears to have made a lasting impression on his mind. D'Esterre, the unfortunate victim of wounded pride, was a brave and distinguished officer of the British navy, and his decision and personal courage in the mutiny of the Nore, checked the progress of that dangerous conspiracy. Some years after, Mr. O'Connell was challenged by Sir Robert Peel, but no meeting took place, owing to the intervention of the magistrates both in Dublin and in London.

The cession of emancipation did not satisfy Mr. O'Connell's views of justice to Ireland; on the contrary, attributing the grant of the relief bill to "agitation" solely, he recommenced that system in favour of a repeal of the legislative union. Emancipation had been the cause of breaking up several administrations, British statesmen remaining long divided in their opinions of its expediency or advantage, but, on the question of repeal but one sentiment, an adverse one, has ever prevailed in England.

The subjects which Mr. O'Connell has advocated, have been purely political, but unquestionably of an exciting character; and, the ability he exercised in their management, has gained for him the most unbounded confidence of the Irish people. When the death of Mr. Grattan left the cause of Emancipation undefended, the Roman Catholics, who never sincerely confided in Mr. Plunket, turned their eyes towards O'Connell, as the only pilot competent to guide them through the tempest. Succeeding to the helm of political agitation, he henceforth abandoned his profession, and, entering the public service, has continued to steer through the troubled waters, with a personal success that appears to be without a parallel.

Mr. O'Connell has now (1845) reached his seventy-first year.

Little Kate of Kensington.

FISHER, SON & Co LONDON & PARIS.

LITTLE KATE OF KENSINGTON.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

Sleep has much of grief and care,
Which thy spirits needs must wear;
Time, o'er in its brightest hours,
Scatters thorns as well as flowers;
Happy slumberer, to thee
Such things, yet, can scarcely be;
Of these trials thou hast none,
Little Kate of Kensington.

Could we know, by Fancy's aid,
Of what stuff thy dreams are made;
Doubtless we should find them all,
Such as Innocence enthral
Visions of all childish bliss,
Love's fond smile, and Love's sweet kiss;
Darker dreams thy pillow shun,
Little Kate of Kensington.

Sleep on, sweet one! who can say
Whither Slumber's gentle spell
In this calm unconscious hour
Wafts thee by its magic power?
Under what unclouded skies,
In what peerless paradise,
Thou mayst now have transport's spot,
Gentle Kate of Kensington?

Blessed child—it is a sight
Bleeding awe with hush'd delight
Thus upon thy couch to creep,
Thus to watch thy peaceful sleep.
In our hour-glass, grain by grain
Tells pertinacious of grief or pain;
There, unbroken, sparkling run,
Happy Kate of Kensington.

Little Kate of Kensington.

LITTLE KATE OF KENSINGTON.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

Earth has much of grief and care,
Which the spirits needs must wear;
Time, e'en in its brightest hours,
Scatters thorns as well as flowers;
Happy slumberer, to thee
Such things, yet, can scarcely be;
Of these trials thou hast none,
Little Kate of Kensington.

Could we know, by Fancy's aid,
Of what stuff thy dreams are made;
Doubtless we should find them all,
Such as Innocence enthral:
Visions of all childish bliss,
Love's fond smile, and Love's warm kiss;
Darker dreams thy pillow shun,
Little Kate of Kensington.

Sleep on, sweet one! who can tell
Whither Slumber's gentle spell,
In this calm unconscious hour,
Wafts thee by its magic power?
Under what unclouded skies,
In what pangless paradise,
Thou may'st now have entrance won,
Gentle Kate of Kensington?

Blessed child—it is a sight
Blending awe with hush'd delight;
Thus upon thy couch to creep,
Thus to watch thy peaceful sleep;
In our hour-glass, grain by grain
Tells perchance of grief or pain;
Thine, unheeded, sparkling run,
Happy Kate of Kensington.

Sleep, they say, is like to death;
But thy gently-heaving breath,
Clasped hands and glowing cheek,
Life and loveliness bespeak.
Death would be no doom to dread,
Could we, on our dying bed,
Lay us down, life's turmoils done,
Calm as Kate of Kensington.

Fare thee well! I turn away
From thy Portrait with delay;
For with every charm 'tis fraught,
To awaken tender thought:
And for all this glimpse of thee
Has of joy afforded me,
Take a poet's benison,
Lovely Kate of Kensington!

BRITISH RESIDENCY AT HYDERABAD.

For, the east is earth's first-born,
And hath a glorious dower,
As nature there has lavished
Her beauty and her power

The *Subah*, or province of the ancient Mogul empire, now merged in Anglo-India, and called Hyderabad, includes forty-two *circars* or districts, and upwards of four hundred *purgunnahs* or townships. It lies between the sixteenth and nineteenth degree of north latitude, comprehending nearly the whole territory bounded by the Godavery and Krishna rivers; and, although much contracted, simultaneously with the decay of Mussulman power in India, still forms an important archate under the powerful Mohammedan prince, the Nizam of the Deccan. The ancient territory is reduced to sixteen districts, each placed under the control of its feudal lord, who is bound to maintain an armed force proportionate in strength to the resources of his tenure. Although Aurung-zebe succeeded in humbling all the Moslem princes who had established themselves in Hindostan, this fine district did not long continue under the degradation of being a province, for, upon the death of the emperor, his nizam or minister took possession of this member of his kingdom in the year 1717, and fully established his authority over it. Menaced by the Mahrattas, subsequent nizams sought British alliance, and, through its instrumentality, secured the spoils of their predecessors. By

Drawn by Capt. Grindlay. Engraved by permission of Capt. Grindlay, from his large Quarto Work, coloured. Engraved by Wm. Miller.

THE BRITISH RESIDENCY AT HYDERABAD.

RÉSIDENCE BRITANNIQUE, HYDERABAD. *DIE BRITTISCHE REGIERUNGS-WOHNUNG ZU HYDERABAD.*

FISHER, SON & Co. LONDON, 1845

treaties entered into between the Nizam and the British in 1798 and 1800, it was stipulated, that a British force should be permanently stationed in the province of Hyderabad, and that all foreign affairs of his highness's government should be transacted by his new allies.

Hyderabad, the capital of Golconda, and metropolis of the Deccan, in latitude 17° 15′ north, longitude 78° 35′ east, is seated on a plain watered by the Moosy, a tributary of the Kistna, and contains upwards of 200,000 inhabitants. Since the transfer of the Nizam's court hither from Aurung-abad, considerable increase has taken place in the population, and a vast accession of trade has been acquired. A stone wall of seven miles in extent encloses the city, the streets of which are crooked, narrow, ill-paved, and lined with houses never exceeding a single story in height. Many merchants and tradesmen reside in the suburbs, which are extensive and healthy. The Nizam's palace is an imposing object, and several mosques are entitled to admiration, but the great wonder of the locality is the public tank. This most necessary appanage to an Oriental capital is seventeen miles in circumference, occupies an area of ten thousand acres, is formed, on one side, by an embankment of hewn granite, 3,350 feet in length by 50 in height, crossing the entrance of a valley, while lofty mountains bound the waters on the three remaining sides. This great work was not finally completed until the year 1812. Within the city are the magazines and stores of the Nizam, dusty depositories, always full to the roof with clothing, arms, porcelain, and ornamental articles—presents from different European embassies.

In the accompanying engraving is represented the south façade of a very elegant palace, erected from the designs of a young officer of the Madras Engineers, for the British resident. It is separated from the city by the Moosy, and commands a lovely prospect across that river, of the great plain of Hyderabad. The north front is designed and executed with equal elegance, being still further adorned by a noble Corinthian portico of six columns. If we include the adjacent buildings, erected for the accommodation of the military officers of the embassy, and estimate the picturesque accompaniments of wood and water which enter so gracefully into the composition, this state-residence is inferior to none in India, not even to the government-house at Calcutta.

The Nizam's court retains much of the ancient magnificence of the empire, his visits of ceremony are spectacles of more than common interest. Attended by a numerous cavalcade, and mounted on his favourite elephant, this native prince proceeds with every circumstance of pomp to the British residency. He is generally seated in his ambarry, a sort of litter made of gold or silver, and canopied with gold brocade, never used in India by any below the rank of sovereign. The second elephant in the procession carries the native howdah, which is either of solid silver, or of wood cased with that precious metal, in which persons of rank and officers of state are entitled to a place. Two persons can sit within the howdah, and there is a place behind for an attendant, who on ordinary occasions carries an umbrella: in the presence of royalty, however, no person of inferior rank is permitted to interpose a screen between

his devoted head and the scorching rays of a summer's sun. As the British resident represents sovereignty, and as the Nizam is particularly attentive to the cultivation of friendship with his august mistress, it is usual to invite that officer to a seat in the ambarry, at the Nizam's side, on all public occasions. It was on one of those days of pomp and pageantry, and whilst the picturesque cavalcade was actually entering the lofty archway in front of the Residentiary's palace, that the accompanying view was taken by Captain Grindlay.

THE BACHELOR UNCLE.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

Uncle John was a bachelor shrewd and blunt,
And though he was somewhat hard-featured,
Like one who had stood of rough storms the brunt,
His temper was kind and good-natur'd.

He had but one niece, an orphan child,
To whom he was father and mother,
And dearly he lov'd her, tho' playful and wild;
In truth, they both lov'd each other.

But poor little Jane was a sad slug-a-bed;
And, in spite of his bant'ring and baiting,
Though when she was up, she would mind what he said,
She too often kept breakfast waiting.

Her uncle had talked to her many a time,
After calling, and knocking, and ringing,
Of the folly of losing the morning's prime,
When the birds were merrily singing.

And Jenny had promised,—alas! in vain,
To soothe his vexation and sorrow,
If he would but forgive her this once, again,
She would be a good girl on the morrow.

But when morning came, to her bed she would cling,
Till poor Uncle John was half crazy,
For he thought it would be such a very sad thing,
If his dear little girl grew up lazy.

his lowered roof and the scorching rays of a summer's sun. As the British resident appeared abroadly, and as the Nizam is particularly attentive to the cultivation of friendship with his superior neighbour, it is usual to invite that officer to a seat in the authority of the Nizam's side, on all public occasions. It was on one of those days of pomp and pageantry, and whilst the picturesque cavalcade was actually entering the lofty archway in front of the Resident's palace, that the accompanying view was taken by Captain Fletcher.

[illegible]

By [illegible].

[illegible] was a lad a little skewed and blunt,
[illegible] was somewhat hard-featured,
[illegible] had stood at rough, scorns the brunt,
[illegible] was kind and good-natured.

[illegible] has one niece, no orphan child,
[illegible] stays to was father and mother,
[illegible] he loved her, tho' playful and wild;
In truth, they both loved each other.

[illegible] poor little Jane was a sad slug-a-bed;
And, in spite of his banterring and baiting,
Though when she was up, she would mind what he said,
She too often kept breakfast waiting.

[illegible] had talked to her many a time,
[illegible], and knocking, and ringing,
[illegible] of losing the morning's prime,
When the birds were merrily singing.

And Jenny had promised,—alas! in vain,
To soothe his vexation and sorrow,
If he would but forgive her this once, again,
She would be a good girl on the morrow.

But when morning came, to her bed she would cling,
Till poor Uncle John was half crazy,
For he thought it would be such a very sad thing,
If his dear little girl grew up lazy.

Painted by D. Wilkie R.A. Engraved by E. Finden.

The Bachelor Uncle.

FISHER, SON, & Co LONDON. 1845

So he told her the next time she play'd him that trick,
  He would come to her toilet unbidden,
And show her the way to be active and quick,
  That she might not each day be chidden.

The morning came, and she was not quite drest.
  So he came up the stairs in a hurry,
And entered her room, an unwish'd-for guest,
  And put his poor niece in a flurry.

Her things were lying all scatter'd about,
  And he by his bant'ring and baiting,
Only added to all her confusion and rout,
  By telling her breakfast was waiting.

Then he clapp'd her small night-cap on his great head,
  By pulling with merciless vigour,
And her nice furr'd cloak o'er his shoulders spread,
  Till he looked a most comical figure.

And Jane could, by turns, have laugh'd and cried,
  Much wishing the frolic was over;
Though when he was gone, still more she sigh'd,
  Its consequence sad to discover.

The cap was rent, and the cloak was torn,
  So both had, of course, to be mended;
And Jane ever after that bustling morn,
  Her Uncle's first summons attended.

For she thought it much better to rise when call'd
  Than to risk such another intrusion,
To have her small wardrobe so roughly o'erhaul'd,
  And her toilet thrown into confusion.

EATON HALL—CHESHIRE,

THE SEAT OF THE MARQUIS OF WESTMINSTER.

With wondrous skill they're builded, as fair as lover's bowers,
Yet strong as mountain-fortresses with battlemented towers;
Their brazen gates are bright with gold,
And wreaths of carved flowers their rugged stones enfold.

THE PALACE OF EYOUB.

EATON HALL, the truly magnificent residence of the Marquis of Westminster, is situated on the edge of an extensive and well-wooded park, at the distance of about three miles south from Chester. The family of Grosvenor is of a very remote descent. Gilbert le Grosvenor, nephew of William the Conqueror, accompanied his uncle in the expedition against England; and, on the latter obtaining the throne of this kingdom, Gilbert had assigned to him the extensive and rich demesnes now graced by the noble structure under review.

The present edifice occupies the site of an old brick mansion, erected in the reign of William III. by Sir Thomas Grosvenor, the then representative of the family. The basement story of the original building was preserved, but the entire superstructure was altered, and the whole erection enlarged to twice its former dimensions. The style of architecture is that which prevailed in the time of Edward III., and exhibits all that beauty of design and richness of detail, so universally admired in York Minster. The object of the architect was to adapt the highly decorative style of our old ecclesiastical structures, to the purposes of domestic convenience:—an object which has been fully attained; for the internal economy of the building is not less admirable, than the exterior is grand and imposing. The mansion is constructed of a light-coloured stone, which causes it to stand out in beautiful relief from the dark foliage of the woods. It presents two fronts, each consisting of a spacious centre of three stories, terminating in octagonal turrets, and connected with wings of corresponding architecture.

The west front is entered beneath a lofty vaulted portico, sufficiently spacious to admit a carriage; and, on the eastern side, a magnificent flight of steps leads up to three arches that form the centre of a vaulted cloister, extending along the front of the building, and connecting the two wings. Through these arches the visiter enters the grand saloon, a noble apartment, whence is seen one of the most picturesque landscapes of the river Dee. On the turrets and parapets of the building are shields charged in relief with the armorial bearings of the Grosvenor family.

The hall is a spacious and lofty apartment, terminating in a groined ceiling, decorated with armorial devices. The tesselated pavement is of variegated marbles,

T. Allom. F.J. Havell.

EAST FRONT OF EATON HALL, CHESHIRE.

FISHER, SON & Cº LONDON & PARIS. 1845.

Painted by C. Ingram. Engraved by W. Holl.

THE MISSIONARY'S WIFE.

FISHER, SON & Cº LONDON & PARIS, 1845.

and divided into compartments. Facing the Hall, entrance-arches lead, on the right and left, to the grand staircase, which is ornamented with niches and canopies, and lighted by a double skylight of variously-coloured glass. The entrance to the saloon is opposite to the three-arched and deep bay-window. Immediately on entering this room, the spectator looks with admiration on three lofty windows, divided into compartments, and exhibiting portraits of distinguished personages connected with the early history of this house. The fireplace is situated at the northern extremity of the east front, and the whole ceiling, panelled in richly figured oak of an early of Chester. The dressing-room is at the southern end, and is also adorned with windows exhibiting heads and figures of the successive proprietors of the house. The library is richly stored with choicest and valuable manuscripts, besides a choice selection of printed books.

The admiration with which the lovers regards this magnificent pile of building, is heightened by the consideration, that its erection gave employment and support to a vast number of poor persons at Chester and its vicinity, during one of the most calamitous periods of the continental war, when the scarcity, and consequent high price of provisions, threatened to threaten the lower classes with all the miseries of a famine.

THE MISSIONARY.

ON THE DEPARTURE OF THE REV. HENRY VAN LENNEP, AND MRS. MARY E. VAN LENNEP, FOR A SECOND TO ASIA, OCTOBER, 1843.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Our precious gifts we yield to Thee,
Our God, from whence they came,—
Daughter and friend, we render free,
When thou their aid dost claim.

They bless'd our path, they cheer'd our cells,
Like flowers, when sunbeams shine,
Deep in the heart their fragrance dwells,
Yet, Father! they are thine.

Smooth thou the seas, for those we love,
The adverse winds restrain,
And let thy peaceful Spirit move
Upon the restless main.

and divided into compartments. From the Hall, entrance-arches lead, on the right and left, to the grand staircase, which is ornamented with niches and canopies, and lighted by a double skylight of variously-coloured glass. The entrance to the saloon is opposite to the three arches that lead into the Hall. Immediately on entering this room, the spectator looks with admiration on three lofty windows, divided into compartments, and exhibiting portraits of distinguished personages connected with the early history of this house. The dining-room is situated at the northern extremity of the east front, and the windows contain portraits of Hugh Lupus, and of six earls of Chester. The drawing-room is at the southern end, and is likewise adorned with windows exhibiting heads and figures of the ancestral proprietors of Eaton. The library is richly stored with ancient and valuable manuscripts, together with a choice selection of printed books.

The admiration with which the tourist regards this magnificent pile of building, is heightened by the consideration, that its erection gave employment and support to a vast number of poor persons at Chester and its vicinity, during one of the most calamitous periods of the continental war, when the scarcity, and consequent high price of provisions, appeared to threaten the lower classes with all the miseries of a famine.

THE MISSIONARY.

ON THE DEPARTURE OF THE REV. HENRY VAN LENNEP, AND MRS. MARY E. VAN LENNEP, ON A MISSION TO ASIA, OCTOBER, 1843.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Our precious gifts we yield to Thee,
  Our God, from whence they came,—
Daughter and friend, we render free,
  When thou their aid dost claim.

They bless'd our path, they cheer'd our cells,
  Like flowers, when sunbeams shine,
Deep in the heart their fragrance dwells,
  Yet, Father! they are thine.

Smooth thou the seas, for those we love,
  The adverse winds restrain,
And let thy peaceful Spirit move
  Upon the restless main.

Their entrance to the heathen bless,
And zeal untiring give,
That Word to teach, that truth to press
By which lost sinners live.

So when shall fade these fleeting skies,
And Death resign his power,
Immortal joy more high shall rise
From this our parting hour.

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. MARY E. VAN LENNEP, AT CONSTANTINOPLE, SEPTEMBER, 1844.

Scarce was the joyance o'er
That hail'd the nuptial rite,
And scarce the tender, parting tear
Dried in its channels bright,
When o'er the Atlantic surge,
There came a sound of woe,
The flower that erst our garden deck'd
Was in its bloom laid low.

Sweet friend—within our souls,
How fresh each hallow'd trace,
Thy meek forgetfulness of self,
Thy loveliness and grace,
Thy hand, the harp that rul'd,
Thy warbled music sweet,
Thy childhood's early choice to sit
Low at thy Saviour's feet.

Within the house of God
There was a marriage train,
A gather'd throng, a breathless hush,
An anthem's thrilling strain,
And thou in snowy robe
Wert by thy lover's side,
While there a father's voice invok'd
Heaven's blessing on the bride.

Thy path was o'er the wave,
  To ancient climes afar,
Where turns the pagan's blinded eye,
  From Bethlem's blessed star ;
But soon life's labour o'er,
  There was a peaceful sleep,
Where richly breathes the Moslem rose,
  And dew-eyed myrtles weep.

And now, there's grief for thee,
  Fair inmate of the grave,
Where bright Bosphorus proudly flows,
  And Asia's palm-trees wave,
And deep within *his* soul
  Is anguish unexprest,
Who held thee for so brief a space.
  A pearl-drop on his breast.

Not in the church-yard green
  Beneath thy native sky,
Thou by thine infant sister's side,
  Or brother dear might lie,
But with their spirits pure
  Thou join'st a glorious train,
Where ne'er a golden link was broke
  From love's eternal chain.

Sad is thy parent's home,
  And lone their evening-fire,
Yet there doth blessed Memory bend
  And holy faith aspire ;
As angel comforters
  They point desponding love
To what thou *wert* while here below,
  And what thou *art* above.

MUSSOOREE, FROM LANDOUR.

HIMALAYA MOUNTAINS.

——————— Look round and see
Mountain o'er mountain rising, till thine eye
Fail to observe the ether-circled tops
Whose every atom is a work of might
And mystery as complex as thyself. ELIZA COOK.

LEAVING Hurdwar, and travelling up the valley of the Dhoon to the village of Rajpore, at the foot of the secondary chain of the Himalaya, part of the journey conducts through a thick forest of lofty trees, amid which is seen the rhododendron in full bloom, together with other strangers to the plains of India. The underwood is composed of richly flowering plants, and the air loaded with the fragrance of the corunda, whose white starry blossoms are so redolent with perfume, that it is sometimes almost oppressive to the sense. The fruit of the corunda, in its wild state resembling that of the black currant, is sweet and well-flavoured, and affords delicious food to wild hogs and paroquets.

In some places, the road forms itself into an avenue, the branches of the trees meeting over-head; near the inhabited portions, however, the jungle has been cleared, and even where it has been left in its natural state, the utmost variety of scenery is to be found in this beautiful valley, part of which is watered by a clear stream shaded by alders, while the turf is enlivened by the amaranth, a bright scarlet and pink flower, and several species of the ranunculus. Here, too, are large bushes of sage springing from a carpet of thyme, which gives out its aromatic odour to every breeze. The valley of the Dhoon has been selected for the residence of the political agent of the province, who, however, takes refuge in the hills during the hottest period of the year—an example followed by all who have it in their power to escape to a better climate while the thermometer is at its highest altitude.

The town of Deyrah, the station of the Ghoorka battalion of hill-rangers, has many advantages to recommend it, and is celebrated for a temple sacred to the memory of a Hindoo devotee who was its founder. The pagoda is constructed of stone, embellished with ornaments formed of a kind of chunam, made from the shells of cowries, and resembling variegated marble. The holy person who built this temple has also won for himself the gratitude of the people of the neighbourhood, by the construction of a handsome stone tank, which occupies an acre of ground, and forms an ornamental, as well as a most acceptable bequest.

The ascent from Deyrah to Rajpore is so gradual as to be scarcely perceptible, but at this point it becomes more abrupt, and is in some places exceedingly steep. Here

J. M. W. Turner, R. A. DRAWN FROM NATURE BY G. F. WHITE, ESQ. J. B. Allen.

MUSSOOREE AND THE DHOON, FROM LANDOUR.

Himalaya Mountains, India.

FISHER, SON & Co LONDON & PARIS, 1845.

travellers are provided with ghoonts, or hill-ponies, and, mounting these rough but sure-footed aimals, thus give themselves up to their guidance. The road leads us up the sides of precipices of the most romantic character, craggy with rocks, and richly clothed with trees, descending to the bottom of deep and almost unfathomable ravines, whence, however, the ear can detect the sound of murmuring streams pursuing their course through some unseen channel.

The summit of this ridge is elevated eight thousand feet above the level of the sea, and, from its utmost height, a glorious burst of view is obtained; the plains below stretching far and wide, are bounded on either side by the Jumna and the Ganges, which, at the distance of forty miles apart, pursue their tortuous career, until their silvery traces are lost in the meeting skies. After winding for several hundred miles in a south-easterly course, these beautiful rivers unite, the Jumna throwing itself into the Ganges at Allahabad, thus enclosing a very extensive tract of country called the Doaab, and by their fertilizing waters rendering it one of the most productive districts in India.

Turning in another direction to the mountain-scenery, the view is awe-inspiring; height rises above height, the intersecting valleys seem to be interminable, and the mind is almost overpowered with astonishment, which, as we survey the gigantic wonders of the scene, is not wholly unmixed with a sensation allied to fear. Mussooree, the site of a station which is now one of the chief resorts of visitors from the plains, stands at an elevation of seven thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea; it is situated on the southern face of the ridge, called the Landour range, and overlooking the village of that name, which has been chosen for the establishment of a military depôt, or sanitorium, for those officers and privates belonging to the Bengal army who have lost their health in the plains. The barracks are roomy and comfortable, and there are commodious bungalows for the residence of the officers upon duty. The neighbouring station, distinguished by the name of Mussooree, is daily increasing in size, in consequence of the great resort of invalids to this salubrious spot; but the houses differ very much in appearance, and are inferior in elegance to those at Simlah, the more fashionable hill-settlement. The dwellings erected by the European residents have been compared, not inaptly, to gulls' nests on the side of a cliff. There is so little table-land—the level places, composed of a few square yards, being chiefly cut out of the rock—that the foundations of many of the cottages are built up with masonry at the edge of precipices, and there is scarcely an enclosed piece of ground round any dwelling. The roads are narrow, and in many places scooped out of the sides of fearful steeps; yet so speedily does the eye become accustomed to the appearance of danger, that ladies gallop along them without experiencing any apprehension.

Mussooree is not much indebted to the hand of art: the roads are glaringly white, and the appearance of the houses bare and ugly, even the scenery in the immediate neighbourhood owes its attractions more to space than quality; the distant prospects are splendid, but the home-scenes want that exquisite beauty which many of the

villages of these hills possess. Mussooree is composed entirely of private houses, and is usually termed the Civil, as Landour is the Military station. The bazaar, though small, and not tenanted by a single European tradesman, is well supplied with necessaries, and even luxuries, wine and beer excepted, and is daily enlarging. The traveller who comes suddenly upon a view of Landour is struck with its beauty, and the picturesque appearance of its scattered houses: being higher up, it is sometimes preferred to Mussooree, but is scarcely so agreeable as a residence; besides, the perpetual descent and ascent to and from the latter-named place, which possesses the best bazaar, and engrosses all the life and bustle of the community, are found to be inconvenient. The Mussooree heights are composed of transition limestone, very craggy and bold, and argillaceous schistus, the slate exceedingly crumbling: there is also a large vein of trap in its valleys, for, though geologists did not expect to find volcanic rocks in the Himalaya, trappean rocks have been discovered in some hundred places on this side of the gneiss, mica, slate, and granite country

No great expense is incurred in the building of houses at Mussooree; the abundance of timber in its immediate vicinity affords beams and other wood-work; the oak and rhododendron, the latter attaining the size of a forest tree, supply these materials: and bricks may be made close at hand, should a preference be accorded to them over stone. Some European houses are rather unfortunate in their sites; others are more happily placed, sheltered from the north wind, which, passing over the snowy mountains, exercises a chilling influence over everything exposed to its keen blasts: the trees on the northern side of the range are stunted and withered, but luxuriance and beauty characterize those on the south; the rhododendron with its rich flowers decking one aspect, and gloomy pines the other.

The splendid tree mentioned in the foregoing paragraph bears a magnificent crimson flower, and forms one of the most beautiful, as well as most prominent, features of the scene; the cherry, pear, and barberry are also indigenous here. The neighbouring valleys and ridges afford, to the lovers of field-sports domiciled at Mussooree, abundant opportunities of procuring every sort of game: pheasants are numerous, and of great size and beauty, and those who are devoted to the study of natural history, will find an ample field for their labours, in a country abounding with so many objects of interest.

The first European mansion constructed at Mussooree belonged to Colonel Young, who commanded a Ghoorka corps stationed in the Dhoon; it was called the Potato Garden, from a plantation of that useful vegetable, and remained for some years the only habitation of the kind upon the hill. It is prettily situated on one of the lower eminences, or rather knolls, clustering together, and rising one above another from the Mussooree range. This hill is wooded with scattered trees, so judiciously placed that they seem as if planted for effect; it is less steep, and better adapted for garden ground, than many of the hanging terraces attached to the more recent erections.

Painted by D. M'Clise. Engraved by E. Portbury.

THE HALL OF GLENNAQUOICH, — A HIGHLAND FEAST.

Mac Murrough's Chant. *Chant de Mac Murrough.*

FISHER, SON & Co LONDON & PARIS.

THE HALL OF GLENNAQUOICH.

BY L. E. L.

No more the voice of feasting is heard amid those halls,
The grass grows o'er the hearthstone, the fern o'ertops the walls
And yet those scenes are present, as they were of our age—
Such is the mighty mastery of one enchanted page.

The name of SCOTT awakens a world within the heart;
The scenes are not more real wherein ourselves have part.
Beneath the tree in sunshine—beside the hearth in snow,
What hours of deep enjoyment to him and his we owe!

And yet recall the giver—recall him as those saw
Before his glorious being obeyed our nature's law;
His strength has soon departed—his cheek is sunk and wan—
He is, before his season, a worn and weary man.

The fine creative spirit that lit his path of yore,
Its light remains for others—it warms himself no more.
The long and toilsome midnight, the fever and the haste,
The trouble and the trial, have done their work of waste.

And such is still the recompense appointed for the mind,
That seeketh, with its eyes afar, the glory of its kind.
The poet yields the beautiful that in his being lives:
Unthankful, cold, and careless, are they to whom he gives.

They dwell amid his visions—for new delights they cry;
But he who formed the lovely, may lay him down and die.
Then comes the carved marble—then late remorse is shown,
And the poet's search for sympathy ends in a funeral stone.

THE CHAPTER-HOUSE,

FURNESS ABBEY.

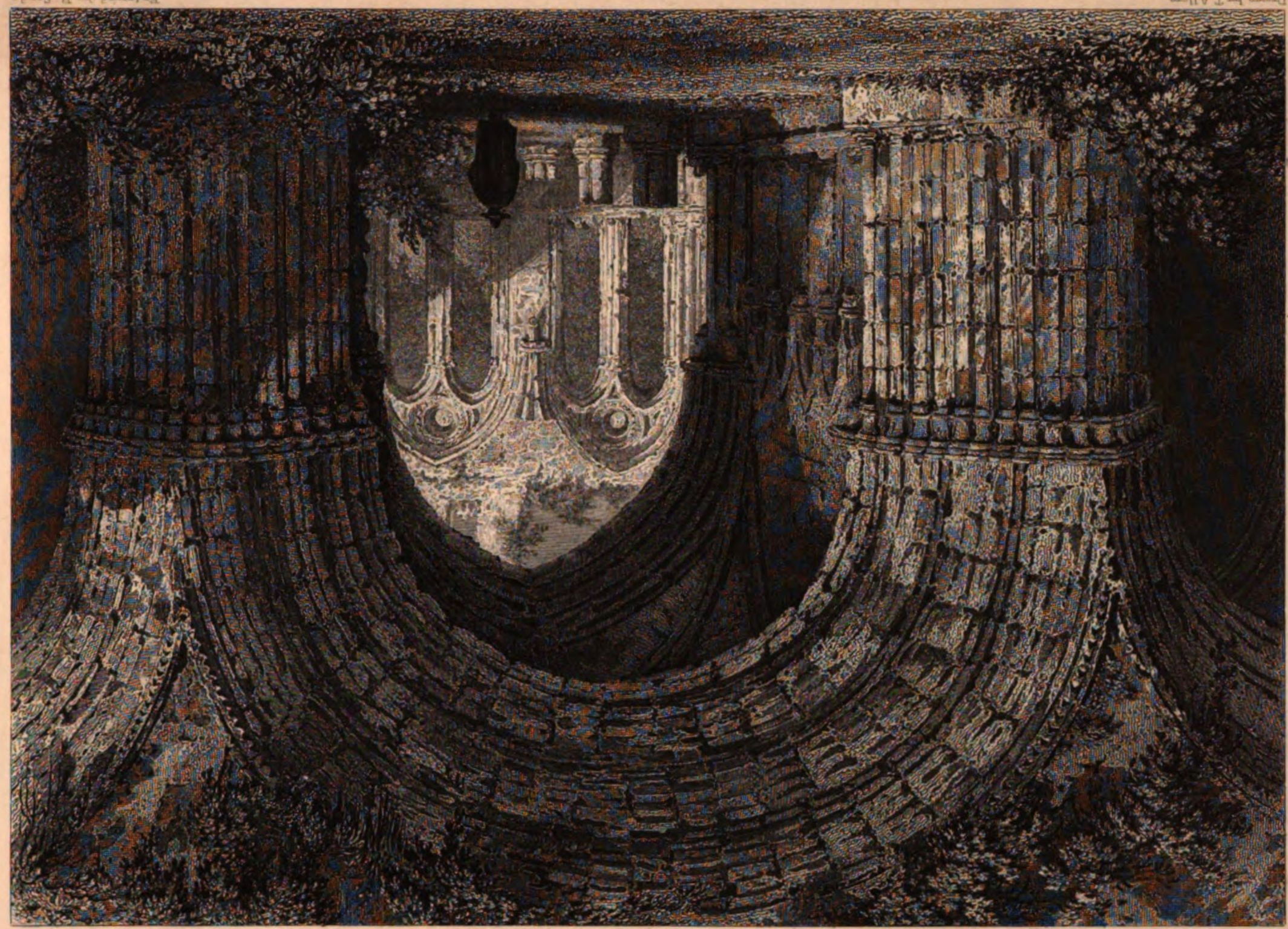
Pause here awhile! and on these ruins look,
Worn with the footsteps of forgotten years;
Peruse this page in Time's black-lettered book,
Gaze long, and read how he his trophies rears.

THOMAS MILLER.

THIS is one of the most sumptuous monastic remains in England. The light, delicate, and graceful style, the magnitude and richness of the work, and the beauty and sequestered character of the site, are almost unequalled by the very choicest combination of art and nature which the churchmen of old bequeathed to after-ages. Years have given an aspect more venerable to these hallowed ruins since the authoress of "The Mysteries of Udolpho" hung with rapture over them; but her graphic pen has sketched a picture, faithful, fresh, and vivid—one which will represent the peculiar features of the scene for centuries to come.

In a close glen, shrowded by winding banks, clumped with old groves of oak and chestnut, are the magnificent remains of Furness Abbey. The deep retirement of its situation, the venerable grandeur of its Gothic arches, and the luxuriant yet ancient trees that shadow this forsaken spot, are circumstances of picturesque, and, if the expression may be allowed, of sentimental beauty, which fill the mind with solemn yet delightful emotion. The glen is called the Vale of Nightshade, or, more literally, from its ancient title, Bekang-gill, 'the glen of the deadly nightshade;' that plant being abundantly found in the neighbourhood. Its romantic gloom and sequestered privacy particularly adapted it to the austerities of monastic life; and, in the most retired part of it, King Stephen, earl of Montaign and Boulogne, founded (in 1127) the noble monastery of Furness, and endowed it with princely wealth, and almost princely authority, in which it was second only to Fountains Abbey in Yorkshire.

The privileges and immunities granted to the Cistercian order in general were very abundant, and those to the Abbey of Furness were proportioned to its vast endowments. The abbot held his secular court in the neighbouring castle of Dalton, where he presided, with the power of administering not only justice, but injustice; since the lives and the property of the villain-tenants of the lordship of Furness were consigned, by a grant of King Stephen, to the disposal of the Lord Abbot! The monks also could be arraigned, for whatever crime, only by him. The military establishment likewise depended on the abbot. Every mense lord and free homager, as well as the customary tenants, took an oath of fealty to the abbot, to be true to him against all men, excepting the king. Every mense lord obeyed the summons of the abbot or his steward, in raising his quota of armed men; and every tenant of a whole tenement furnished



Drawn by T. Allom. Engraved by H. Sands.

CHAPTER-HOUSE, FOUNTAINS ABBEY.

FISHER, SON, & Co LONDON, 1846

The Prince of Wales and The Princess Royal.

Painted by Command of The Queen.

FISHER, SON & Co LONDON & PARIS.

a ships and horse of war for guarding the coast, for the better service, or any expedition against the common enemy of the King and kingdom. The habiliments of war were a steel coat, or coat of mail, a falchion, a jack, the bow, the bill, the cross-bow, and spear.

The ruins of the abbey and its dependencies extend over a considerable space, and cannot fail to excite admiration, not only as the noble and splendour that once prevailed here, but the exquisite taste of the founder, both for the benefits of nature and refinements of art. One of the most florid specimens of the Gothic, after which this gorgeous pile was raised and finished, is preserved in the Chapter-House. It was a Gothic saloon, divided by two rows of elegantly spiraled columns, supporting a groined ceiling; the interior was lighted by a window of eight pointed arches, with stone mullions, and, from the pedestals of the columns, or fronting, with that column, it appears to have been well-proportioned, and architectually elegant. The ceiling was once ornamented with Gothic fretwork, the only part of the above that invested the architecture having been characterised by an air of great simplicity, rather than for the elegance and richness of embellishment, which, at a subsequent period, distinguished Gothic style in England. Of the clustered columns that supported the roof, the capitals were profusely adorned; the key-stones of the arches were sculptured; and the chamfers were deeply channelled. The porch or chief entrance of the Chapter is a Tudor arch, elaborately carved, its deep soffit being adorned with sculptures representing all executed in marble. On each side is an arch of minor dimensions, but similar design and workmanship. Over the Chapter-House are the library and scriptorium; and beyond it may still be seen the remains of the cloisters, of the refectory, the locutorium or conversation-room, and the calefactory.

THE PRINCE OF WALES, AND THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

BY MRS. ELLIS.

Ah! who has not felt, when the world has seemed cold,
Or the heart has been weary with waiting for gold,
That Childhood has come, in its freshness and bloom,
Like morn after midnight, to scatter its gloom.

Sweet innocent Childhood! thy charm is the same,
Whatever thy lineage, thy land, or thy name;
Thy gladness brings wealth to the cottager's door,
And without thee the hall of the palace is poor.

H. Papal of Wales & The Princess Royal

Painted by Permission of Her Majesty

a man and horse of war for guarding the coast, for the border service, or any expedition against the common enemy of the king and kingdom. The habiliments of war were a steel coat, or coat of mail, a falchion, a jack, the bow, the byll, the cross-bow, and spear.

The ruins of the abbey and its dependencies extend over a considerable space, and cannot fail to excite admiration, not only at the riches and splendour that once prevailed here, but the exquisite taste of the founder, both for the beauties of nature and refinements of art. One of the most florid specimens of the manner, after which this gorgeous pile was raised and finished, is preserved in the remains of the Chapter-House. It was a Gothic saloon, divided by two rows of clustered columns, sustaining a groined ceiling; the interior was lighted by a series of small pointed windows, with stone mullions, and, from the pedestals of the columns, and enclosing walls, that remain, it appears to have been well-proportioned, and sufficiently cheerful. The ceiling was once ornamented with Gothic fretwork, the only part of the abbey thus decorated, its architecture having been characterised by an air of grand simplicity, rather than by the elegance and richness of embellishment, which, at a subsequent period, distinguished Gothic style in England. Of the clustered columns that supported the roof, the capitals were profusely adorned; the key-stones of the arches were sculptured; and the clusters were deeply channelled. The porch or chief entrance of the Chapter is a Saxon arch, elaborately carved, its deep soffit being adorned with countless mouldings, all executed in marble. On each side is an arch of minor dimensions, but similar design and workmanship. Over the Chapter-House are the library and scriptorium; and beyond it may still be seen the remains of the cloisters. of the refectory, the locutorium or conversation-room, and the calefactory.

THE PRINCE OF WALES, AND THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

BY MRS. ELLIS.

Ah! who has not felt, when the world has seemed cold,
Or the heart has been weary with waiting for gold,
That Childhood has come, in its freshness and bloom,
Like morn after midnight, to scatter its gloom

Sweet innocent Childhood! thy charm is the same,
Whatever thy lineage, thy land, or thy name;
Thy gladness brings wealth to the cottager's door,
And without thee the hall of the palace is poor.

Oh! beautiful Childhood! what promise is thine!
What sunbeams surround thee!—what garlands entwine!
No blight in thy blossom, no cloud in thy sky,
But joy in thy laughter, and hope in thine eye.

Thou hast in thy treasury silver and gold,
Ten thousand times richer than ever was told;
With power like a talisman—mightier still,
Transforming to goodness whatever it will.

Then keep the bright gifts to thy infancy given;
Thou knowest not how dear is thy welfare to Heaven;
Thou knowest not what rapture thy smiles can impart,
When they fall like fresh dew on a sorrowful heart.

The prince and the peasant *one* portion must share,
One lot held in common—a birthright of care;
And feelings of sadness, perchance steal between,
To shade for a moment the couch of a queen.

But as thou, happy Childhood, thy sweetness canst throw
Round the path of the poor—in the cottage of wo;
So, brighter and sweeter thy influence should be,
Beloved by a nation whose hope dwells with thee.

THE TEMPLE OF JUGGERNAUT.

Vast is the gathering, while the priests declare
The seven-headed god is passing there.
On roll his chariot-wheels, while every roll
From prostrate bodies crushes forth a soul
Rejoicing such last agony to hear.

This, the most celebrated and sacred temple in Hindostan, was built about the year 1198, by Rajah Anonda Bheem Deb, at an expense of half a million sterling. It is situated near to the sea-shore, not far from the Chilka Lake, is surrounded by a waste and sandy plain, and is in the district of Cuttack, on the coast of Orissa. Before the principal entrance, Singhe Devar, or the "Lion's Gate," is a handsome obelisk dedicated to the sun: within is preserved the idol called Juggernaut, i. e. *lord of the world*, a frightful block, having some resemblance in its fashioning to the human form, but

A.G. Vickers. T. Barber

Temple of Juggernaut.

FISHER, SON & Co LONDON & PARIS.

disfigured with black paint over its body, red paint to mark a mouth, and red and white circles to represent eyes. This contemptible log, which is supposed to be identical with Vishnu, the preserver of the universe, is always magnificently dressed, and receives the homage of millions of accountable creatures. Around the image are always seen a multitude of priests, pilgrims, and profligate women, who reside within the precincts of the temple; and, in the sanctuary is treasured up a bone of Krishna, while several consecrated bulls, chained in stalls adjacent, are fed by the pilgrims, who bring herbs with them for that purpose. Many festivals are observed in honour of the idol, of which two, those of March and July, are the most numerously attended. On these occasions it is supposed that upwards of 200,000 pilgrims, chiefly women, flock hither, one-fourth of whom perish by sickness, famine, fatigue, or voluntary immolation. The plain around the temple is strewn with human bones, that vultures have stripped and the weather has bleached, for many miles; and, near to the temple is a regular Golgotha, into which the aged, who make pilgrimages hither to die in the holy ground, and other victims of this insane profession, are thrown, as food for dogs, and for birds of prey.

Upon grand festivals, the throne of the idol is placed on a tower, sixty feet in height, and moving on wheels; accompanied by two other hideous objects, his white brother, Balaram, and his yellow sister, Shubudra, seated on separate thrones. Six long ropes are attached to this ponderous car, by means of which the pilgrims draw it slowly along. Well may the poet's description of the wooden horse carrying mischief in its womb, be applied to the transit of Juggernaut promoted by the hands of its blind worshippers.

> ——————————— The rest
> With cables haul along the unwieldy beast,
> Big with destruction. Boys with chaplets crown'd
> And quires of maidens sing and dance around.

While the car progresses, numbers of the most devout amongst the votaries throw themselves on the ground, and, as the wheels of the vast machine passes over their bodies, shouts of approbation rend the very skies.—To the lasting disgrace of British Indian government, this barbarous ceremony is not only suffered to remain, but the contributions of the pilgrims, about £12,000 per annum, are divided between the priests of the temple, and the honourable East India Company. Upon the expulsion of the Mahrattas from this locality by Colonel Harcourt in 1803, the Brahmins placed their pagoda and idol under British protection—a charge which they have cherished with rather too much fidelity; for, surely, a pledge to preserve such a murderous religion, would be more honoured in the breach than the observance. The Marquis Wellesley refused to receive any part of this species of blood-money paid by pilgrims to Juggernaut; but, upon his return to England, the Bengal government passed an ordinance for the future management of the temple, taxing of the pilgrims, and collection of the revenue arising therefrom. In 1809, the superintendence of the pagoda and control of its priests were committed to the rajah of Kurdah, with instructions to observe all the customs and regulations that had previously existed there. A wealthy Hindoo, rajah Sukmoy Roy, contributed £16,000 sterling, to form a road from Calcutta to the temple, on condition of its being called by his name.

LOVE AND PRIDE.

BY MRS. ELLIS.

PROUD Beauty, they tell me 'tis love
That kindles the fire of thine eye;
But when did affection e'er prove
A passion so towering and high?

They say that a rival has won
Her way to the heart that was thine.
No wonder; when thou canst put on
An aspect so far from divine.

It is not—it cannot be love.
Affection is lowly, and deep;
All groundless suspicion above,
It knows but to trust, or to weep.

To weep such sad tears of distress,
As wither the cheek where they fall.
Thine is not an anguish like this,
The bitterest anguish of all.

Thou know'st not the meekness of love;
How it suffers, and yet can be still.
How the calm on its surface may prove
What sorrow the bosom can fill.

No; thine is a transient shock,
Of feeling less tender and kind.
Like the dash of the wave on the rock,
It leaves not a vestige behind.

Proud Beauty, this comfort then take,
Whatever misfortune betide,
Believe me, that heart will not break
Whose love is less deep than its pride.

SAILOR'S SONG.

BY [illegible].

Proud Beauty, they tell me you love,
That kindles the fire of thine eye;
Thy spirit and affection do grow
A pinnacle so towering and high.

They say that a rival has won
The way to the heart that was thine;
Ah, rather; when thou canst put on
A regret so far from divine,

Know—it cannot be love:
Affection is lowly, and deep;
Groundless suspicion above,
It knows but to trust, or to weep.

To weep, such soft tears of distress,
As either the cheek where they fall,
Thing is not an anguish like this,
The bitterest anguish of all.

Thou know'st not the meekness of love;
How it suffers, and yet can be still.
How the calm on its surface may prove
What sorrow the bosom can fill.

No; there is a transient shock,
Of feeling less tender and kind,
Like the dash of the wave on the rock,
It leaves not a vestige behind.

Proud Beauty, this comfort then take,
Whatever misfortune betide,
Believe me, that heart will not break
Whose love is less deep than its pride.

W. Derring

H. Cook

Love and Pride.

FISHER, SON & Co LONDON & PARIS.

Drawn by T. Allom. Engraved by W. Finden.

THE NEW CUSTOM HOUSE, LIVERPOOL.

FISHER, SON, & Co LONDON, 1835

THE CUSTOM-HOUSE,

LIVERPOOL.

Oh! glory-crowned England, thou hast these
Hast these, and still hast more,———
The empire of the tributary seas,
That lave thine island-shore. M. H.

LIVERPOOL Old-Dock was appropriately called the "Cradle of Commerce," for, there the infant trade of this now great port first found that shelter, and protection, by which it grew with a rapidity, unequalled in the history of our intercourse with foreign countries. In less than a single century of years, the customs' annual revenue of Liverpool having increased from £100,000 to nearly four millions sterling, the municipal authorities and dock trustees, felt it due to the importance of their trade, and convenience of public business, to provide more suitable offices for the Customs and Excise departments:—a building commensurate with the rank and trade of the town;—sufficiently capacious to include the government-establishments for the collection of the revenue, and possessing grandeur of design expressive of the improving taste of the inhabitants. Through the mediation of Mr. Canning, an arrangement was made with government, by which the bold undertaking might be speedily commenced: £150,000 were to be advanced to the corporation by the Lords of the Treasury, by annual instalments of £25,000, on condition that the building was to be ceded to the crown, after the expiration of twenty years. The site, valued at £90,000 sterling was generously granted by the corporation. This union of liberality and public spirit infused a large share of enthusiasm into all who desired any participation in the honour of raising up this temple to Commerce; a feeling of which no one partook more ardently than Mr. Foster, the architect. His design received the immediate and unqualified approval of the Lords of the Treasury, as well as the members of the Board of Works: and, on the 12th of August, 1828, the anniversary of George the IVth's birth-day, the first stone of this noble building was laid, with public demonstrations of joy and gratitude.

The chief magistrate, attended by the civic authorities, dock-trustees, building-committee, and many trading and benevolent societies, proceeded to the Old Dock, where his worship, having performed the interesting duty committed to him, addressed the spectators in a speech that well deserves to be recorded. "In a few years," he observed, "we shall see erected on the site where we stand, a noble and magnificent building, under whose ample roof will be concentrated all those offices more directly connected with the commerce of the port; and whilst the convenience of our merchants has been

peculiarly consulted, it is not convenience alone that has been kept in view; it will be a standing monument to future times, not only of the successful spirit of commercial enterprise, which required accommodation so extensive, but also of the encouragement given to architectural science, and of the possibility of combining the refinements of taste with the pursuit of wealth." His worship proceeded to express his hope that his "fellow-townsmen might have the satisfaction of witnessing the progressive prosperity of the town, not only in the accumulation of wealth, but also in the cultivation of those intellectual powers by which commerce is extended, and opulence adorned; that the trade of Liverpool might continue to be distinguished by those qualities which are characteristic of a British merchant—unwearied diligence, liberality of spirit, unbending integrity, and a willingness to distribute his affluence, thus honourably acquired, in support of those noble institutions of benevolence and charity with which their town abounds; and in the cultivation of those refinements of social life, and the encouragement of those skilful productions of science, and of the arts, which promote the civilization of manners, and exalt the moral character of those who cultivate them." The ceremony was closed by the usual *finale* of civic pageants, a splendid banquet in the Town-hall, at which all the intelligence and wealth of Liverpool were assembled.

It has been the pleasure of critics to disparage the architectural merits of this fine building; but, perhaps, censure was never less successfully aimed. The characters to which the architect aspired in his design, were those of simplicity, massiveness, and grandeur, each of which has been eminently attained, with the exception of the latter; a misfortune attributable solely to the low and commanded site of the building, which was a sacrifice of personal taste to public convenience. The order employed in the exterior is the Ionic, and the principal fronts look to the east and west. These *façades* are octostyles, the wings being adorned with pilasters. In the tympanum of each pediment, the royal arms are inserted; and the entablature is continued round three sides of the building. Above the roof, a dome, fifty feet in height, and of easy convergence, rises, giving a character of loftiness to the design, and, with the aid of two minor lanterns, admitting a flood of light into the central apartments. As a work of art, the new Custom-house possesses not only comparative, but absolute superiority amongst the public buildings of Liverpool; the vast accession which it has made to public accommodation, will be perceived from the number and capaciousness of its offices. Here the departments of customs, excise, stamps, docks, are accommodated, in addition to the general post-office, while spacious bonding-stores are constructed in the basement story. Three corridors penetrate the main building from east to west, and from these ascend the principal staircases by which the chief apartments are approached. The "long-room" occupies the centre of the building, immediately under the great dome; it measures 146 feet in length, by 70 in width, and its height, to the cornice, is 45. The stone employed in the interior, particularly in the beautifully polished columns, was brought from Talacre, in Flintshire; coarse granite, found at Bramley, in Yorkshire, is used in the basement; and the upper stories are faced with sandstone from the Manby quarries, in Cheshire. The principal fronts extend 467 feet, the main depth of

Printed by F. W. Topham. Engraved by G. Presbury.

The Lady's Sorrow.

FISHER, SON & Co LONDON & PARIS.

the building is 92, and the height, from the substruction to the blocking of the parapet, 67 feet.

The magnitude of this solid structure, extending over an area of 6,700 square yards, the unostentatious character of its few but chaste embellishments, and the massive proportions which have been observed in its erection, are very happily combined in a building devoted solely to the purposes of commerce, and destined to endure, not only the inevitable invasion of time, but a more rapid deterioration, by public use, than any other class of edifices appropriated to national accommodation.

THE LADY'S SORROW.

BY MARY HOWITT.

'Twas evening, and the room was all a-light
With well-dried Christmas fagots blazing bright;
Within were warmth, and curtained, cushioned ease,
Without, a wintry tempest shook the trees,
Roared in the broad high chimneys, and the rain
Beat in wild splashes on the window-pane;
Yet, little heeding of the storm, we sate,
The priest's good wife and I, till it grew late,
Yet did our easy talk its colouring take
From the wild, driving tempest, and we spake
Of bleeding, broken hearts, and human woe,
But most of griefs that suffering women know.
At length, said she, the priest's good wife, "I'll tell
A sad and strange adventure that befell,
Long time ago, in which we bore a part—
A sad true history of a broken heart.

" 'Twas on a night like this, just so the rain
Drove on the windows, and the trees did strain
Against the tempest. We were dwelling then
In a lone district, among fishermen
And peasant people, that lay scattered wide
Along the shore, or on the bare hill-side;

Upon a night like this of gusty weather,
I and my husband sate at home together,
Blessing ourselves that from the fire-warmed hearth
No needful pastoral duty called him forth;
And, as our custom was, we gave the hour,
Ere the day closed with prayer, to music's power.
The time, the feeling I remember well,
My voice half silenced by the tempest's swell,
And, in the pauses of the storm, the roar
Of booming waters on the rocky shore;
Even then, through rains that as a deluge poured,
When not a hardy peasant was abroad,
By lonesome ways a chariot drove along,
Drawn by four horses, urged by spur and thong.
Amazed, we heard the sound of wheels draw near,
And at our threshold check their swift career;
But the next moment were still more amazed,
As on a lofty-statured man we gazed,
Who entered at the door, nor reverence made,
Nor customary dues of greeting paid:
Dark were his features, black his curled moustache,
A short, furred cloak he wore, and silken sash,
In which were pistols and a dagger placed;
His air was hurried, and he spoke with haste,
As one who has unpleasant work to do,
Favour would seek, and yet disdains to sue,
And makes his wishes' will in accents few.

"'Ye must,' he said, 'beneath your roof receive
A guest who will but little trouble give.
A holy man, whose office is to bless,
At a soul's hour of parting, can no less!'

"Such were his words; but in that tone severe
That makes the adverse spirit quake with fear.
And the next moment, through the open door,
A closely-muffled female form he bore,
Dead as it seemed to me, for like dull clay
Heavy and passive, in his arms she lay;
And through my heart quick indignation ran,
For I believed the stern imperious man
To be her murderer; and my husband too

Had the same thought, and kept him still in view,
To mark with jealous eye what he would do.

" He laid her on a couch, and next undid
The close-tied veil that her pale features hid,
And the rich features, of divinest mould,
We saw, yet pallid, with closed eyes, and cold:
Yet still she lived—for she was young, and sooth
The mightiest griefs but slowly kill in youth.

" 'Beneath this roof she must abide!' again
Spake the proud man, 'must privily remain;
But what her name, or what her crime, or woe,
I neither tell, nor must ye seek to know;
But here she must abide, must gather hence,
Patience, submission, humble penitence!
If she should die, let decent rites be paid:
But let her 'neath a silent stone be laid;
If she should live—at the appointed hour
They will remove her hence who have the power:
And gold, that buyeth all things, good and ill,
Ye shall not lack: these words unfold my will,
Which, as you hold a common faith, fulfil!'

" I know not how it was, a haughty sway
Was in the man—we could not disobey;
Imposing was his presence, yet we stood
Although offended much, at once subdued;
Yet more for that pale youthful lady's sake,
Who opened her dim eyes, and faintly spake,
In tones that pierced my heart, 'Oh, let me stay,—
By Him who died upon the cross, I pray
Ye, cast me not from your kind hearts away!'
We yielded, for her sake to us unknown:
And the next moment that harsh man was gone;
Yet left he gold behind, a richer store
Than we, at once, had ever seen before.

" Who was the lady, what her crime or woe,
Only by slow degrees we came to know;
Only when death a safer home had given,
At Jesus' feet, with Magdalenes in heaven.

" After the night she entered first our door
Ensued a wasting sickness, long and sore;
And night and day we tended her, and she
Was gentle as submissive infancy:
It was a sickness more of mind than frame,
Which had no medicine; yet a calmness came,
That was like restoration, and she strove,
By seeming cheerful, to reward our love;
But that vain show of calm and cheerful hours
Was but like Etna's bosom wreathed in flowers.
A deadly woe was ever at her heart;
A chilling fear, that never would depart;
A deadly pang of misery and shame;
A dread that like a death-knell shook her frame.
Hence, when she trimmed my flowers, or seemed to cheat
With some light books of fancy, time's dull feet,
It was but seeming, and her thoughts would go
On to the brink of that unfathomed woe,
And in a stony misery, all amazed,
As one that on the fabled gorgon gazed,
With clenched hands and eyeballs fixed, she sate,
And ever through the day, early or late,
If chance an unaccustomed step drew nigh,
Or even a shadow passed the window by,
Her lips grew deadly white, and quick her breath,
And a strong spasm followed, like to death.

" Still she lived on, if life that can be thought,
Of which each hour with fear and woe is fraught.
Oh, had her sin been yet of darker stain,
She bore its penance o'er and o'er again.
And He who secret misery sees and hears,
In his great reckoning, will accept her tears!
Yet she died not: and they who had the power,
As had been threatened, at the appointed hour,
Came to remove her from us.

Even then
Was given to her, her long-lost peace again;
Peace in the grave, where beauty sheds no tear,
Where vulture-beaked remorse is not, nor fear,

C. Stanfield, R.A. DRAWN FROM NATURE BY G.F. WHITE, ESQ. J. Tingle.

THE CHOOR MOUNTAINS.

THE CHOCOE MOUNTAINS

The fanged serpent, gnaweth at the heart!
O'er her we mourned; and in the greenest part
Of that remote church-yard her grave was made,
Beneath the spreading lime-tree's verdant shade;
And at her head, and at her feet, a stone:
Yet name, nor date, nor epitaph was none,
Saving the text to mourning sinners dear,
Of angels' joy in the repentant tear!"

CROSSING THE CHOOR MOUNTAIN,

HINDOSTAN.

THE height of the loftiest peak of this magnificent mountain, is ascertained to be twelve thousand one hundred and forty-nine feet above the level of the sea, being the most considerable of the range south of the Himalaya, between the Sutlej and Jumna rivers. From its commanding position it turns and separates the waters of Hindostan, the streams rising on the southern and eastern face, being forced into the direction of the Pabar, the Giree, the Tonse, and the Jumna, which find their way over the great plain into the bay of Bengal; while those that have their sources to the north and the west are compelled toward the Sutlej and the Indus, and, uniting in the last, pour their waters into the Arabian ocean.

During a considerable part of the year, the Choor is hoary with snow, and in bad weather intense cold may be experienced a short distance below the loftiest peak. The wanderer here finds himself in a region of ice; and should he happen to be crossing after moonlight has come and lit up the scene, he will be charmed with the novel effect produced by the floods of molten silver, which shed their soft radiance over the snow. Moonlight, ever beautiful, amid these snowy masses assumes a new and more exquisite charm. The rugged peaks, stern and chilling as they are, lose their awful character, and become brilliant as polished pearl; the trees, covered with icicles, seem formed of some rich spar, and the face of nature being wholly changed, we may fancy that we have reached another world, calm and tranquil, but still and deathlike. The storms, however, which frequently rage and roar through these solitudes, effectually disturb the serenity of the landscape, and frequently the whole scene is enveloped in clouds, which, upon some sudden change of the atmosphere, will draw off like a curtain, revealing the cold bright and pearly region beyond. To be overtaken by a snow-storm in crossing the Choor, proves one of the least agreeable varieties in a tour through these hills.

"Hitherto," observes Lieutenant White, "our journey had proceeded very prosperously, but we were not destined to complete it without sustaining considerable inconvenience from inclement skies. While marching rather wearily along, the aspect of

the heavens changed, the clouds darkened over our heads, and presently down came a heavy storm of hail, which was quickly followed by snow falling fast and thick. On reaching our tents, we found them loaded with snow, which lay several feet in depth upon the ground, while the only wood attainable was not to be procured without great difficulty and toil. There was no fire, consequently no cookery, and the night was passed in a miserably freezing condition. Morning dawned only to show a fresh fall of snow, and the prospect of more, for if the fleecy shower ceased for a few minutes, the change merely developed a sullen black canopy above, threatening to overwhelm us with its fierce discharge. Loud rose the cries of mutiny in our camp; many were the groans uttered by our followers, the native coolies not scrupling to vent their feelings in words, while our Mohammedan servants, paralyzed and aghast at a predicament so new to them, looked unutterable things. As long as the snow lasted, there was no possibility of doing anything to effect an improvement in our comfortless condition, patience being the sole resort—and that, it was vain to expect to teach men drawn against their own consent into so disagreeable a dilemma. At length we began to fancy that their predictions might be accomplished, and that there was a chance of our being buried in the snow. The wind blew very cold, adding for a time to our sufferings; but presently, about noon, the clouds began to break away, and to reveal patches of blue sky and welcome glimpses of sunshine; in another hour the heavens were clear and glorious, and then we made an attempt to render our situation more comfortable. Persuasion, threats, and tempting promises of reward, at length induced our half-frozen followers to bestir themselves in real earnest. They braced their energies to the encounter, and, having procured sufficient fuel, fires again blazed in our camp; and, though the cold was still intense, its bitterness was alleviated by the influence of the warm potations which we were now enabled to imbibe. The weather still continuing to improve, we rose in the morning with renovated spirits, and notwithstanding the intensity of the cold, and the difficulties which the large masses of snow encumbering our path threw in our way, proceeded vigorously onwards. We were sometimes up to the waist, and frequently knee-deep in the snow, which, concealing the danger of a road over rough and rugged blocks of granite, occasionally threatened precipitation into some treacherous abyss, in which life and limb would have been periled. We ourselves got on tolerably well, but our people, loaded with baggage, lagged far behind, and we were obliged to be content with a sort of canvass awning rather than a tent, only a portion of our usual habitation being forthcoming at night, and to make a scanty meal of tea and hastily-kneaded cakes of flour.

"The servants who had accompanied us from the plains looked in these emergencies the very images of despair; they were completely at fault, knowing not what to do in so unaccustomed a difficulty, and feeling perfectly incapacitated from the effects of the frost, which seemed to shoot bolts of ice into their hearts, and to freeze the very current in their veins. It was impossible not to sympathize with them in their distress, as we lay upon the cold ground, and recollected how active these men had been during the burning-hot winds, which peeled the skins from our faces, and obliged us

H. H. Pickersgill, Junr.

H. Cook.

Forgotten Days.

FISHER, SON & Co LONDON & PARIS.

to take shelter under the [illegible] opinion to our bugles from its scorching blast, whilst respiration seemed to be in the very act of suppression. If we found the cold difficult to endure, how much more probable must it affect people, who habituated to heat which affords to Europeans a very imperfect notion of that dominion which must not be named 'to our peril,' and indefinitely of the beams of a sun which heats the earth like a furnace, and to which, on the hottest summer weather, a fog never appears to be unacceptable."

THE RETURN.

(Tune—[illegible])

I had forgot my childhood days
After the toilsome years I have spent away;
I had forgot the flowery ways
Where first I tasted of joy.

I had forgot those joyous hours,
But doubly dear have come to me,
The leafy shades, the rosy bowers,
Where once I laughed in infancy.

I had forgot how sweet it was
To weave the cowslip wreaths of spring;
Or, lost among the waving grass,
To hear the stranger birds so sing.

I had forgot the bounding lamb
That used to know my welcome voice,
The heart that trembled when I came,
And made my thankful heart rejoice.

All these, with every joyous thought,
I had forgot in present pain;
But happy scenes of childhood brought,
That golden picture back again.

Oh! treacherous world! what dost thou give
Worth half the wealth thou takest away?
We laugh at childhood's sports, and live
To wish we had the power to play.

Angelica Rays

to take shelter under the leathern aprons of our buggies from its scorching blasts, whilst respiration seemed to be on the very eve of suspension. If we found the cold difficult to endure, how much more sensibly must it affect people, who, habituated to heat which affords to Europeans a very lively notion of that dominion which must not be named 'to ears polite,' bask delightedly in the beams of a sun which heats the earth like a furnace, and to whom, in the most sultry weather, a fire never appears to be unacceptable."

FORGOTTEN DAYS.

BY MRS. ELLIS.

I HAD forgot my infant days
  Amid the world's rude storm and strife;
I had forgot the flowery ways
  Where first I walked in early life.

I had forgot those joyous hours,
  For darker days have come to me,
The leafy shades, the rosy bowers,
  Where once I laughed in infancy.

I had forgot how sweet it was
  To weave the cowslip wreaths of spring;
Or, lost among the waving grass,
  To hear the stranger cuckoo sing.

I had forgot the bounding lamb
  That used to know my welcome voice,
The bird that warbled when I came,
  And made my thankful heart rejoice.

All these, with every joyous thought,
  I had forgot in present pain;
Till happy scenes of childhood brought,
  That golden picture back again.

Ah! treacherous world! what dost thou give
  Worth half the wealth thou takest away?
We laugh at childhood's sports, and live
  To wish we had the power to play.

We laugh at infant love that clings
Around its birds, its plants, and flowers;
Yet few would scorn the bliss it brings,
If once more could that love be ours.

Ah! long-forgotten days of joy!
Arrayed in beauty and in light;
What colouring could the hand employ,
To paint your golden hours too bright?

SAMUEL DREW, M. A.

He need not envy all the great,
Nor all their monumental state;
His is a sleep that cannot die,
The sleep of IMMORTALITY. J. S. H.

WHATEVER fame is attached to the subject of these brief notices, it was earned by personal energy, original ability, and sterling worth—unaided by the accessories of wealth or education—unsustained by the power of patronage. Many men have attained to higher elevation in the social ranks; few, however, from positions so lowly; and none ever bore their prosperity with a truer spirit of thankfulness and humility. The example of Samuel Drew's life, therefore, cannot fail in proving instructive to those more favoured by birth and circumstances, from the precepts of meekness it inculcates—to those who resemble him in the want of both, from the energy under privations which it exhibits.

In the little town of St. Austell, in Cornwall, there dwelt an honest husbandman, poor but pious, who had early become a convert to the Wesleyan doctrines. His wife was equally exemplary and religious in her mode of life, and bestowed more care upon the training of her children than her delicate health was able to sustain. Unable to defray the expenses of an education, however slight, for her offspring, the gentle mother shared her limited learning with her children, teaching her eldest son to read and write, and her second, Samuel, the first only of these important branches of instruction. A frame too delicate for the hardy life that had been allotted her, soon gave way; and little Samuel, who was born on the 3d of March, 1765, had the misfortune to be deprived of this kind parent before he had completed his seventh year. Soon after this crisis in his history, it was found necessary to consider his education as finished, and he now appears in the character of a miner, or rather assistant in a mill for refining tin-ore. At first his services were estimated at three-halfpence a day, afterwards two-pence became his portion; but the question of both difference and

SAMUEL DREW, M. A.

Samuel Drew

We laugh at infant love that clings
Around its birds, its plants, and flowers;
Yet few would scorn the bliss it brings,
If once secure could that love be ours.

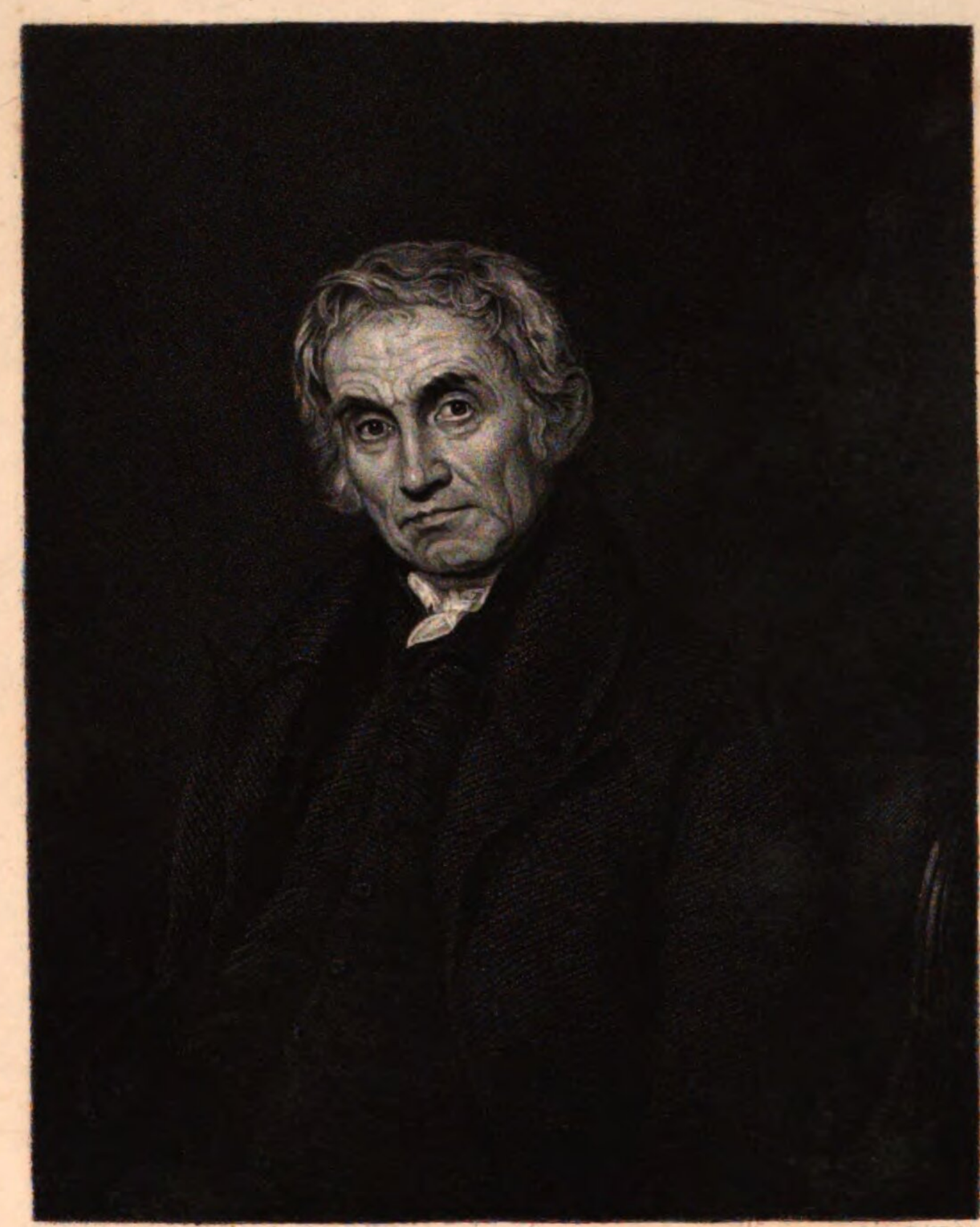
Oh! long-forgotten days of joy!
Excepted in beauty and in light;
What, rivaling equal the hand employ,
In years gone golden hours too bright?

SAMUEL DREW, M. A.

We cast not only all the great
Of their conventional state;
We sleep that cannot die,
The sleep of Immortality. J. S. H.

Whatever, then, may be the subject of these brief notices, it was earned by personal merit, [illegible] and sterling worth—unaided by the accessories of wealth or [illegible] strengthened by the power of patronage. Many men have attained to higher [illegible] than the usual ranks; few, however, from positions so lowly; and none more free from prosperity with a truer spirit of thankfulness and humility. The example of [illegible] life, therefore, cannot fail in proving instructive to those more favoured by birth and circumstances, from the precepts of meekness it inculcates—to those who [illegible] the want of both, from the energy under privations which it exhibits.

In the little town of St. Austell, in Cornwall, there dwelt an honest husbandman, poor but [illegible] a convert to the Wesleyan doctrines. His wife was equally exemplary and religious in her mode of life, and bestowed more care upon the training of her children than her delicate health was able to sustain. Unable to defray the expenses of an education, however slight, for her offspring, the gentle mother shared her limited learning with her children, teaching her eldest son to read and write, and her second, Samuel, the first only of these important branches of instruction. A frame too delicate for the hardy life that had been allotted her, soon gave way; and little Samuel, who was born on the 3d of March, 1765, had the misfortune to be deprived of this kind parent before he had completed his seventh year. Soon after this crisis in his history, it was found necessary to consider his education as finished, and he now appears in the character of a miner, or rather assistant in a mill for refining tin-ore. At first his services were estimated at three-halfpence a day; afterwards two-pence became his portion; but the question of both difference and



Painted by J. Moore. Engraved by R. Hicks.

SAMUEL DREW, M. A.

Samuel Drew

FISHER, SON & Co LONDON & PARIS.

amount soon became of little moment, his employer becoming insolvent just when Samuel Drew's wages had accumulated to six shillings.

Perhaps it was the disgust experienced by such cruel and contemptible treatment, that operated on his father's mind, and induced him to remove his son from the mine-works altogether; for, before he had reached his tenth year, he was apprenticed to a shoe-maker, in the adjoining parish of St. Blazey. In this situation he found leisure and opportunity to improve the little store of learning his fond mother had bestowed upon him. The art of writing he had wholly forgotten, but still retaining the ability to read, and having occasional access to a publication called "The Weekly Entertainer," he pored over its columns with an intensity practised only by those who are surrounded by privations. His rapid and capacious mind was soon disquieted by the views which the light of information disclosed, so that he withdrew from his master's control at the age of seventeen, nor could he ever be induced to acknowledge it again. At his father's request, however, Samuel submitted to become assistant to another shoemaker, at Millbrook, near Plymouth, after which he returned to his native town as foreman in a shop, where book-binding was also conducted; and, having laboured diligently in this vocation for three years, commenced business in an adjoining street on his own account.

It was about this period, that Samuel Drew first appeared to become influenced by those serious impressions, which ultimately formed the devout and decided Christian: and it must have been at the same time that he contracted those habits of study, that resolution to conquer difficulties, which laid the foundation of his literary fame. Possessed of vivacity and ever-ready wit, he had always been distinguished amongst his industrious contemporaries for anecdote and repartee; but, when he had passed the age of twenty-one, his thoughts adopted a new channel for their current—more deep, broad, and silent; better suited to their power and destination. When Adam Clarke was appointed preacher to the East Cornwall circuit, in the year 1784, and fixed his residence at St. Austell, his able advocacy of scripture truths awakened the misdirected abilities of Samuel Drew, and led him to reflect upon and examine into his personal religion. While this self-inquisition was pending, the peaceful death of his elder brother, then in his twenty-second year, which was obviously attributable to his previous conversion to Methodism, came as a casting voice, and henceforth the future metaphysician was numbered with the most zealous, able, and pious supporters of John Wesley's principles. Amongst the many admirable qualifications for the discharge of his duty, possessed by that literary hercules, Adam Clark, one of his most remarkable was, quickness in measuring the fitness of candidates for the ministry; and, in a moment of time fully appreciating the talents of young Drew, he appointed him to the charge of a class, and named him a local preacher. This selection, made by so competent an authority, imparted character and confidence to its object simultaneously, and henceforth, until infirmity disqualified him, Samuel Drew laboured incessantly in his Master's vineyard.

It will naturally be asked, by what means the young philosopher attained to so much learning as to deserve the approbation of the district preacher. His library was restricted

to such works as his very limited finances could supply; but his reading was extended to all the volumes left in his master's shop to be bound. There is another explanation, however, of the reason that led to this rapid and rare acquisition of knowledge, which he himself has given: "he had formed a resolution to abandon the grovelling views which he had been accustomed to entertain of things, and to quit the practices of his old associates." The formation of this resolution was the chief difficulty; when this was once accomplished, access to books would soon be obtained. At first, without a guide, his mind turned about to every point in the circle of science; he saw the entrance to many paths, but he saw no further, yet trial was his only alternative.

Astronomy, by its sublimity, attracted his admiration; but ignorance of mathematics obstructed the pursuit: history, by its truth, drew him to its study, but want of leisure, few books, and straitened means, interposed a prohibition: religion and metaphysics, however, remained open to his contemplation. To the first he was impelled by innate virtue, and encouraged by the admonitions of a pious preacher;—to the latter his thoughts were directed by the perusal of Locke's inimitable Essay on "the Conduct of the Human Understanding."

In business, Mr. Drew had acquired a character for skill, punctuality, and integrity; in literature,* although not yet (1791) an author, he was not undistinguished. In the year 1798, however, he fairly launched his pretensions upon the ocean of criticism, by giving to the world his Essay on the Immortality of the Soul. Amongst those whose attention was awoke by its appearance, there was one more designing than the rest. This individual called on our author, whose talents he respected, and, presenting him with Paine's Age of Reason, requested his careful perusal of that work. Immediately discerning the sophistry of the infidel, he published an exposition of his iniquitous production; and it was this ingenious and meritorious performance, that won for its writer the friendship and valuable patronage of the Rev. J. Whitaker, the learned author of the History of Manchester. Besides the inestimable acquisition of such a friend, Mr. Drew

* The following extract from a letter written by Mr. Drew to a literary friend in Cornwall, describes very graphically his mode of study, and the difficulties with which he was constantly surrounded:—

"During these literary pursuits, I regularly and constantly attended on my business, and do not recollect that ever one customer has been disappointed by me through these means. My mode of writing and study may have in them, perhaps, something peculiar. Immersed in the common concerns of life, I endeavour to lift my thoughts to objects more sublime than those with which I am surrounded; and, while attending to my trade, I sometimes catch the fibres of an argument, which I endeavour to note the prominent features of, and keep a pen and ink by me for that purpose. In this state, what I can collect through the day, remains on any paper which I have at hand, till the business of the day is despatched, and my shop shut up, when, in the midst of my family, I endeavour to analyze in the evening such thoughts as had crossed my mind during the day.

"I have no study—I have no retirement—I write amidst the cries and cradles of my children, and frequently, when I review what I had previously written, endeavour to cultivate the 'art to blot.' Such are the methods which I have pursued, and such the disadvantages under which I write. The public, however, have overlooked that diversity of style and manner which are inseparable from this motley cast of composition. I have been treated with more respect by the enlightened inhabitants of Cornwall, who have given me credit for abilities which I am not conscious of possessing; and the claims which such favours have upon my gratitude, I hope will never be forgotten by *Samuel Drew*.

had the happiness of seeing the young gentleman, who would have added him to the sect of Reason, himself converted to the better cause. Indeed, had Mr. Whitaker's judgment originated in partiality for the cause or the advocate, which there is not the least reason to suspect, there were not wanting other and learned critics, who saw the genius of Drew appearing above the horizon. The Anti-Jacobin Review, for April, 1801, writes, "We here see a shoemaker of St. Austell encountering a staymaker of Deal with the same weapons of unlettered reason—tempered, indeed, from the armoury of God, yet deriving their principal power from the native vigour of the arm that wields them. Samuel Drew, however, is greatly superior to Thomas Paine, in the justness of his remarks, in the forcibleness of his arguments, and in the pointedness of his refutations."

Encouraged by the success of the "*Remarks,*" Mr. Drew next sent to the press an elegy he had composed on the death of a respectable tradesman of St. Austell; this, however, added nothing to his fame: not so his "Observations on the Anecdotes of Methodism," written in answer to Mr. Polwhele's allegations; nor his "Essay on the Immateriality and Immortality of the Soul," which is to be considered his crowning work. The author lived to receive back his copyright from the purchaser, and to correct and retouch his labours before their publication at the Caxton Press. His next production, in chronological order, was, "Evidences of a General Resurrection;" and, in fact, he may henceforth be considered as having abandoned the trade of a shoemaker, and enrolled himself boldly in the legions of literature. He delivered lectures on grammar, composition, geography, astronomy, &c., devoting several hours a day to reading, and the fulfilment of a literary engagement with Dr. Thomas Coke; and, in 1811, became a competitor for the prize of £1,200, bequeathed by a sincere lover of truth, for the best Original Essay on the Being of a God, in conjunction with the Notions of his Wisdom and Benevolence. His failure did not discourage him; on the contrary, by the advice of Professor Kidd and Olinthus Gregory, he published his rejected essay, and added considerably to his growing name for parts and learning.

Mr. Drew's writings now multiplied, and the versatility of his talent was a subject of much admiration. He had written upon divinity and metaphysics, and appeared also as the biographer of his friend Dr. Coke, and as the historian of his native county. It was at this period of his literary career, and when the failure of a country publisher had placed Mr. Drew in difficulties, that Dr. Adam Clark happened to be the literary adviser and superintendent of the Caxton Press. His own rising reputation, and increasing popularity, rendering such an occupation no longer necessary, he gave the weight of his influence with the senior partner—with whom he had lived for years on terms of the closest intimacy—to Samuel Drew, who was at once appointed his successor. Removing from his native county to Liverpool, Mr. Drew undertook the conduct of the Imperial Magazine, a periodical projected by Henry Fisher, Esq., senior partner of the Caxton Press; and the popularity of that publication, the esteem in which it will ever be held, for its truth, simplicity, usefulness, and moral tendency, constitute no mean tribute to the memory of its self-taught editor. The University of

Aberdeen, on the unsolicited recommendation of their professor, having consented to confer upon him the degree of M. A., he gratefully embraced this public mark of distinction; the whole amount of fees incurred on that occasion having been discharged by the generosity of Mr. Fisher.

From 1819 to the year 1832, Mr. Drew continued to discharge his editorial duties at the Caxton Press with ability and diligence, while he improved and cultivated extensively what are styled literary relations. At length the excitement that must have accompanied knowledge acquired under such difficulties, and with such superhuman labour, began to disclose its debilitating effects; and just when he had entered the 69th year of his age, his bodily strength suddenly gave way, his mental powers soon after exhibited symptoms of weakness, and being removed, at his own request, to Helston, in Cornwall, he expired on the 20th of March, 1833. There his remains were deposited by his sorrowing children and friends, in the same grave with those of a wife, whom in life he had fondly loved, and from whom in death he wished not to be separated.

THE VILLAGE BELLS.

BY L. E. L.

"How soft the music of those village bells,
Falling, at intervals, upon the ear
In cadence sweet,—now dying all away,
Now pealing loud again, and louder still,
Clear and sonorous, as the gale comes on!
With easy force it opens all the cells
Where mem'ry slept." COWPER.

THERE is a lovely English sound
Upon the English air,
It comes when else had silence found
Its quiet empire there.

All ordinary signs of life
To-day are hushed and still;
No voice of labour or of strife
Ascends the upland hill.

The leaves in softer music stir,
The brook in softer tune;

J. Franklin. J. Cochran.

"HOW SOFT THE MUSIC OF THOSE VILLAGE BELLS."

FISHER, SON & Co. LONDON & PARIS, 1835.

Life rests, and all things rest with her
  This Sabbath afternoon.

How fair it is! how English fair!
  No other land could show
A pastoral beauty to compare
  With that which lies below.

The broad green meadow-lands extend
  Up to the hanging wood,
Where oak and beech together blend,
  That have for ages stood.

What victories have left those trees,
  What time the winged mast
Bore foreign shores and foreign seas
  St. George's banner past!

Each oak that left yon inland wood
  In some good ship had part,
And every triumph stirred the blood
  In every English heart.

Hence, each green hedge that winds along
  Filled with the wild flowers small,
Round each green field, is safe and strong
  As is a castle wall.

God, in his own appointed time,
  Hath made such tumult cease;
There ringeth now in that sweet chime
  But only prayer and peace.

How still it is! the bee—the bird—
  Float by on noiseless wing.
There sounds no step—there comes no word,
  There seems no living thing.

But still upon the soft west wind
  These bells come sweeping by,
Leaving familiar thoughts behind,
  Familiar, and yet high.

Ringing for every funeral knell,
And for the marriage stave;
Alike of life and death they tell,
The cradle and the grave.

They chronicle the hopes and fears
Upon life's daily page;
Familiar to our childish years,
Familiar to our age.

The Sabbath bells upon our path,
Long may their sound endure;
The sweetest music England hath—
The music of the poor.

SIR THOMAS FOWELL BUXTON, BART.

Yes, wisely and well has our senate decided,
And the deed shall a gem in its diadem stand;
By mercy and justice its counsels were guided,
And *Slavery's* moanings have ceased in the land. MRS. ABDY.

THE Buxton family were long seated at Earl's Colne, in Essex, where the late baronet was born, on the 1st of April, 1786. He was the eldest son of Thomas Fowell Buxton, Esq., by Anna, daughter of Mr. Hanbury, of Coggleshall, sister of Osgood Hanbury, of Holfield Grange, and aunt to Richard Hanbury Gurney, of Thickthorn, all in the county of Essex. His father dying before he had reached his tenth year, the care of young Fowell, and of two brothers and two sisters, devolved upon a mother as competent to instruct as she was devoted to cherish her children. She had been distinguished for acquirements in letters, and just principles in religion, and none were more beloved for benevolence and generosity. Having sown good seed, in due season she placed her eldest son under the tuition of Dr. Burney, of Greenwich, the brother of Madame D'Arblay. Amongst his school-fellows Fowell Buxton earned a wide-spread popularity. In affable, open, manly conduct, in actual *physical ability* to distinguish himself in all those sports that give grace, agility, and even fortitude, to youth he was ever foremost; and he evinced, at this period, the same generosity and warmth of friendship, which subsequently drew around him so many attached supporters in his public labours. A sound, if not a brilliant scholar, he proceeded, from Greenwich School, to Trinity College, Dublin. That seminary was preferred by his family, from an idea that he was heir-at-law to an estate in Ireland—an expectation that appears

Sorrow for every funeral knell,
And for the marriage stave;
Life—of its end death they tell,
The cradle and the grave.

[illegible] hopes and fears
[illegible] page;
[illegible] childish years,
[illegible] our age.

[illegible] path upon our path,
[illegible] sound endure;
[illegible] England hath—
[illegible] the poor.

[illegible]WELL BUXTON, BART.

[illegible] decided,
[illegible] in its diadem stand;
[illegible] were gilded,
[illegible] have erased in the land. MRS. ABBEY.

THE [illegible] at Earl's Colne, in Essex, where the late baronet was born, [illegible] March 1786. He was the eldest son of Thomas Fowell Buxton, Esq., by [illegible] daughter of Mr. Hanbury, of Coggleshall, sister of Osgood Hanbury, of [illegible], and aunt to Richard Hanbury Gurney, of Thickthorn, all in the county of Essex. His father died before he had reached his tenth year, the care of young Fowell, and of two brothers and two sisters, devolved upon a mother as competent to instruct as she was devoted to cherish her children. She had been distinguished for acquirements in letters, and just principles in religion, and none were more beloved for benevolence and generosity. Having sown good seed, in due season she placed her eldest son under the tuition of Dr. Burney, of Greenwich, the brother of Madame D'Arblay. Amongst his school-fellows Fowell Buxton earned a wide-spread popularity. In affable, open, manly conduct, in actual *physical ability* to distinguish himself in all those sports that give grace, agility, and even fortitude, to youth he was ever foremost; and he evinced, at this period, the same generosity and warmth of friendship, which subsequently drew around him so many attached supporters in his public labours. A sound, if not a brilliant scholar, he proceeded, from Greenwich School, to Trinity College, Dublin. That seminary was preferred by his family, from not alone that he was heir-at-law to an estate in Ireland—an expectation that appears

Painted by H.P. Briggs. Esq. R.A. Engraved by W. Holl.

T. F. Burton

FISHER, SON & Co. LONDON & PARIS.

to have been raised upon an erroneous foundation. Once entered, however, Mr. Buxton applied himself to academic studies with a diligence that commanded respect, and won for him several literary honours. At the proper period of standing, he became a member of the Historical Society, held within the college walls, and in this school of oratory he is believed to have acquired that self-possession so indispensable to a public speaker, which he never afterwards lost.

Known to be the possessor of sufficient wealth, and having exhibited all the characters of worth, diligence, and integrity which should distinguish the youth of our aristocracy, at the early age of one-and-twenty years he was solicited, by his fellow-students, to become candidate for the representation of the university at which he had graduated. This honour, however, he gratefully declined; and the expected Hibernian inheritance proving vain, he retired from Ireland altogether, and soon after, in his 22d year, espousing Hannah, fifth daughter of John Gurney, of Earlham Hall, Norfolk, withdrew into the calm recesses of private life. His connections, wealthy and mercantile, held out inducements to him to employ part of his capital in their profitable engagements, and he became, in consequence, a partner in the great brewery of Truman, Hanbury, & Co.

The first occasion on which his talents and feelings were publicly called into action, was at a large meeting convened in the Mansion House, London, for considering the best means of alleviating the wide-spread distress then prevailing amongst the Spitalfields manufacturers. His knowledge of their destitution was derived from personal inspection; and his description of the scenes he had witnessed riveted attention, and strengthened the growing feeling in favour of the destitute.

The education of the poor, as one of the most potent levers for raising them from their prostrate condition, was his next step towards national improvement; and he was amongst the most zealous advocates for the universal distribution of the Holy Bible without note or comment. At a later period, his attention was directed to the prisons of England, which were then in a most deplorable state; and his reflections on this subject were published in a pamphlet, entitled "An Inquiry whether Crime and Misery are produced or prevented by the present system of Prison Discipline."

In 1817, Mr. Buxton was made a director of the African Institution, the objects of which were, first, total abolition of the foreign slave-trade; secondly, the civilization of Africa: the latter, perhaps, so colossal as to be visionary,—the former, so noble, that the names of its advocates will ever be identified with the best benefactors of the human race. Congenial spirits seek an homogeneous atmosphere, and in this generous institution Mr. Buxton met with the most eminent of the age, influenced by kindred sentiments. Still his entrance on public life must not be dated from any earlier period than his return to parliament for Weymouth in 1818, after a severe contest, in which seven candidates went to the poll.

For nearly twenty years he continued to occupy a seat in parliament, and, when, in 1837, the electors shook off their allegiance, he sought no new alliance, but fell back into that honourable retirement from which conscientious feelings originally called him.

During Mr. Buxton's brilliant and philanthropic career in parliament, as member for Weymouth, he employed his talents, and influence, in endeavouring to repress crime, reclaim the criminal, appropriate just punishment to each offence, improve national morals, and give liberty to the captive all over the earth. He deprecated the frequent infliction of capital punishment, viewing the deaths for forgery as legalized murder, but, unlike recent reformers of our criminal code, he would have furnished a scrupulously graduated scale of secondary punishments.

These philanthropic views of legislation were seconded in parliament by Sir James Mackintosh, the successor of Romilly, a parliamentary advocate of less sanguinary laws; and, with this eloquent coadjutor, Fowell Buxton long sustained the conflict of mercy in the House of Commons. He was in possession of resistless evidence that these legal murders were unjustifiable on Christian principles, and inexpedient in a political point of view. This evidence he laid before the house, in a calm, clear, and convincing speech, which was listened to with the deepest attention; a speech, which Wilberforce described as one of the best he had ever heard in parliament. It was afterwards published as a sequel to his pamphlet on Prison Discipline; and opened a door for the gradual adoption of mild measures, by future advocates of amelioration, amongst whom may be numbered Sir Robert Peel. Besides the abolition of capital punishment, improvement of prison discipline, and suppression of state lotteries, Mr. Buxton directed no inconsiderable share of his energies to the suppression of Suttees, in India, a subject which had laid a deep hold on his compassionate mind.

Whilst he occupied a place in the senate, few men, amongst those who never formed part of an administration, addressed so many speeches to the collective wisdom of Great Britain; and yet in the subject-matter of his discourses he wandered not from that defined career which he laid down for himself. He always received credit from the house for disinterested motives, while he engaged their attention by the pertinacity of his statements, the industry with which he collected facts, and the untiring zeal with which he put them forward: his style, like his delivery, was neither heavy nor monotonous; his reasonings had uniformly something of freshness, of ingenuity; and his doctrines, originating in a spirit of philanthropy and religion, bore also a stamp of genius and intellectual power, which qualified him to undertake the task of remodelling some portion of our social code.

But it is with the Abolition of Slavery in our colonies that the name of Sir Fowell Buxton will be lastingly associated. Clarkson originated the idea of extinguishing traffic in human beings, and persuaded the Duke of Wellington to plead the cause of the enslaved African before the Congress of Vienna. Wilberforce devoted shining abilities, great personal influence, and unwearied zeal, to the same object, until he was bowed with the weight of years; and, when he was about to rise to that reward which his virtues had prepared for him, he let fall his mantle of mercy upon the subject of these remarks.

Mr. Wilberforce having reason to fear that slavery would be extended in the British possessions of South Africa, during the parliamentary session of 1822 moved an address

to the crown, with a view of preventing, so far as it was possible, so fearful an event. In the debate which ensued, he was ably supported by Mr. Buxton. But whatever assistance he gave to the anti-slavery cause in the earlier period of his career, it was not until 1823 that he was placed in the eminent position of its leader in the House of Commons, by the public resignation of Mr. Wilberforce, and the unanimous approval of the country. Never could a man have brought to the advocacy of the cause greater singleness of purpose, or a deeper sense of its importance.

In 1823, the London Anti-Slavery Society was formed, and a campaign opened against colonial slavery. Of this important institution, Mr. Buxton was elected a Vice-President, and, on the 15th of May of that year, he brought forward his celebrated motion, which struck the first blow at the detestable system, and led the way to its final extinction. It was couched in these words—

"That the state of slavery is repugnant to the principles of the British Constitution, and of the Christian religion; and that it ought to be gradually abolished throughout the British dominions, with as much expedition as may be consistent with a due regard to the well-being of the parties concerned."

Government resisted the motion, but substituted for it a series of resolutions, declaring that it was expedient to adopt effectual and decisive measures for ameliorating the condition of the slave-population in his Majesty's colonies, with a view to their participation in those civil rights and privileges enjoyed by other classes of his Majesty's subjects, at the earliest period compatible with the well-being of the slaves, the safety of the colonies, and with a fair and equitable consideration of the interests of all parties concerned. The concession of the great principle—amelioration with a view to ultimate emancipation—for which he had contended, led Mr. Buxton and his parliamentary friends to acquiesce in the governmental resolutions, which received the unanimous approval of the house.

It was now proposed that obstructions to emancipation should be removed—slaves protected in the possession and transmission of property—religious instruction provided—the driving system peremptorily abolished — an end put to the corporal punishment of females—Sundays secured to them for rest, and religious instruction—and their marriages sanctioned by law. The slaves, however, were still to be regarded as chattels, and their offspring retained in bondage.

This announcement was received with furious discontent by the colonies, who left no means untried to bring Mr. Buxton, and his associates in the great work, into disrepute. Government, quailing under the formidable opposition, confined its initial measures to certain crown-colonies, over which they had complete jurisdiction.

In the year 1826, Mr. Buxton appeared as the accuser of Sir Robert Farquhar, on the ground of his having connived, whilst Governor of Mauritius, at the slave-traffic which had been notoriously carried on in that island. The case against Mauritius and its governor was so fully made out, that government determined on the emancipation of all the slaves (70,000) surreptitiously introduced into that colony. But delay after delay took place in carrying this determination into effect, and the result ulti-

mately was, that, instead of punishment, the Mauritians were allowed to hold their slaves as apprentices until the year 1833, when they received compensation for their emancipation.

It was in 1828, that Dr. Philip came over from the Cape of Good Hope, for the purpose of laying before the philanthropist the cruel case of 28,000 Hottentots, who, though not slaves by law, were, through some gross abuses in the colony, suffering all the indignities and sorrows of a most cruel personal bondage. Already pressed almost beyond measure, Mr. Buxton could not refuse to undertake their righteous cause: he made himself perfect master of the case, and had given notice of a motion in parliament on the subject, when the Colonial Minister promised to undertake it, on condition of his waiving the discussion of the subject in the House of Commons. This he was perfectly willing to do, for self was of little importance to *him;* and, by an order of the home government, this most oppressive system was effectually abolished.

The discussion of the great question of emancipation came on from year to year, and in various forms, in the House of Commons; and, debate succeeded debate without any apparent point being gained, except, indeed, that its infamy became clearer and clearer, and the obstinacy of the West India proprietors stronger and stronger. This led to the substitution of immediate for gradual emancipation, and to a determination, on the part of the country at large, to grant it. Mr. Buxton became the exponent of this sentiment in the House of Commons. Public meetings were held in all parts of the country, petitions were poured into parliament, and so irresistible was the torrent, that, in 1832, a committee was appointed, "to consider and report upon the measures which it might be expedient to adopt for the purpose of effecting the extinction of slavery throughout the British dominions at the earliest period compatible with the safety of all clases in the colonies;" to which was added, on the motion of Lord Althorp, *and in conformity with the resolutions of this house of the* 15*th of May,* 1823. The labours of this committee triumphantly established the following points. 1. That the slaves, if emancipated, would adequately maintain themselves by their own labour; and, 2. That the danger of withholding freedom from the slaves, was greater than that of granting it. The controversy therefore respecting the expediency of emancipation was decided: the justice and humanity of such a measure had long ceased to be a question.

From this period, events, bearing upon the abolition of colonial slavery, followed each other in rapid succession. Mr. Buxton never lost sight of his position through them all, and availed himself of their accumulation, to forward the object he had so much at heart. At length the great duty was taken out of his hands by the government, who selected Mr. (now Lord) Stanley, to introduce it to the British legislature. This he did in a speech of great eloquence, on the 15th of May, 1833. The conclusion, however, was unworthy of the great case submitted to Parliament: for the slaves were to be continued in a state of semi-bondage for a term of years; and a *loan* of fifteen millions sterling was to be advanced to the planters, in consideration of the loss they might sustain by the abolition of slavery.

When it became known that the proposed *loan* was to repaid to the treasury by the negroes, Mr. Buxton, in common with the great body of the abolitionists, resisted it as utterly unjust, and intimated his dissent from the proposition. Government, in consequence, changed the loan of fifteen into a grant of twenty millions sterling; but still retained the negroes under a system of apprenticeship for twelve years; and on this point Mr. Buxton joined issue with them.

When the abolition bill was in Committee, he moved an instruction to limit the apprenticeship to the shortest period necessary to establish the system of free labour. In this he was beaten by a majority of *seven* only, which had the effect, however, of reducing the period from twelve to six years. Not satisfied with this reduction, he moved again that the apprenticeship should terminate after *two* years, viz., on June 1st, 1836. This was negatived by a majority of *seventeen*. Finding himself foiled, he attempted to induce the House of Commons to withhold a moiety of the compensation until the apprenticeship ended, but lost his motion by a majority of fifty-one.

In private life, the unaffected kindness, large hospitality, genuine humility, and cheerful spirit of Fowell Buxton, diffused a delightful enjoyment amongst all who had the privilege of his society. He was a constant and faithful friend to those who shared his intimacy, or were associated with him in life—a liberal benefactor of the poor—and, the stream of his pecuniary bounty flowed freely in a variety of directions. Above all, he was the sincere and watchful Christian—one who feared and loved God, and heartily relied on the blessed Saviour. Yet in the midst of these social joys—this happy retirement—Africa, with her bloody wars, her direful superstitions, and her horrible slave-trade, was the daily subject of his meditations—of his deepest exercise of soul. Retired from public life, he yet too well understood his responsibilities, to be idle. With zeal and perseverance he collected and arranged evidences on the still-continued iniquities of the slave-trade, and on the natural resources of Africa. These formed the substance of an admirable work, published in 1840, on the Slave Trade and its Remedy; which was the means of fanning the slumbering embers of British feeling, into a new-lit flame; and the immediate consequence was, the union of persons of all ranks and parties, in the formation of "the African Civilization Society," under the presidency of Prince Albert.

The dreadful traffic was not only raging, but increasing; and, treaties made to insure its abolition with foreign powers, were expensive and fruitless. The armed exercise of the right of search, failed to prevent a crime which pecuniary profits stimulated. The principle on which Sir Fowell Buxton proposed to deal with the difficulty, was to unlock the resources of Africa, to give an issue, for the comfort and happiness of her children, to her unexampled fertility—to open friendly negociations with her native princes, on the ground that it was *their* interest to abolish the trade in human beings, and to substitute for it a legitimate commerce with the civilized world.

This bold plan—which, through Sir Fowell Buxton's work, is fully developed—rests on enlightened policy, as well as on Christian benevolence. Such was the opinion of Lord John Russell, under whose auspices was arranged and executed the memorable

expedition to the Niger. The commanders of that expedition faced the most formidable natural dangers, and devoted themselves in heart to the welfare of mankind, *the whole body being volunteers.* They successfully penetrated into Africa, and negociated with her native princes, but the fatal climate destroyed all these bright hopes.

Neither this painful failure, nor the increasingly precarious state of his health, prevented the persevering efforts of Sir Fowell Buxton in the cause of Africa. He lost no opportunity of promoting her welfare, whether by corresponding with the secretary for the colonies, by the generous support of Christian missions, or by organizing that Native and West Indian agency, by which the expedition to the Niger might yet be accomplished.

With the failure of the Niger Expedition, however, the public voluntary services of this amiable man may be said to have closed. Ill-health supervened, aggravated probably by the disappointments and regrets that attended his later labours. Of those blighted hopes he never complained, but preserved, in the midst of accumulating infirmities, the most entire content and resignation. His death, besides the void left amongst that very limited class of statesmen-philanthropists, occasioned poignant sorrow to his family, for it may be called premature—unfeigned regret to his country, for he was a liberal benefactor of its charities.

Sir Fowell Buxton expired on the 19th of February, 1845, at his seat, North Repps Hall, near Aylsham, in Norfolk, in the fifty-ninth year of his age.

THE FLOWER GARDEN.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

This world is a valley of tears, we are told,
  But it is not all sorrow and gloom;
For Nature delights brighter truths to unfold
  By her song-birds, and flow'rets in bloom.

Wouldst thou learn, then, the lore her glad lessons impart,
  At morning, or eventide's hours,
With love, hope, and gratitude shrined in thy heart,
  Go, and muse in a Garden of Flowers!

Oh! there mayst thou see how The Being who plann'd
  The Universe first by His skill!
Whose Fiat divided the Sea from the Land,
  In His works is all-wonderful still.

Jas J. Jenkins. P. Lightfoot.

The Flower Garden.

FISHER, SON & Co LONDON & PARIS, 1845.

Not alone in His *greatest!* The words of His power,
Which fashion'd earth, ocean, and sky,
Is shown in the exquisite form of each flower,
And the tints which enrapture the eye.

Ay, look on the Lilies! they toil not, nor spin,
Yet earth's proudest monarch, arrayed
In the utmost of pomp that ambition can win,
Their beauty and grace might upbraid.

Or turn to the Rose, and the Jasmine's bright stars,
If thy heart would true loveliness know;
Their splendour no lurking deformity mars,
As in lustre unsullied they glow.

In glory and gladness they blossom, and fling
Their perfume around on the air;
Unto them, too, with colours as bright on his wing,
The Butterfly loves to repair.

While the murmuring Bee, every hour of the day,
Comes hither to gather his spoil,
Till, laden with sweets, he flies booming away
To his hive with the fruit of his toil.

Where, then, should a Mother repair with her child,
If she wish her child first to be taught
That truest of wisdom and lore undefiled,
Which is gather'd from feeling and thought?

Let her often retreat to some Garden—where all
To be witness'd—around, and above,
The affections of childhood may gently enthral
Unto harmony, beauty, and love!

EXETER CATHEDRAL.

Breathe not a thought,—not even the voice of prayer
Deep though it be, and fervent as sincere,
Should break the solemn stillness of the air
Or wake the faintest echo slumbering there.

In the year 1050 the sees of Crediton in Devon, and St. Germain's in Cornwall, being united and bestowed on Leofric, bishop of the former diocese, and chancellor and chaplain of the "Confessor," a new cathedral seemed desirable also. Exeter being chosen as the site, the church of the Benedictine monastery of St. Peter, founded by Athelstan in 932, was preferred, from the peculiar veneration in which it had previously been held. There the ceremony of incorporating the sees, and installing the first bishop, was performed with much pomp; Edward himself placing the new charter upon St. Peter's altar, after which, accompanied by his queen Editha, he conducted Leofric to the episcopal throne.

As Pope Leo IX. had consented to this ecclesiastical union and translation, it was in vain for the injured monks to complain; they wisely contented themselves, therefore, with their lot, on being removed from Exeter to the Benedictine Convent at Westminster.

William Wardwart, nephew of William the Conqueror, being made bishop of this diocese, laid the foundation of the noble Norman structure which accompanies this brief description. Its origin may be dated in 1112, and its completion not earlier than 1206, during the episcopacy of Henry Marshall.

The taste, talents, and treasures of successive prelates, were liberally expended in beautifying the ancient building; but, it is to Bishop Quivil, a native of Exeter, that the merit of the present stately and most majestic temple is due. Commencing his improvements in the year 1280, immediately after his accession, he converted the original transept into two chapels, dedicated to St. James and St. Andrew, and caused the ponderous Norman towers, which still flank the building, to be so modified internally, that they might become the ends of the new transept. Bishop Stapledon continued the proposed improvements, and in the pointed style, with enthusiasm equal to that of his predecessor; and on the 18th of December, 1328, during the episcopacy of Grandison, the high altar was solemnly dedicated to "the Virgin Mary, and the blessed apostles, Peter and Paul." During this bishop's prelacy, the nave and side-aisles, with the rood-loft and beautiful chapels of John the Baptist and St. Paul, were constructed; and the remains of this venerable man, who died in the year 1369, were entombed in St. Radigunde's chapel, near to the western entrance.

Viewed from the presbytery, the architectural dignity of this truly noble structure is peculiarly striking: the rich decorations of the throne and pulpit at first detain the eye—the elevated and independent position of the organ, which seems cut out sharply,

T. Allom. E. Challis.

INTERIOR OF EXETER CATHEDRAL.

FISHER, SON & Co. LONDON. 1845

T. Allom. J. Tingle.

Interior of Sizergh Hall, Westmorland.

FISHER, SON & Co LONDON, 1845.

and with a well-defined outline, carries the imagination into the depth and distance that are discerned beyond it, giving a character of the greatest sublimity to the composition. Next to that at Haarlem, the organ in this cathedral is the largest in Europe, and its tones possess even greater sweetness than those of its justly celebrated rival. The organ-screen is adorned with designs in stone, but painted with oils; they are amongst the earliest efforts in this branch of art, being coeval with our third Edward; and they represent, very properly, scriptural subjects alone.

The western, or grand front, is inferior to those of Peterborough, Lincoln, and York cathedrals, but superior to most other ecclesiastical elevations in England. It is adorned with a richly traced screen, extending about one-third of its height, and divided by buttresses into three sections, corresponding with the respective widths of the nave and side-aisles; a beautiful, light, embattled parapet surmounts the whole. The front, or face, is covered with canopied niches, occupied by effigies of angels, saints, patriots, kings, and heroes, all much defaced and mutilated, not by time alone, but by the effects of a climate completely antagonist to the art of sculpture. Above this inimitable piece of tracery, and sculpture, and delicacy of design, is the great western window, exhibiting a very intricate arrangement of parts, beautifully interlaced, and adorned in its openings with many admirable specimens of stained and painted glass.

THE QUEEN'S ROOM, SIZERGH HALL, WESTMORLAND.

Tradition has conferred on the room in the annexed engraving the name of the Queen's Room. Catherine Parr, the last queen of Henry VIII., is said to have occupied this apartment for several nights after the king's death.

Ay, regal the chamber, and stately the gloom
That the old oaken panels fling over the room;
The carving is gilded—the hangings are rare;
Yet, stranger, I warn thee—oh! slumber not there.

For when the lamp dies in the dead of the night,
And when the wan moon has exhausted her light,
By that mirror of silver a pale lady stands,
And rends her long tresses and wrings her white hands.

Years have pass'd since that lady smoothed back her bright hair,
And asked of the glass if her image was fair:
It was not for her husband she braided its gold,
Or flung from its brightness the veil's silver fold.

He slew her while watching her cheek, where the rose
Was reddening in beauty, like sunshine on snows.
He slew her—the glass was yet warm with her breath—
She turned to her lover—she turned to her death.

Less crimson the wine-cup that stood at her side,
Than the red stream which gushed with her life on its tide:
A groan and a gasp, and the struggle is o'er—
The blood which he spilt is yet there—on the floor.

No prayer by her death-bed—no mass for her soul—
No bell on the depths of the midnight to toil;
Unshrouded, uncoffin'd they laid her to rest,
The grave was unholy—the ground was unblest.

She comes with the midnight—meet not her cold eye,
It shines but on those who are fated to die.
She comes with the midnight, when spirits have power—
She comes with the midnight, and evil the hour.

She comes from the grave, with its secret and pain,
The grave which recalleth its truant again.
The chamber grows damp with the charnel-like air;
Then, stranger, I warn thee—oh! slumber not there.

RAPHAEL.

Ah! not for him the dull and measured eye,
Which colours nothing in the common sky,
Which sees but night upon the starry cope
And animates with no mysterious hope.

This great painter was born at Urbino, on Good Friday, in the year 1483, and died at Rome, on the Good Friday of 1520. A Madonna and Child painted by him on the wall of the yard of his father's house, (which painting was subsequently transferred, together with a portion of the wall itself, to a room in the house, where it may still be seen,) convinced his father of his talents, and induced him to place the promising youth under the tuition of Perugino. Acquiring the manner of his master, Raphael soon surpassed his fellow-pupils, and left no further room for instruction; of which Perugino being

RAPHAEL SABBIO

Il autore raphaele sabbio

[illegible] her cheek, where the rose
[illegible] in beauty, like cerulean on snows,
[illegible] yet warm with her breath—
[illegible] to her death.

[illegible] that stood at her side,
[illegible] with her life on its tide;
[illegible] she struggle in o'er—
[illegible] there—on the floor.

[illegible] no more for her soul—
[illegible] midnight to toll;
[illegible] bad her to rest,
[illegible] ground was unblest.

[illegible] moist not her cold eye,
[illegible] are fated to die.
[illegible] when spirits have power—
[illegible] and evil the hour.

[illegible] grave with its secret and pall,
[illegible] its tenant again.
[illegible] with the charnel-like air;
[illegible] eh! slumber not there.

R A F F A E L.

[illegible] the dull and measured eye,
[illegible] nothing in the common sky,
[illegible] but light upon the starry cope
[illegible] with no mysterious hope.

THIS great painter was born at Urbino, on Good Friday, in the year 1483, and died at Rome, on the Good Friday of 1520. A Madonna and Child painted by him on the wall of the yard of his father's house, (which painting was subsequently transferred, together with a portion of the wall itself, to a room in the house, where it may still be seen,) convinced his father of his talents, and induced him to place the promising youth under the tuition of Perugino. Acquiring the manner of his master, Raphael soon surpassed his fellow-pupils, and left no further room for instruction; of which Perugino being

Painted by Raphael. Engraved by W. Holl.

RAPHAEL SANZIO.

El nostro raphaello dipintore i fiorenza

FISHER, SON & Co. LONDON & PARIS, 1845.

conscious, advised him to visit Florence, where the Cartoons of Michael Angelo, and Leonardi da Vinci, were then being publicly exhibited. His earlier works being influenced by the mannerism of his master, and the effects of the great works which he had witnessed at Florence, upon a mind so susceptible of the best impressions, do not exhibit the grandeur, power, and dignity, of his later performances, but they retain all the sensibility of the school in which he studied. Returning to Florence, he there evinced the greatness of his mind and of his modesty, by the diligence with which he studied the works of the most famous men of past-by times. Whilst there, also, he designed the Cartoon of the Entombing of Christ, from which he afterwards made a painting. His fame had spread so widely, that Pope Julius II. invited him to Rome, and caused all the frescoes of the Vatican to be obliterated, in order to make room for the performances of his favourite. So complete was the artist's success in pleasing his venerable patron, that *stanza* after *stanza* of the Vatican, was submitted to his control, until at length he was placed over the decorations of the papal palace generally, and loaded with every mark of honour.

His works are not only great in conception, but in dimensions, and more numerous than those of most other masters, although he was cut off at the early age of thirty-seven years. It seems hardly credible that the entire extent of a human life could be sufficient for the execution of so many works as he has left. They prove therefore the fecundity of his genius, and the facility with which he executed his performances. But probably in this ability to grapple with various labours simultaneously, consisted the most powerful point of his original genius—a fact illustrated by the multitude of characters and events combined in some of his master-pieces.

Having reached the highest renown to which the arts can hope to aspire—having accumulated sufficient wealth, and encircled himself with the powerful and the enlightened amongst his countrymen—he was called suddenly away to that kingdom, the glories of which he had so memorably celebrated. Attacked by a violent fever, and being incautiously treated by his physician, this celebrated man expired on the 8th of March, 1483, in the 37th year of his age. His body was laid out in state before his immortal painting of the Transfiguration, and conveyed thence, with circumstances of costly pomp, to the church of Sante Maria Rotonda, formerly the Pantheon, where it was placed in a marble sepulchre. His tomb is indicated by a bust, the work of Naldi, and erected at the expense of Carlo Maratti: Cardinal Bembo supplied the following epitaph—

Ille hic est Raphael, timuit quo sospite vinci
Magna rerum parens, et moriente mori.

LANCASTER CASTLE.

BY L. E. L.

HARK with age these towers look down
Over their once vassal town;
Warlike—yet long years have past
Since they looked on slaughter last.

Never more will that dark wall
Echo with the trumpet's call,
When the Red Rose and the White
Called their warriors to the fight.

Never more the sounding yew,
Which the English archer drew,
Will decide a battle-day
Past like its own shafts away.

Never more those halls will ring
With the ancient harper's string,
When the red wine passed along
With a shout and with a song.

Trumpet, harp, and good yew-bow
Are so many memories now;
While the loom, the press, the gun,
Have another age begun.

Yet that old chivalric hour
Hath upon the present, power;
Changed, and softened and refined,
It has left its best behind.

What may its bequeathings be?
Honour, song, and courtesy.
Like the spirit of its clay,
Yesterday redeems to-day.

Drawn by T. Allom. Engraved by T. Higham.

LANCASTER CASTLE.

FISHER, SON, & Co LONDON, 1845

A.G. Vickers. E. Smith.

CEMETERY OF THE SMOLENSKO CHURCH.

On the Vasili Ostroff, near Petersburg.

FISHER, SON, & Co. LONDON, & PARIS, 1845.

CEMETERY OF THE SMOLENSKO CHURCH.

They gather with the summer in their hands,
The summer from their distant valleys bringing;
They gather round the church in pious bands
With funeral array and solemn singing.

THERE is an ancient church at Smolensko, in the cemetery of which, on festival days, the religious are seen in groups—at first pouring forth copious lamentations, offering numerous and loudly uttered prayers, and afterwards partaking of all the dainties and delicacies of the climate and season, over the very graves which they had just bedewed with their tears. In most European countries it is customary to deck the graves with flowers, and adorn the tombs with chaplets; this very ancient, innocent, and affecting custom prevails to a great extent in Russia, and is observed at Smolensko, perhaps, with more devotion than in any other city of this vast empire.

The site of this old town is remarkably picturesque, between two rapidly rising hills, parts of whose brows it ascends and covers. The Dnieper divides it into two unequal parts; that on the south bank being enclosed by a wall of brick and stone, two miles in circuit, and fifteen feet in thickness. A ditch and covered-way surround the ramparts; so that, before the irresistible improvements of modern warfare were introduced, this place might have been deemed impregnable. An obstinate contest took place for its possession, in 1812, between the French under Napoleon, and the Russians headed by Barclay de Tolly. This gallant soldier held the city until he had severely chastised his enemies; and when he withdrew at midnight rather than be accessory to further effusion of blood, the greater part of the city was in flames. In this memorable engagement, the Russians lost 4,000 men, the French double that number, and the Poles upwards of 5,000. His irritated countrymen could not forgive Barclay, for having sacrificed this holy city; so that, in disgust at their ingratitude, he laid down his command, which was soon after conferred upon Kutusoff. Like the conflagration of Moscow, the flames of Smolensko lighted the torch of revenge amongst the people of Russia, which was only extinguished by the blood of their invaders.

Within the enceinte of the city are numerous gardens, intervening between the houses, which are mostly of timber, and only one story in height. The streets are floored with large planks of wood, with the exception of the High-street, which is paved with granite. Since the conflagration of 1812, new buildings, more regularly designed, more richly adorned, have arisen; so that modern travellers have little to regret, in the present pleasing aspect of the place. Two cathedrals, twenty churches, and other places of worship, confer upon this city a character of sanctity—a character more permanently established by the existence here of a college for the education of the priesthood, and by the residence also of a bishop. There are naval and military academies here; extensive trade in various commodities: and, amongst the eminent natives of this old place, was Prince Potemkin, the minister and general of Catherine II.

THE FAVOURED ONE.

BY MRS. ELLIS.

I KNOW thou art the favoured one
  Where many forms are fair;
Thy cheek, a rosebud in the sun,
  A wave of gold thy hair.

I know that o'er my darker brow
  No lingering look would rest,
If one so soft, so sweet, as thou,
  In love's own smiles were dressed.

Yet never in this heart of mine
  Came other thoughts, than those
Which round a sister's form might twine
  To soothe a sister's woes.

I could not wish thy cheek less fair;
  Thy sunny locks less bright;
I would not cast one cloud of care
  Around thy step so light.

Go then, thou favoured one, and bind
  Rich gems upon thy brow;
Thou hear'st no sound but accents kind,
  No voice but flattery, now.

Yet sure as summer-flowers must fade,
  And night obscure the sky,
Will fall upon thy cheek a shade,
  A shadow o'er thine eye.

And silver-white thy hair among,
  Time's witness, cold and stern,
Will tell the once admiring throng
  What all who live must learn.

[illegible] let the favoured [illegible]
[illegible] lady's eye [illegible]
[illegible] a rosebud in the sun,
[illegible] gold thy hair.

[illegible] than my darker hues
[illegible] look would rest,
[illegible] sweet, as those,
[illegible] smiles were dressed.

[illegible] this heart of mine
[illegible] thoughts, than those —
[illegible] a sister's form might twine
[illegible] sister's woes.

[illegible] with thy cheek less fair;
[illegible] less bright;
[illegible] cast our cloud of care
[illegible] thy soul to light.

[illegible] favoured one, and blind
[illegible] upon thy brow;
[illegible] sound but accents kind,
[illegible] but flattery, now.

[illegible] summer-flowers must fade,
[illegible] the sky,
Will fall upon thy cheek a shade,
A shadow o'er thine eye.

And silver-white thy hair among,
Time's witness, cold and stern,
Will tell the once admiring throng
What all who live must learn.

The Favoured One.

FISHER, SON & Co LONDON & PARIS.

Drawn by J. Pitlording. Engraved by James B. Allen.

AMPHITHEATRE AT NISMES.

France.

FISHER, SON, & CO LONDON, & PARIS, 1845.

AMPHITHEATRE AT NISMES.

Ye fair remains of ages long since fled,
Of glory passed away;—here would I sit
In abstract meditative mood;—here muse
On some fallen shaft, which Time hath rudely scath'd
At the still hour, when twilight-evening grey
Steals on the sleeping sense. HARDY.

NISMES is supposed to have had a municipal existence previous to the conquest of Gaul by the Romans, and to have been founded originally by the Celtæ. It was then called Nemoz, a place consecrated to religious ceremonies, because the great national meetings for the due regulation of worship were held there. The Romans added a Latin termination to the ancient name, and the Franks changed Nemausus into Nismes. The Roman town was enclosed by walls, upwards of six miles in circuit, traces of which are still distinct; from which it appears that the present town barely occupies one-third of the area anciently walled in. The walls were raised before the Roman occupancy, but that prudent people enlarged and strengthened them, adding flanking towers, alternately round and square, at bow-shot distance from each other. There were six gates of entrance, corresponding to the six great roads that intersected at this place.

On the fall of the Roman power, Nismes passed into the rude hands of the Goths, from whom, after three hundred years' detention, it was wrested by the gallant Moors; but their triumph was of short duration, Charles Martel, father of King Pepin, having driven them out, with dreadful slaughter, only a few months after their entrance. The walls were then razed, with the exception of a few yards on the eastern side, which, together with the eastern gate, stood like a shattered monument for many centuries. For some time the counts of Toulouse were the lords of Nismes, from whose possession it seems to have passed, at the commencement of the thirteenth century, to the crown of France, in which it has ever since been vested.

Nismes was one of the favourite colonies of the Romans. Augustus Cæsar regarded it especially, and it received its first embellishments from the hands of his son-in-law, Marcus Agrippa. Hadrian and the Antonines expended still greater treasure in adorning their cherished city, of which also the latter were natives. It was under one of these emperors, most probably Marcus Antoninus, that the amphitheatre was built. This splendid evidence of Roman greatness, and of just views of popular government, was unluckily an object of hatred to Charles Martel; and, such was his aversion to the Roman name, that, having filled the corridors of the amphitheatre with dried wood, he caused it to be set on fire, with the intention of destroying the edifice. But the inanimate mass rebuked, by its solidity of construction, the illiberal sentiments of the usurper, and, although much injury was done to the embellishments, little or none was inflicted upon the great mass of the building itself.

Roman amphitheatres were generally of an oval form, as is the case in that at Nismes. This is the most perfect now existing, having a major axis of four hundred and forty feet, and a minor of three hundred and twenty, a circumference of eleven hundred, and a height ascending to seventy feet. The greatest diameter of the arena, where the spectacles were exhibited, is two hundred and sixty feet, and the transverse, one hundred and forty; being detached from all other buildings, its form is seen entire: and within it are numerous colonnades, used as promenades while preparations were going forward by the conductor of the shows. There were thirty tiers of seats, ascending with perfect regularity, seventeen of which are still remaining; and it is calculated that twenty thousand spectators could have been accommodated here without inconvenience—an amount greater than the whole present population of Nismes. The amphitheatre at Verona was of equal capacity, but the Colosseum at Rome contained seats for eighty-five thousand persons.

The exterior presents to the eye a double row of arcades, in two stories, sixty in each level; the interval between the upper and lower range of arcades being richly ornamented with sculptured devices. One of these, still tolerably perfect, represents the legend of Romulus and Remus suckled by a wolf. For ages, this vicinity—the very benches, and corridors, and galleries of this venerable pile—was violated by intruders of the lowest classes, who erected hovels within the central arena, and against the sculptured walls around. This desecration was the result of an ignominious sale of the whole building to the town of Nismes, by Francis the Second, whose prodigality had drained his treasury. A better feeling pervades the nation in the nineteenth century, and the citizens of Nismes now look with pride, and show with vanity, the records of the grandeur that once was seated in their native place.

Water was supplied to the amphitheatre by a branch of the Pont du Gard; it was requisite, to lay the dust in the arena, obliterate the stains of blood that flowed from the wounds of the combatants, or from the animals slain during the shows. Four principal entrances, adjusted to the four cardinal points, gave admission and egress to persons of senatorian and equestrian rank: others were allotted to persons of minor distinction; and others, again, appropriated to the slaves attending the shows, to the combatants, and to the wild beasts, who were kept in cells beneath the lowest tiers of benches. Each class of spectators had its particular place assigned, with which no other ever interfered, so that, amongst the multitude that attended there arose neither trouble nor confusion, everything being conducted with the most perfect order and regularity. As the building was not covered over, an awning was occasionally extended above the spectators, to shade them from the scorching rays of the sun. The apertures in the wall in which the sustaining poles were fixed are distinctly observable, and there were intermural passages formed for the free movements of persons connected with the management of the awning.

Before the first revolution, some feelings of shame were experienced by the home-government, at the degradation to which this grand remnant of antiquity was exposed, owing to the prodigality and meanness of a ruler of the people. But, politics absorbed

Painted by S. Williamson. Engraved by William Miller.

Death at Sea.

FISHER, SON, & Co. LONDON, 1845.

all other considerations, until a monarch, the first and last of his memorable line, took upon himself the sole disposal of life, of laws, of property in the realm. For this illustrious man no views were too exalted to be beyond his ambition—no objects of interest too minute to escape his penetration. With that decision to which he owes his fame, his first glance at the profanation of this noble ruin was that of its restoration—and for ages yet to come, the leading features, chief characteristics of this class of Roman architecture, may be studied in the amphitheatre of Nismes, with as much advantage as when the Antonines presided at the games held within its walls.

DEATH AT SEA.

BY JOHN HOWDEN ESQ.

"Many a time the gallant Argosie,
That bears man's destiny with outspread sails,
In full career before the prosperous gales,
Strikes on a hidden rock,
And founders with a hideous shock."

THE AGAMEMNON OF ÆSCHYLUS.

It is a gay and gallant ship that bravely breasts along,
She shoots before the freshening breeze exulting in its song,—
The evening sun is struggling through the dim and dreary haze,
And yonder heavy lowering clouds grow blacker as we gaze.

The gallant bark with flowing sail her swift path bravely ploughs,
And in her wake the gay curlew each crested billow woos,
Now it basks awhile on some dreamy isle, then soaring mote-like forth,
It sails along in fearless glee to the realms of the dreary north!

And, see! the snow-white albatross on his wild wing mounts on high,
Gleaming along like a silvery cloud on the brow of an April sky;
His dark-hued mate from her breezy lair bounds 'mid the flashing foam,
Outflying the storm and tempest's wrath to find on the sea a home.

Still swift the galley shoots along on the wing of the freshening breeze,
Her glittering sides are gently wash'd by the spray of the feathery seas;
Her deck beams with the young and fair, the gallant and the gay,
And joy and gladness dance amid that beauteous array.

The day is past—the night lowers fast,—the revel and the song,
The merry laugh, all die away those waters wild among,
Youth, Beauty, Manhood's golden prime are hush'd in deep repose,
—How few, alas! from that sweet sleep to consciousness e'er rose.

It is the dead watch of the night! a loud and piercing cry
Rises from out the silent deep up to the lurid sky;
No time to weep—no time to think—no time for them to pray—
She heels—she sinks—and where she sank now gleams the silvery spray!

THE ODALIQUE,

THE FAVOURITE OF THE HAREM.

Large the eye, and dark as night;
Smooth the skin, as ivory white;
Small the foot, and fair as snow;
Rich the voice, yet soft and low;
White the neck, and round the arm;
Small the hand, and soft and warm;
Red the lip, and fair the cheek
Of the favourite Odalique!

Odalique, the years were few
Which thy blooming childhood knew
In the vales Circassian,
Ere thy troubled life began!
Scarcely wert thou ten years old
Ere to strangers thou wert sold;
Parted from thy willing mother,
Parted from thy shepherd-brother,
Parted from thy sisters twain,
With no hope to meet again!

T. Allom. J. Jenkins.

The Favorite Odalique

L'odalisque favorite.

Fisher, Son & Co. London, & Rue St. Honoré, Paris.

H. Melville. SKETCHED FROM NATURE BY CAPT. GRINDLAY. E. Benjamin.

Mountain Temples, Lake of Aboo.

FISHER, SON & Co. LONDON & PARIS.

Mandara Temple, Side of the

MOUNTAIN TEMPLE, LAKE OF ABOO.

An Indian Paradise! a gorgeous land!
Where giant mountains as thy guardians stand,
Lifting their sunlit heads to yonder sky,
Where fairy clouds in softest beauty lie.

THE religious edifices of India are amongst the most interesting records of its primitive grandeur, not only from the costliness and beauty of their temples, but from the actual martyrdom to which the votaries of various shrines and creeds do not shrink to submit. The most retired, romantic, and picturesque spots are chosen as the site of a shrine, as a place of pilgrimage; and difficulty of access, distance from the habitable country, only enhances the merit of a journey to the hallowed scene. In all Hindostan, no locality is held in greater veneration than the heights of Aboo, whence the tribe of Chaham rajpoots originate. There the temples are of the most fanciful designs, elaborate workmanship, and costly execution; while the source of the wealth that has been so bountifully expended is concealed, like a hidden fountain, from the visitor's observation.

The suddenness with which these mountains rise, and the consequent difficulty of ascending to their summits, may be estimated by the changes of the mercury in the barometer. In thirty-six hours a traveller passed from the plains of Marewar to the pinnacle of Aboo, during which time the barometer indicated a change of temperature from 108° to 60° degrees, under a vertical sun. This elevation was about five thousand feet above sea-level.

Under such difficulties of approach, few will voluntarily undertake the toil of an ascent, unless strengthened by some such powerful motive as that which actuates a devoted pilgrim. Some reach the margin of the sacred lake without any diminution of strength or zeal, others only ascend some portion of the distance, and a few sink under the fatal obligation. Certainly the silence and solitude of the scene, its remoteness from the busy haunts of men, its actual proximity to the skies, impose upon those who are ever-willing victims of credulity, for they are calculated to make a deep impression upon minds of more solid character. A modern traveller, who cannot be suspected of yielding to these sudden impulses from intellectual infirmity, has left a brief, but touching memorandum, of the scene which the accompanying view represents. "Secured from intrusion by the difficulty of the mountain-passes, and the untamed ferocity of their inhabitants, the region became a safe and almost inaccessible retreat to the votaries of the Hindoo religion, during the earlier ages of their persecution under their Mohammedan conquerors. While the richly sculptured temples on the plains were destroyed, and used as materials for the foundation of Mohammedan mosques and cities, most of these mountain-shrines have escaped the desolating hand of bigotry, and display only the slow influence of time and a benign climate, which have rather increased than impaired their beauty."

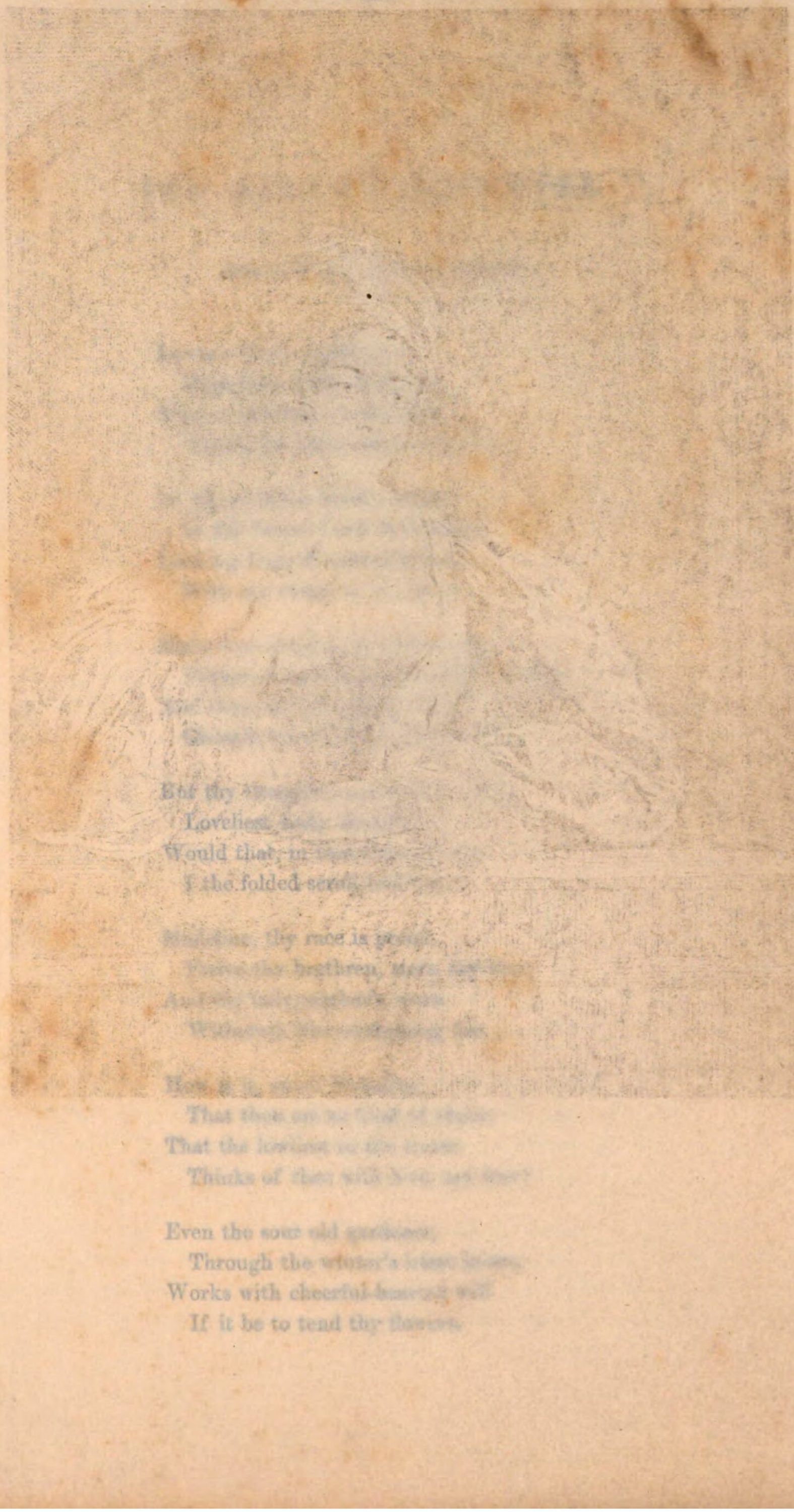
But while its lakes, and woods, and mountains, constitute objects of wonder and admiration to the Christian, and veneration to the superstitious Hindoo, the pride of Guzerat is its cities. When the English first set foot on Indian soil, Surat was the great emporium of commerce in that region, and was then not inferior to Calcutta at the present day. This ancient city, the population of which is even now estimated at 600,000, has shared the desolation that has visited so many Indian territories, since their invasion by Europeans, but especially since the establishment of a seat of commerce at Bombay. It retains, however, its manufactures of silks, brocades, and fine cotton stuffs, and exports not only the fabrics of all parts of Guzerat, but even the shawls of Cashmere; introducing foreign articles of every description into Central India, through the Taptee, Nerbuddah, and Gulf of Cambay. There is an extraordinary contrast in the domestic architecture of this city; mansions of hewn stone, and of admirable design, stand amidst miserable huts of reeds and mud, like wealth and poverty, light and darkness, strength and weakness, side by side. The Bramins, who dwell here in numbers, observe with strictness the ceremonies of their religion, manifesting a peculiar degree of tenderness for animal life and suffering, by erecting hospitals for birds and monkeys, and other animals accounted sacred amongst them. Ahmedabad, the political capital of the province, though much decayed, is still a populous and agreeable place. It is from this fashionable city, that all the travelling troubadours and itinerant musicians of western India, emanate, leaving the point doubtful whether they are patronized or prohibited by the fashionable society of their native city.

None but those who have visited India can credit the actual enormity of which the priesthood are guilty, by leading the credulous to the commission of crime. Such is the power exercised over the minds of these superstitious and ignorant victims of delusion, that they are induced to bring all their treasures to the shrine of a great stone, or huge log, and there resign them, without a sigh, for ever! Some fling themselves from a lofty rock—others throw themselves into a consecrated pool—while thousands suffer themselves to be crushed to death beneath the chariot-wheels of the most deformed idol that was ever set up. In Guzerat, at a place called Dwaraca, there was once a temple, and an image to which reverence was paid; one is fallen, the other gone, yet pilgrims flock in myriads to the spot which credulity once hallowed, although no traces remain of the objects which conferred upon the place its nominal sanctity. But this is a common event in India: perhaps elsewhere. There are many professors of more rational creeds, who follow blindly the religion in which they were born, and bow before the altar where their fathers bowed, without ever pausing to inquire into the grounds of their assent. Is not this an extenuating circumstance, in judging of the faith of those who worship at Aboo?

J. Hollins. T. Posselwhite.

THE BARON'S DAUGHTER.

FISHER, SON & CO. LONDON & PARIS.



THE BARON'S DAUGHTER.

THE LAY OF A LANDLESS POET.

Lovely Lady Madeline!
  High-born Lady Madeline,
What a heavenly dream had I
  'Neath the moon but yester-e'en!

In thy gracious beauty bright,
  In thy bower I saw thee stand,
Looking from its casement out,
  With my verses in my hand.

Birds were singing all around thee,
  Flowers were blooming 'neath the wall,
And from out the garden alleys
  Chimed the silvery fountain's fall.

But thy thoughts were not of these;
  Loveliest Lady Madeline,
Would that, in that blessed hour,
  I the folded scroll had been!

Madeline, thy race is proud,
  Fierce thy brethren, stern thy sire;
And thy lady-mother's scorn
  Withereth like consuming fire.

How is it, sweet Madeline,
  That thou art so kind of cheer,
That the lowliest in the house
  Thinks of thee with love, not fear?

Even the sour old gardener,
  Through the winter's iciest hours,
Works with cheerful-hearted will
  If it be to tend thy flowers.

As for me—Oh, Madeline,
  Though thy brethren fierce and high
Scarce would deign to speak my name
  'Twould, for thee, be heaven to die!

Madeline, my love is madness!
  How should I aspire unto thee!
How should I, the lowly-born,
  Find fit words to woo thee!

Every goodly chamber beareth
  Proudly on its pictured wall,
Lords and ladies of renown,
  Richly robed, and noble all.

Not a daughter of thy house
  But did mate in her degree;
'Twas for love I learned by rote,
  Long years past, thy pedigree!

And in those old chronicles,
  Which the chaplain bade me read,
Not a page, but of thy line
  Telleth some heroic deed.

And within the chancel aisle,
  'Neath their banners once blood-dyed,
Lie the noble of thy house,
  In their marble, side by side.

As for me—my father lieth
  In the village churchyard-ground,
And upon his lowly head-stone
  Only may his name be found.

What am I, that I should love
  One like thee, high Madeline!
I, a nameless man and poor,
  Sprung of kindred mean.

Without houses, without lands,
  Without bags of goodly gold;
What have I to give pretence
  To my wishes wild and bold!

What have I? Oh, Madeline,
  Small things to the poor are great;
Mine own heart and soul have made
  The wealth of mine estate.

Walking 'neath the stars at even,
  Walking 'neath the summer's noon;
Spring's first leaves of tender green,
  And fair flowers sweet and boon:

These, the common things of earth,
  But, more, our human kind;
The silent suffering of the heart;
  The mystery of mind:

The lowly lot of peasant folk,
  Their humblest hopes and fears;
The pale cheek of a woman,
  And even children's tears:

All circumstance of mortal life,
  The lowly though it be;
And pure thought garnered in the soul,
  The wealth of poesy—
Have made me, high-born Madeline,
  Not quite unworthy thee!

HOWTH LIGHTHOUSE, FROM THE NEEDLES.

VIGNETTE.

"'Tis now the Beacon of thy safety—now
It points within the port a Maniote prow." BYRON.

THE Bay of Dublin is embraced by two bold and beautiful headlands,—the one Killiney, consisting of three picturesque pyramidal hills; the other, Howth, of a vast peninsulated mountain, whose position has occasioned the comparison between the Bay of Naples and this grand natural basin. At all times an object of interest in the prospect, it was once also an object of anxiety to the mariner, who, before the application of steam to nautical

purposes, approached its rocky shores with caution. To point out the deep channel at the northern side of the bay, a lighthouse was erected on the bluff headland of Howth, seaward, on a site some three hundred feet above the sea; but, in perilous weather, when alone it was required, mists and clouds generally enveloped the lantern, contributing by the concealment to mislead the mariner. It was to the falsehood of this *ignis fatuus*, that the loss of the Burford, seventy-four-gun ship, in the year 1770, was attributed; and a similar calamity, from a similar cause, had nearly happened to the Apollo frigate, one of the royal squadron that conveyed George the Fourth to the shores of Ireland in 1821. The Burford was wrecked on a shoal that now bears her name, in the charts; but the Apollo, having struck violently, recoiled into deep water again.

There is a public body in Dublin, whose duties resemble those of the Elder Brothers of the Trinity House in London, to whom the lighting of the Irish coast has long been committed with great advantage. This useful corporation, the Dublin Ballast-Board, whose watchful care of their interests is proverbial in their own country, perceiving the inutility and mischief of the ancient light, resolved upon its extinction, and upon the elevation of a new pharos on the very pinnacle of the rock called the Baily. The name of this granitic pyramid almost explains its position and character: connected with the shore by a mural cliff, it stands forward like the barbacan or vallum, or ballum or baily, of a fortress, obtruding its natural advantages upon its owners. At a height of little less than one hundred feet, and on the highest vertex of this conical rock, a light is now placed, showing the deep entrance into the bay with an unerring precision. The building or pillar is of a tapering form, substantial in its structure, and the light is bright and fixed. The reflectors employed are on the improved principle adopted by the Trinity House; they are ground to the parabolic form, having burners on the Argand plan in their respective foci.

Individually or separately, the Baily, crowned with its tall light tower, is an object of curiosity and interest, with but little claim to the character of picturesqueness. As an accessory to the view, which Howth peninsula presents to the tourist who makes the circuit of its shores, it is of the utmost value. In one instance it forms the side-screen of a spacious chamber, in another the foreground of a bold sea-view. Sometimes it appears in the remotest place, and at others its real distance is insensibly magnified by placing it between objects near and elevated.

A group of rocks less pointed, detached, and conspicuous—less dreaded by the mariner also than those off the Isle of Wight—rises above the sea near to the shores of Howth. Their tall slender forms have given to these also the name of Needles; and were they not so completely in-shore, their points would be objects of constant alarm. Seen through the openings of these sharp-pointed rocks, that may be made a perfect frame to the view, the Baily lighthouse becomes a picturesque object. Its lofty and lonely characters are rendered more striking by the rude accompaniments of broken rocks and ever-rolling waves; and, in tempestuous weather, the spray that is thrown off, from the billows that break against its immovable pedestal, appears to fill the whole chasm between the Needles.

Painted by Sir W. C. Hofs, R.A. Engraved by H. Cooke

The Morn of Life.

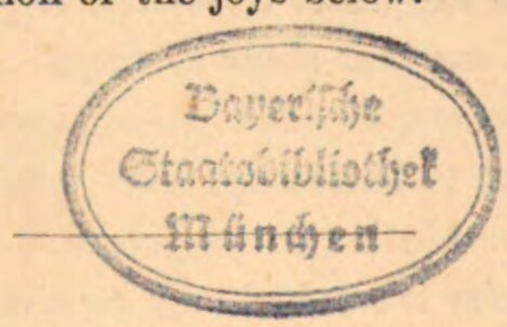
FISHER, SON & Co LONDON & PARIS.

Howth was once the packet-station, corresponding to Holyhead, but the enterprise of commercial men, both in Dublin and Liverpool, superseded the necessity for this long-used asylum, by the establishment of powerful steamers between these ports, from the latter of which is a railroad to London. The harbours of Howth and Holyhead, however, are both capable of improvement; and Government have decided upon replacing steam-vessels of considerable power on this line of communication, so soon as the railroad to Holyhead from the interior of England shall have been completed.

THE MORN OF LIFE.

O Life, thou great essential good,
Where ev'ry blessing's understood!
Where plenty, freedom, pleasure meet,
To make each fleeting moment sweet,
Where moral love and innocence
The balm of sweet content dispense,
Where peace expands her dove-like wings
And Hope a constant requiem sings,
With easy thought my breast inspire
To thee I tune the sportive lyre.
From Heav'n this emanation flows,
To Heav'n again the wand'rer goes:
And whilst employ'd beneath on earth,
Its boon attendants ease and mirth,
Join'd with the social virtues three,
And their calm parent Charity,
Conduct it to the sacred plains
Where happiness terrestrial reigns.
'Tis discontent alone destroys
The harvest of our ripening joys.
Resolve to be exempt from woe—
Your resolution keeps you so.
Whate'er is needful man receives,
Nay, more superfluous nature gives;
Indulgent parent, source of bliss
Profuse of goodness to excess.

Hark! how the renovating Spring
Invites the feather'd choir to sing,
Spontaneous mirth and rapture glow
On ev'ry shrub, and ev'ry bough:
Their little airs a lesson give,
They teach us mortals how to live,
And well advise us whilst we can,
To spend in joy the vital span.
Ye gay and youthful, all advance,
Together knit in festive dance;
See blooming Hebe leads the way,
For youth is Nature's holiday.
If dire Misfortune should employ
Her dart to wound the timely joy,
Solicit Bacchus with your prayer,
No earthly goblin dares come near.
Care puts an easier aspect on,
Pale Anger smoothes her threat'ning frown,
Mirth comes in Melancholy's stead,
And Discontent conceals her head.
The thoughts on vagrant pinions fly,
And mount exulting to the sky;
Thence with enraptured views look down
On golden empires all their own.
Blest state! where ev'ry thing conspires
To fill the breast with heavenly fires!
Where for a while the soul must roam,
To preconceive the state to come;
And when thro' life the journey's past,
Without repining or distaste,
Again the spirit will repair
To breathe a more celestial air,
And reap, where blessed beings glow,
Complexion of the joys below.



Wright, George Newenham

The Gallery of Engravings edited by G. N. Wright

Bd.: 2

London [1845]